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WHO WAS SHE?

COME, now, there may as well be an end of this! Every time I meet your eyes squarely, I detect the question just slipping out of them. If you had spoken it, or even boldly looked it; if you had shown in your motions the least sign of a fussy or fidgety concern on my account; if this were not the evening of my birthday, and you the only friend who remembered it; if confession were not good for the soul, though harder than sin to some people, of whom I am one, — well, if all reasons were not at this instant converged into a focus, and burning me rather violently, in that region where the seat of emotion is supposed to lie, I should keep my trouble to myself.

Yes, I have fifty times had it on my mind to tell you the whole story. But who can be certain that his best friend will not smile — or, what is worse, cherish a kind of charitable pity ever afterwards — when the external forms of a very serious kind of passion seem trivial, fantastic, foolish? And the worst of all is that the heroic part which I imagined I was playing proves to have been almost the reverse. The only comfort which I can find in my humiliation is that I am capable of feeling it. There is n't a bit of a paradox in this, as you will see; but I only mention it, now, to prepare you for, maybe, a

little morbid sensitiveness of my moral nerves.

The documents are all in this portfolio, under my elbow. I had just read them again completely through, when you were announced. You may examine them as you like, afterwards: for the present, fill your glass, take another Cabaña, and keep silent until my "ghastly tale" has reached its most lamentable conclusion.

The beginning of it was at Wampsocket Springs, three years ago last summer. I suppose most unmarried men who have reached, or passed, the age of thirty — and I was then thirty-three — experience a milder return of their adolescent warmth, a kind of fainter second spring, since the first has not fulfilled its promise. Of course, I was n't clearly conscious of this at the time: who is? But I had had my youthful passion and my tragic disappointment, as you know: I had looked far enough into what Thackeray used to call the cryptic mysteries, to save me from the Scylla of dissipation, and yet preserved enough of natural nature to keep me out of the Pharisaic Charybdis. My devotion to my legal studies had already brought me a mild distinction; the paternal legacy was a good nest-egg for the incubation of wealth, — in short, I was a fair, re-

spectable "party," desirable to the humbler mammas, and not to be despised by the haughty exclusives.

The fashionable hotel at the Springs holds three hundred, and it was packed. I had meant to lounge there for a fortnight and then finish my holidays at Long Branch; but eighty, at least, out of the three hundred, were young and moved lightly in muslin. With my years and experience I felt so safe, that to walk, talk, or dance with them became simply a luxury, such as I had never — at least so freely — possessed before. My name and standing, known to some families, were agreeably exaggerated to the others, and I enjoyed that supreme satisfaction which a man always feels when he discovers, or imagines, that he is popular in society. There is a kind of premonitory apology implied in my saying this, I am aware. You must remember that I am culprit, and culprit's counsel, at the same time.

You have never been at Wampsocket? Well, the hills sweep around in a crescent, on the northern side, and four or five radiating glens, descending from them, unite just above the village. The central one, leading to a water-fall (called "Minne-hehe" by the irreverent young people, because there is so little of it), is the fashionable drive and promenade; but the second ravine on the left, steep, crooked, and cumbered with bowlders which have tumbled from somewhere and lodged in the most extraordinary groupings, became my favorite walk of a morning. There was a footpath in it, well-trodden at first, but gradually fading out as it became more like a ladder than a path, and I soon discovered that no other city feet than mine were likely to scale a certain rough slope which seemed the end of the ravine. With the aid of the tough laurel-stems I climbed to the top, passed through a cleft as narrow as a doorway, and presently found myself in a little upper dell, as wild and sweet and strange as one of the pictures that haunt us on the brink of sleep.

There was a pond — no, rather a bowl — of water in the centre; hardly

twenty yards across, yet the sky in it was so pure and far down that the circle of rocks and summer foliage inclosing it seemed like a little planetary ring, floating off alone through space. I can't explain the charm of the spot, nor the selfishness which instantly suggested that I should keep the discovery to myself. Ten years earlier, I should have looked around for some fair spirit to be my "minister," but now —

One forenoon — I think it was the third or fourth time I had visited the place — I was startled to find the dint of a heel in the earth, half-way up the slope. There had been rain during the night and the earth was still moist and soft. It was the mark of a woman's boot, only to be distinguished from that of a walking-stick by its semicircular form. A little higher, I found the outline of a foot, not so small as to awake an ecstasy, but with a suggestion of lightness, elasticity, and grace. If hands were thrust through holes in a board-fence, and nothing of the attached bodies seen, I can easily imagine that some would attract and others repel us: with footprints the impression is weaker, of course, but we cannot escape it. I am not sure whether I wanted to find the unknown wearer of the boot within my precious personal solitude: I was afraid I should see her, while passing through the rocky crevice, and yet was disappointed when I found no one.

But on the flat, warm rock overhanging the tarn — my special throne — lay some withering wild-flowers, and a book! I looked up and down, right and left: there was not the slightest sign of another human life than mine. Then I lay down for a quarter of an hour, and listened: there were only the noises of bird and squirrel, as before. At last, I took up the book, the flat breadth of which suggested only sketches. There were, indeed, some tolerable studies of rocks and trees on the first pages; a few not very striking caricatures, which seemed to have been commenced as portraits, but recalled no faces I knew; then a number of fragmentary notes, written in pencil. I

found no name, from first to last; only, under the sketches, a monogram so complicated and laborious that the initials could hardly be discovered unless one already knew them.

The writing was a woman's, but it had surely taken its character from certain features of her own: it was clear, firm, individual. It had nothing of that air of general debility which usually marks the manuscript of young ladies, yet its firmness was far removed from the stiff, conventional slope which all Englishwomen seem to acquire in youth and retain through life. I don't see how any man in my situation could have helped reading a few lines — if only for the sake of restoring lost property. But I was drawn on, and on, and finished by reading all: thence, since no further harm could be done, I re-read, pondering over certain passages until they stayed with me. Here they are, as I set them down, that evening, on the back of a legal blank.

"It makes a great deal of difference whether we wear social forms as bracelets or handcuffs."

"Can we not still be wholly our independent selves, even while doing, in the main, as others do? I know two who are so; but they are married."

"The men who admire these bold, dashing young girls treat them like weaker copies of themselves. And yet they boast of what they call 'experience!'"

"I wonder if any one felt the exquisite beauty of the noon as I did, to-day? A faint appreciation of sunsets and storms is taught us in youth, and kept alive by novels and flirtations; but the broad, imperial splendor of this summer noon! — and myself standing alone in it, — yes, utterly alone!"

"The men I seek *must* exist: where are they? How make an acquaintance, when one obsequiously bows himself away, as I advance? The fault is surely not all on my side."

There was much more, intimate enough to inspire me with a keen interest in the writer, yet not sufficiently so to make my perusal a painful indis-

cretion. I yielded to the impulse of the moment, took out my pencil, and wrote a dozen lines on one of the blank pages. They ran something in this wise: —

"IGNOTUS IGNOTÆ! — You have bestowed without intending it, and I have taken without your knowledge. Do not regret the accident which has enriched another. This concealed idyl of the hills was mine, as I supposed, but I acknowledge your equal right to it. Shall we share the possession, or will you banish me?"

There was a frank advance, tempered by a proper caution, I fancied, in the words I wrote. It was evident that she was unmarried, but outside of that certainty there lay a vast range of possibilities, some of them alarming enough. However, if any nearer acquaintance should arise out of the incident, the next step must be taken by her. Was I one of the men she sought? I almost imagined so — certainly hoped so.

I laid the book on the rock, as I had found it, bestowed another keen scrutiny on the lonely landscape, and then descended the ravine. That evening, I went early to the ladies' parlor, chatted more than usual with the various damsels whom I knew, and watched with a new interest those whom I knew not. My mind, involuntarily, had already created a picture of the unknown. She might be twenty-five, I thought: a reflective habit of mind would hardly be developed before that age. Tall and stately, of course; distinctly proud in her bearing, and somewhat reserved in her manners. Why she should have large dark eyes, with long dark lashes, I could not tell; but so I seemed to see her. Quite forgetting that I was (or had meant to be) *Ignotus*, I found myself staring rather significantly at one or the other of the young ladies, in whom I discovered some slight general resemblance to the imaginary character. My fancies, I must confess, played strange pranks with me. They had been kept in a coop so many years, that now, when I

suddenly turned them loose, their rickety attempts at flight quite bewildered me.

No! there was no use in expecting a sudden discovery. I went to the glen betimes, next morning: the book was gone, and so were the faded flowers, but some of the latter were scattered over the top of another rock, a few yards from mine. Ha! this means that I am not to withdraw, I said to myself: she makes room for me! But how to surprise her? — for by this time I was fully resolved to make her acquaintance, even though she might turn out to be forty, scraggy and sandy-haired.

I knew no other way so likely as that of visiting the glen at all times of the day. I even went so far as to write a line of greeting, with a regret that our visits had not yet coincided, and laid it under a stone on the top of *her* rock. The note disappeared, but there was no answer in its place. Then I suddenly remembered her fondness for the noon hours, at which time she was “utterly alone.” The hotel *table d’hôte* was at one o’clock: her family, doubtless, dined later, in their own rooms. Why, this gave me, at least, her place in society! The question of age, to be sure, remained unsettled; but all else was safe.

The next day I took a late and large breakfast, and sacrificed my dinner. Before noon the guests had all straggled back to the hotel from glen and grove and lane, so bright and hot was the sunshine. Indeed, I could hardly have supported the reverberation of heat from the sides of the ravine, but for a fixed belief that I should be successful. While crossing the narrow meadow upon which it opened, I caught a glimpse of something white among the thickets higher up. A moment later, it had vanished, and I quickened my pace, feeling the beginning of an absurd nervous excitement in my limbs. At the next turn, there it was again! but only for another moment. I paused, exulting, and wiped my drenched forehead. “She cannot escape me!” I murmured between the deep draughts

of cooler air I inhaled in the shadow of a rock.

A few hundred steps more brought me to the foot of the steep ascent, where I had counted on overtaking her. I was too late for that, but the dry, baked soil had surely been crumbled and dislodged, here and there, by a rapid foot. I followed, in reckless haste, snatching at the laurel-branches right and left, and paying little heed to my footing. About one third of the way up I slipped, fell, caught a bush which snapped at the root, slid, whirled over, and before I fairly knew what had happened, I was lying doubled up at the bottom of the slope.

I rose, made two steps forward, and then sat down with a groan of pain; my left ankle was badly sprained, in addition to various minor scratches and bruises. There was a revulsion of feeling, of course, — instant, complete, and hideous. I fairly hated the Unknown. “Fool that I was!” I exclaimed, in the theatrical manner, dashing the palm of my hand softly against my brow: “lured to this by the fair traitress! But, no! — not fair: she shows the artfulness of faded, desperate spinsterhood; she is all compact of enamel, ‘liquid bloom of youth’ and hair-dye!”

There was a fierce comfort in this thought, but it could n’t help me out of the scrape. I dared not sit still, lest a sun-stroke should be added, and there was no resource but to hop or crawl down the rugged path, in the hope of finding a forked sapling from which I could extemporize a crutch. With endless pain and trouble I reached a thicket, and was feebly working on a branch with my pen-knife, when the sound of a heavy footstep surprised me.

A brown harvest-hand, in straw hat and shirt-sleeves, presently appeared. He grinned when he saw me, and the thick snub of his nose would have seemed like a sneer at any other time.

“Are you the gentleman that got hurt?” he asked. “Is it pretty tolerable bad?”

“Who said I was hurt?” I cried, in astonishment.

"One of your town-women from the hotel—I reckon she was. I was binding oats, in the field over the ridge; but I have n't lost no time in comin' here."

While I was stupidly staring at this announcement, he whipped out a big clasp knife, and in a few minutes fashioned me a practicable crutch. Then, taking me by the other arm, he set me in motion towards the village.

Grateful as I was for the man's help, he aggravated me by his ignorance. When I asked if he knew the lady, he answered: "It's more'n likely *you* know her better." But where did she come from? Down from the hill, he guessed, but it might ha' been up the road. How did she look? was she old or young? what was the color of her eyes? of her hair? There, now, I was too much for him. When a woman kept one o' them speckled veils over her face, turned her head away, and held her parasol between, how were you to know her from Adam? I declare to you, I could n't arrive at one positive particular. Even when he affirmed that she was tall, he added, the next instant: "Now I come to think on it, she stepped mighty quick; so I guess she must ha' been short."

By the time we reached the hotel, I was in a state of fever; opiates and lotions had their will of me for the rest of the day. I was glad to escape the worry of questions, and the conventional sympathy expressed in inflections of the voice which are meant to soothe, and only exasperate. The next morning, as I lay upon my sofa, restless, patient, and properly cheerful, the waiter entered with a bouquet of wild flowers.

"Who sent them?" I asked.

"I found them outside your door, sir. Maybe there's a card; yes, here's a bit o' paper."

I opened the twisted slip he handed me, and read: "From your dell—and mine." I took the flowers; among them were two or three rare and beautiful varieties, which I had only found in that one spot. Fool, again! I noiselessly kissed, while pretending to smell them, had them placed on a stand with-

in reach, and fell into a state of quiet and agreeable contemplation.

Tell me, yourself, whether any male human being is ever too old for sentiment, provided that it strikes him at the right time and in the right way! What did that bunch of wild flowers betoken? Knowledge, first; then, sympathy; and finally, encouragement, at least. Of course she had seen my accident, from above; of course she had sent the harvest laborer to aid me home. It was quite natural she should imagine some special, romantic interest in the lonely dell, on my part, and the gift took additional value from her conjecture.

Four days afterwards, there was a hop in the large dining-room of the hotel. Early in the morning, a fresh bouquet had been left at my door. I was tired of my enforced idleness, eager to discover the fair unknown, (she was again fair, to my fancy!) and I determined to go down, believing that a cane and a crimson velvet slipper on the left foot would provoke a glance of sympathy from certain eyes, and thus enable me to detect them.

The fact was, the sympathy was much too general and effusive. Everybody, it seemed, came to me with kindly greetings; seats were vacated at my approach, even fat Mrs. Huxter insisting on my taking her warm place, at the head of the room. But Bob Leroy, — you know him, — as gallant a gentleman as ever lived, put me down at the right point, and kept me there. He only meant to divert me, yet gave me the only place where I could quietly inspect all the younger ladies, as dance or supper brought them near.

One of the dances was an old-fashioned cotillon, and one of the figures, the "coquette," brought every one, in turn, before me. I received a pleasant word or two from those whom I knew, and a long, kind, silent glance from Miss May Danvers. Where had been my eyes? She was tall, stately, twenty-five, had large dark eyes, and long dark lashes! Again the changes of the dance brought her near me; I threw (or strove to throw) unutterable meanings into my

eyes, and cast them upon hers. She seemed startled, looked suddenly away, looked back to me, and — blushed. I knew her for what is called “a nice girl” — that is, tolerably frank, gently feminine, and not dangerously intelligent. Was it possible that I had overlooked so much character and intellect?

As the cotillon closed, she was again in my neighborhood, and her partner led her in my direction. I was rising painfully from my chair, when Bob Leroy pushed me down again, whisked another seat from somewhere, planted it at my side, and there she was!

She knew who was her neighbor, I plainly saw; but instead of turning towards me, she began to fan herself in a nervous way and to fidget with the buttons of her gloves. I grew impatient.

“Miss Danvers!” I said, at last.

“Oh!” was all her answer, as she looked at me for a moment.

“Where are your thoughts?” I asked.

Then she turned, with wide, astonished eyes, coloring softly up to the roots of her hair. My heart gave a sudden leap.

“How can you tell, if I cannot?” she asked.

“May I guess?”

She made a slight inclination of the head, saying nothing. I was then quite sure.

“The second ravine, to the left of the main drive?”

This time she actually started; her color became deeper, and a leaf of the ivory fan snapped between her fingers.

“Let there be no more a secret!” I exclaimed. “Your flowers have brought me your messages; I knew I should find you” —

Full of certainty, I was speaking in a low, impassioned voice. She cut me short by rising from her seat; I felt that she was both angry and alarmed. Fisher, of Philadelphia, jostling right and left in his haste, made his way towards her. She fairly snatched his arm, clung to it with a warmth I had never seen expressed in a ball-room, and began to whisper in his ear. It was not five

minutes before he came to me, alone, with a very stern face, bent down, and said :—

“If you have discovered our secret, you will keep silent. You are certainly a gentleman.”

I bowed, coldly and savagely. There was a draft from the open window; my ankle became suddenly weary and painful, and I went to bed. Can you believe that I did n’t guess, immediately, what it all meant? In a vague way, I fancied that I had been premature in my attempt to drop our mutual incognito, and that Fisher, a rival lover, was jealous of me. This was rather flattering than otherwise; but when I limped down to the ladies’ parlor, the next day, no Miss Danvers was to be seen. I did not venture to ask for her; it might seem importunate, and a woman of so much hidden capacity was evidently not to be wooed in the ordinary way.

So another night passed by; and then, with the morning, came a letter which made me feel, at the same instant, like a fool and a hero. It had been dropped in the Wampsocket post-office, was legibly addressed to me and delivered with some other letters which had arrived by the night mail. Here it is; listen!

“*NOTO IGNOTA!*—Haste is not a gift of the gods, and you have been impatient, with the usual result. I was almost prepared for this, and thus am not wholly disappointed. In a day or two more you will discover your mistake, which, so far as I can learn, has done no particular harm. If you wish to find *me*, there is only one way to seek me; should I tell you what it is, I should run the risk of losing you, — that is, I should preclude the manifestation of a certain quality which I hope to find in the man who may — or, rather, must — be my friend. This sounds enigmatical, yet you have read enough of my nature, as written in those random notes in my sketch-book, to guess, at least, how much I require. Only this let me add: mere guessing is useless.

“Being unknown, I can write freely. If you find me, I shall be justified; if

not, I shall hardly need to blush, even to myself, over a futile experiment.

"It is possible for me to learn enough of your life, henceforth, to direct my relation towards you. This may be the end; if so, I shall know it soon. I shall also know whether you continue to seek me. Trusting in your honor as a man, I must ask you to trust in mine, as a woman."

I *did* discover my mistake, as the Unknown promised. There had been a secret betrothal between Fisher and Miss Danvers; and singularly enough, the momentous question and answer had been given in the very ravine leading to my upper dell! The two meant to keep the matter to themselves, but therein, it seems, I thwarted them; there was a little opposition on the part of their respective families, but all was amicably settled before I left Vampsocket.

The letter made a very deep impression upon me. What was the one way to find her? What could it be but the triumph that follows ambitious toil, — the manifestation of all my best qualities, as a man? Be she old or young, plain or beautiful, I reflected, hers is surely a nature worth knowing, and its candid intelligence conceals no hazards for me. I have sought her rashly, blundered, betrayed that I set her lower, in my thoughts, than her actual self: let me now adopt the opposite course, seek her openly no longer, go back to my tasks, and, following my own aims vigorously and cheerfully, restore that respect which she seemed to be on the point of losing. For, consciously or not, she had communicated to me a doubt, implied in the very expression of her own strength and pride. She had meant to address me as an equal, yet, despite herself, took a stand a little above that which she accorded to me.

I came back to New York earlier than usual, worked steadily at my profession and with increasing success, and began to accept opportunities (which I had previously declined) of making myself personally known to the great, impassible, fickle, tyrannical public. One

or two of my speeches in the hall of the Cooper Institute, on various occasions — as you may perhaps remember — gave me a good headway with the party, and were the chief cause of my nomination for the State office which I still hold. (There, on the table, lies a resignation, written to-day, but not yet signed. We'll talk of it, afterwards.) Several months passed by, and no further letter reached me. I gave up much of my time to society, moved familiarly in more than one province of the kingdom here, and vastly extended my acquaintance, especially among the women; but not one of them betrayed the mysterious something or other — really I can't explain precisely what it was! — which I was looking for. In fact, the more I endeavored quietly to study the sex, the more confused I became.

At last, I was subjected to the usual onslaught from the strong-minded. A small but formidable committee entered my office one morning and demanded a categorical declaration of my principles. What my views on the subject were, I knew very well; they were clear and decided; and yet, I hesitated to declare them! It was n't a temptation of Saint Anthony — that is, turned the other way — and the belligerent attitude of the dames did not alarm me in the least; but *she*! What was *her* position? How could I best please her? It flashed upon my mind, while Mrs. — was making her formal speech, that I had taken no step for months without a vague, secret reference to *her*. So, I strove to be courteous, friendly, and agreeably non-committal; begged for further documents, and promised to reply by letter, in a few days.

I was hardly surprised to find the well-known hand on the envelope of a letter, shortly afterwards. I held it for a minute in my palm, with an absurd hope that I might sympathetically feel its character, before breaking the seal. Then I read it with a great sense of relief.

"I have never assumed to guide a man, except towards the full exercise of his powers. It is not opinion in ac-

tion, but opinion in a state of idleness or indifference, which repels me. I am deeply glad that you have gained so much since you left the country. If, in shaping your course, you have thought of me, I will frankly say that, *to that extent*, you have drawn nearer. Am I mistaken in conjecturing that you wish to know my relation to the movement concerning which you were recently interrogated? In this, as in other instances which may come, I must beg you to consider me only as a spectator. The more my own views may seem likely to sway your action, the less I shall be inclined to declare them. If you find this cold or unwomanly, remember that it is not easy!"

Yes! I felt that I had certainly drawn much nearer to her. And from this time on, her imaginary face and form became other than they were. She was twenty-eight — three years older; a very little above the middle height, but not tall; serene, rather than stately, in her movements; with a calm, almost grave face, relieved by the sweetness of the full, firm lips; and finally eyes of pure, limpid gray, such as we fancy belonged to the Venus of Milo. I found her, thus, much more attractive than with the dark eyes and lashes, — but she did not make her appearance in the circles which I frequented.

Another year slipped away. As an official personage, my importance increased, but I was careful not to exaggerate it to myself. Many have wondered (perhaps you among the rest) at my success, seeing that I possess no remarkable abilities. If I have any secret, it is simply this — doing faithfully, with all my might, whatever I undertake. Nine tenths of our politicians become inflated and careless, after the first few years, and are easily forgotten when they once lose place. I am a little surprised, now, that I had so much patience with the Unknown. I was too important, at least, to be played with; too mature to be subjected to a longer test; too earnest, as I had proved, to be doubted, or thrown aside without a further explanation.

Growing tired, at last, of silent waiting, I bethought me of advertising. A carefully-written "Personal," in which *Ignotus* informed *Ignota* of the necessity of his communicating with her, appeared simultaneously in the Tribune, Herald, World, and Times. I renewed the advertisement as the time expired without an answer, and I think it was about the end of the third week before one came, through the post, as before.

Ah, yes! I had forgotten. See! my advertisement is pasted on the note, as a heading or motto for the manuscript lines. I don't know why the printed slip should give me a particular feeling of humiliation as I look at it, but such is the fact. What she wrote is all I need read to you: —

"I could not, at first, be certain that this was meant for me. If I were to explain to you why I have not written for so long a time, I might give you one of the few clews which I insist on keeping in my own hands. In your public capacity, you have been (so far as a woman may judge) upright, independent, wholly manly: in your relations with other men I learn nothing of you that is not honorable: towards women you are kind, chivalrous, no doubt, overflowing with the *usual* social refinements, but — Here, again, I run hard upon the absolute necessity of silence. The way to me, if you care to traverse it, is so simple, so very simple! Yet, after what I have written, I cannot even wave my hand in the direction of it, without certain self-contempt. When I feel free to tell you, we shall draw apart and remain unknown forever.

"You desire to write? I do not prohibit it. I have heretofore made no arrangement for hearing from you, in turn, because I could not discover that any advantage would accrue from it. But it seems only fair, I confess, and you dare not think me capricious. So, three days hence, at six o'clock in the evening, a trusty messenger of mine will call at your door. If you have anything to give her for me, the act of giving it must be the sign of a compact on your part, that you will allow her to leave

immediately, unquestioned and unfol-
lowed."

You look puzzled, I see: you don't catch the real drift of her words? Well, — that's a melancholy encouragement. Neither did I, at the time: it was plain that I had disappointed her in some way, and my intercourse with, or manner towards, women, had something to do with it. In vain I ran over as much of my later social life as I could recall. There had been no special attention, nothing to mislead a susceptible heart; on the other side, certainly no rudeness, no want of "chivalrous" (she used the word!) respect and attention. What, in the name of all the gods, was the matter?

In spite of all my efforts to grow clearer, I was obliged to write my letter in a rather muddled state of mind. I had *so* much to say! sixteen folio pages, I was sure, would only suffice for an introduction to the case; yet, when the creamy vellum lay before me and the moist pen drew my fingers towards it, I sat stock dumb for half an hour. I wrote, finally, in a half-desperate mood, without regard to coherency or logic. Here's a rough draft of a part of the letter, and a single passage from it will be enough: —

"I can conceive of no simpler way to you than the knowledge of your name and address. I have drawn airy images of you, but they do not become incarnate, and I am not sure that I should recognize you in the brief moment of passing. Your nature is not of those which are instantly legible. As an abstract power, it has wrought in my life and it continually moves my heart with desires which are unsatisfactory because so vague and ignorant. Let me offer you, personally, my gratitude, my earnest friendship: you would laugh if I were *now* to offer more."

Stay! here is another fragment, more reckless in tone: —

"I want to find the woman whom I can love — who can love me. But this is a masquerade where the features are hidden, the voice disguised, even the hands grotesquely gloved. Come! I

will venture more than I ever thought was possible to me. You shall know my deepest nature as I myself seem to know it. Then, give me the commonest chance of learning yours, through an intercourse which shall leave both free, should we not feel the closing of the inevitable bond!"

After I had written that, the pages filled rapidly. When the appointed hour arrived, a bulky epistle, in a strong linen envelope, sealed with five wax seals, was waiting on my table. Precisely at six there was an announcement: the door opened, and a little outside, in the shadow, I saw an old woman, in a threadbare dress of rusty black.

"Come in!" I said.

"The letter!" answered a husky voice. She stretched out a bony hand, without moving a step.

"It is for a lady — very important business," said I, taking up the letter; "are you sure that there is no mistake?"

She drew her hand under the shawl, turned without a word, and moved towards the hall door.

"Stop!" I cried: "I beg a thousand pardons! Take it — take it! You are the right messenger!"

She clutched it, and was instantly gone.

Several days passed, and I gradually became so nervous and uneasy that I was on the point of inserting another "Personal" in the daily papers, when the answer arrived. It was brief and mysterious; you shall hear the whole of it.

"I thank you. Your letter is a sacred confidence which I pray you never to regret. Your nature is sound and good. You ask no more than is reasonable, and I have no real right to refuse. In the one respect which I have hinted, I may have been unskillful or too narrowly cautious: I must have the certainty of this. Therefore, as a generous favor, give me six months more! At the end of that time I will write to you again. Have patience with these brief lines: another word might be a word too much."

You notice the change in her tone? The letter gave me the strongest impression of a new, warm, almost anxious interest on her part. My fancies, as first at Wampsocket, began to play all sorts of singular pranks: sometimes she was rich and of an old family, sometimes moderately poor and obscure, but always the same calm, reposeful face and clear gray eyes. I ceased looking for her in society, quite sure that I should not find her, and nursed a wild expectation of suddenly meeting her, face to face, in the most unlikely places and under startling circumstances. However, the end of it all was patience, — patience for six months.

There's not much more to tell; but this last letter is hard for me to read. It came punctually, to a day. I knew it would, and at the last I began to dread the time, as if a heavy note were falling due, and I had no funds to meet it. My head was in a whirl when I broke the seal. The fact in it stared at me blankly, at once, but it was a long time before the words and sentences became intelligible.

"The stipulated time has come, and our hidden romance is at an end. Had I taken this resolution a year ago, it would have saved me many vain hopes, and you, perhaps, a little uncertainty. Forgive me, first, if you can, and then hear the explanation!

"You wished for a personal interview: *you have had, not one, but many.* We have met, in society, talked face to face, discussed the weather, the opera, toilettes, Queechy, Aurora Floyd, Long Branch and Newport, and exchanged a weary amount of fashionable gossip; and you never guessed that I was governed by any deeper interest! I have purposely uttered ridiculous platitudes, and you were as smilingly courteous as if you enjoyed them: I have let fall remarks whose hollowness and selfishness could not have escaped you, and have waited in vain for a word of sharp, honest, manly reproof. Your manner to me was unexceptionable, as it was to all other women: but there lies the

source of my disappointment, of — yes, — of my sorrow!

"You appreciate, I cannot doubt, the qualities in woman which men value in one another, — culture, independence of thought, a high and earnest apprehension of life; but you know not how to seek them. It is not true that a mature and unperverted woman is flattered by receiving only the general obsequiousness which most men give to the whole sex. In the man who contradicts and strives with her, she discovers a truer interest, a nobler respect. The empty-headed, spindle-shanked youths who dance admirably, understand something of billiards, much less of horses, and still less of navigation, soon grow inexpressibly wearisome to us; but the men who adopt their social courtesy, never seeking to arouse, uplift, instruct us, are a bitter disappointment.

"What would have been the end, had you really found me? Certainly a sincere, satisfying friendship. No mysterious magnetic force has drawn you to me or held you near me, nor has my experiment inspired me with an interest which cannot be given up without a personal pang. I am grieved, for the sake of all men and all women. Yet, understand me! I mean no slightest reproach. I esteem and honor you for what you are. Farewell!"

There! Nothing could be kinder in tone, nothing more humiliating in substance. I was sore and offended for a few days; but I soon began to see, and ever more and more clearly, that she was wholly right. I was sure, also, that any further attempt to correspond with her would be vain. It all comes of taking society just as we find it, and supposing that conventional courtesy is the only safe ground on which men and women can meet.

The fact is — there's no use in hiding it from myself (and I see, by your face, that the letter cuts into your own conscience) — she is a free, courageous, independent character, and — I am not.

But who was she?

Bayard Taylor.

A VISION OF LOST SOULS.

THE woman stood within
The Golden City's pale,
And heard across the gulf
Her lover's mournful wail
Among the lost, sound on
The white-winged evening gale.

Then to her loving ken
Was all the place grown dim,
And empty were the songs
Of gold-robed cherubim;
She hid her face, and wept
And cried for love of him.

Though yet the talk of those
Who trod the shining street
Ceased suddenly, and hushed
Was all their music sweet,
Till, gathering near, they stood
Or knelt down at her feet,

They hindered not her prayer,
But wondered and were dumb —
For there, until that day,
Had never sorrow come;
And though it was in heaven
Tears wet the eyes of some.

The lofty gates swung wide
Withouten sound or jar;
Seen from this earth, her flight
Shone like a falling star,
And soon the realms of death
Were near and heaven was far.

And then, beyond the void
That skirts the changeless spheres,
Amid the plains whereon
The cloud of doom appears,
She washed her lover's hands
And feet with her warm tears.

“ Father,” the woman prayed,
“ Hear what my bosom saith!
Wilt thou not for love's sake
Unloose the bonds of death?
Dear Lord, wilt thou not hear
The pleadings of my breath?

“Unworthy, let me bear
A message from thy grace
Unto my love, and each
That trembles in this place
Before thy wrath and his
Own soul’s upbraiding face!”

“Be comforted, dear love,” —
The man spoke, of the twain, —
“Thy faith hath kindled mine,
Deem not thy pleadings vain;
In each heart still some seeds
Of love and hope remain.”

He held her close within
His loving, strong embrace,
And smoothed her shining hair,
And kissed her shining face;
And sweet as heaven that land
Was for a moment’s space,

Till, looking back where stood
The temples of God’s town,
He cried: “In pity, let
Your battlements fall down
And hide a soul that wears
Thus palpably God’s frown!

“And yet — mine eyes were blind
With mists of their desire,
And in my human veins
Were mingled blood and fire;
And paths ancestral trained
My footsteps for the mire!

“Who saith God’s hand spans not
The compass of the spheres
Wherein his day ends not
As end man’s mortal years;
Or that Christ hath not need
Of sin and death and tears?

“Shall not God’s hand bear up
Our weak hands in that day
In which love strives with death,
And death with love away,
Until the faint grow strong,
And till the stronger slay?

“For flesh and blood alone
Did Calvary lift high
Her penitential front
Unto the angry sky?

And wherefore shall not God
Work, though man's body die?

“ Or wherefore rise his towers
So, yonder, in our sight,
Unless high thoughts from thence
May sweep down in their flight,
And some souls, lost as I,
Turn homeward to the light?

“ Against their lovers' love
Their lives have sinned as mine;
Yet shall not love's remorse
Around each heart entwine,
Until love's peace therein
Dwell deathless and divine?

“ Shall, then, their feet and mine
Be less with courage shod,
Because our steps gain not
The heights we might have trod,
And endless loss divides
Our spent past from our God?

“ All lines of life and light
Slant upward to the sky;
So must some path arise
Where, slowly, thou and I
May climb, till God shall hear
The language of our cry.

“ And not our cry alone
Henceforth shall him beseech;
For many still will learn
The way that our steps teach,
When on new lips and strange
Is fashioned our slow speech.

“ And, haply, may God's Christ
Bend down from his high seat,
Or send his angels, who
Shall guide our wavering feet;
And cannot love's self make
Each bitter thing seem sweet? ”

He stooped and kissed her hair
That glimmered golden red;
She leaned on him as when
On earth they two were wed;
And heaven was in her face,
And peace — no word she said.

L. B. Moore.

THE MOON.

MANY poets, and some more practical people, have striven to express the intensity of their longing to divine the conditions prevailing upon the other planets which journey with us around the sun. Doubtless many have sought this knowledge with a deep desire to find there the solution of some of the insoluble riddles our world is always making; but the most have only wanted a momentary sensation, such as the common mind gets from mere novelty. If science could give them the eye of omniscience, they would come back to the dear commonplaces of the world only to become more determinedly narrowed by its uses. The intensity of the intellectual gravitation which, happily enough, keeps the minds of most men, as it does their bodies, well down to the grubbing work of life, can only be measured by those who have watched the relations of astronomical science, especially in its new phases, to the popular mind. As long as the curious eye of the speculator could only look into the shallow mysteries of the firmament built by man, there were always more students of astronomy than any other branch of science. But since discovery and invention have opened an infinite universe before us, since those flickering points of light have become each the centre of a world system rather than some accident in a man-made heaven, we have rather lost interest in the stars. There is probably a good reason for a part of this to be found in the enhanced value which our earth has had given it by modern science. Affection for the stars was once a polite way of showing a contempt for the earth; but the same science which has lifted the heavens until their depths dizzy us, has also made our earth a respectable object of consideration: man has found, in the long-shunned but inevitable question whether he came from the worm through the monkey, enough to try his brains, and his stomach too,

for years to come. Until he has got rid of this enormous question of his own origin and destiny, until his eager eyes have explored the just seen abyss of time up which he has been climbing for a hundred millions of years, we can hardly expect him to look up to the stars. Nebulæ and star-drift in due time; but blood is thicker than ether, and one's ancestors nearer than the nearest stars.

Following up his ancestral line from step to step, over the slippery and sometimes distant stepping-stones by which we reach the past of our earth, man finally arrives at a time when the record is lost or illegible. Then there arise questions concerning the early state of our earth which cannot be answered from the evidence which it alone affords. Our only chance to obtain information on these matters is to look to the other worlds, and get from them what we can in the way of facts to illustrate that part of our earth's history which is not recorded in the "great stone book." The evolution of our earth can in this way be traced in time, very much as we trace the evolution of an animal, not from itself alone, but by the stages shown in its kindred. For the present we must content ourselves with the appliances of investigation, as yet imperfect, and limit our efforts to the bodies which share with us the government of our sun. Of these, the moon alone is in that close relation to the earth which makes it possible to push our inquiries into details. There, at least, our knowledge goes very far. Few of those who have only seen the moon with the naked eye have an idea of the extent and accuracy of the information which has been gained concerning its physical character. It is not too much to say that we know the general topography of this side of the moon much better than we know that of any of the great land masses of the earth except Eu-

rope. There is not one crater over a mile in diameter, nor a single hill a thousand feet high, which has not been seen again and again by the many observers who are now studying its surface. Mountains might be made or unmade even in the centre of our oldest and most peopled continents, and the scientific world know nothing of it; but it is hardly possible for any considerable change to take place on the hither side of that world a quarter of a million miles away, without being observed before a single month elapses. We may see more clearly just what the observing powers are, if we conceive the astronomer placed in the moon and looking down upon the surface of North America with the same powers that the observer can apply to our satellite. By the naked eye, with the earth full lit by the sun, the twin continents of North and South America could be seen for their whole length at once. In the twelve hours in which they would swing up from the darkness, and back into it again, as the earth made its daily revolution, every part of this ten thousand miles of land would be easily looked over. The mountains and deserts would show on the greenish, verdure-clad continents; the environing sea would throw back varied tints according to its state of agitation or repose. Though the great features of land and sea would be visible, all detail would be wanting. The great lakes would separate themselves confusedly from the land; but the rivers, the valleys, the regions of forest and prairie, would remain undefined to our lunar astronomer until his glass was brought to bear on them, and even then would not be distinctly seen. Waiting until the earth ran past its full stage and the light began to leave one border, with dark shadow and bright light combining to give definition to the objects as they passed, he would use his telescope to advantage. Here, on the edge of the sunlit region, every hill and valley would have the sharpest definition; the precise position of every mountain top, the course of every broken valley, would be defined under this oblique light. Our far-away

student would have a special difficulty which we do not encounter in our study of the less erratic moon, arising from the earth's rotation. To get a clearer idea of the power of such an instrument as the fifteen-inch refractor, which we will suppose our lunar student to be using, let us imagine that on a favorable night he with his highest powers was endeavoring to make the most detailed study of the city of Boston. He should be using a magnifying power of about twelve hundred diameters. This would be approximately the same thing as bringing himself within two hundred miles of the place as seen with the naked eye. He would see the general outlines of the coast and the indentation of the bay and harbor with perfect distinctness; the larger islands they contain, and the arms of sea which extend from them into the land, would also be easily seen. The city itself and the surrounding towns would appear only as a small fleck upon the surface of the land. No object less than about two hundred feet in diameter would be visible to the clearest eye. The State House might be seen as a mere point of light, but the other buildings would be recognizable by their shadows alone. The streets, though less than a hundred feet in width, would appear as fine dark lines on an illuminated surface. Long railway cuttings would also, when in shadow, become visible. The lunar observer would be able to see enough to make sure that there was a city there, though he could not see anything of its life. The meteorological phenomena of the earth would be the grandest feature of its surface as seen from the moon; the coming and going of the mantles of white and green on either hemisphere with the changing year, the movement of the great storms, and especially the flashes of lightning, must give a variety to the scene of which the moon, with its unchanging face, can afford us no idea.

With some conception of the power which the best instruments give us over the details of the moon's surface, we may begin our study without danger of being led into those vagaries which

have beset the ways of many speculators devoting themselves to this subject. Seen with the naked eye the moon shows us only a surface of varied brightness, some of the darker parts being distinctly bounded and arranged in a belt-like way across its surface. These obscure markings are just distinct enough to invite conjecture while baffling it. Out of them have been made all sorts of shapes, but the conjectures of centuries did nothing towards attaining the truth. If we begin our journey towards the moon with the lowest power of the telescope, say fifty diameters, which takes us to within about five thousand miles of its surface, those enigmatical markings become distinct, and there appears a throng of objects not seen before. If the moon be full we can see that the dark flecks are all more or less complete circles, some standing out distinctly separated from the rest of the surface, while others are rather confusedly merged together. Over the surface of these dark regions, which the eye at once perceives to be lower than the general surface, as well as over the higher country, lie scattered myriads of pits which range in size from circles hundreds of miles across, down, by an imperceptible gradation, to the smallest that we can perceive with the power we are using; around these pits there is often a rim which shines brighter than the rest of the surface, and from some of the larger pits there run long bands of light which stretch far away over the surface, sometimes for hundreds of miles, and, in many cases, traversing other pits of great depth, without turning from their course. On some parts of the moon's surface there are great tracts which show no sign of these pits, and give the even light which would seem to belong to smooth surfaces; in other regions the pits are so crowded that they jostle and crowd each other as the cells in a honey-comb.

The full moon, though on account of its greater brilliancy the natural object of curiosity on the part of every one who looks through a telescope, teaches

less than the earlier stages of illumination. Those who would see a little at a time, and that well, should begin their work when the moon is the frail crescent in the half light of the late sunset. If the student will watch his chance, he will find that some evening he can see with the naked eye, besides the little crescent of light, the dusky figure of the dark part of the moon filling its horns and extending the arc to the full circle. From the earliest times this strange spectre of the unilluminated part of the moon attracted the notice of observers, but it remained for Leonardo da Vinci to tell us that it was the glow of light from our earth, which is "full" to the moon while our satellite is new to us, that caused this light on the dark part of the moon. It is, in other words, the earth-shine coming back to us from the moon, that gives this indistinct glow to the part of the moon's face which has not yet caught the sun's light. With a telescope of the first class the observer sees in this earth-shine a faint outline of all the great features which come into distincter view when they get the stronger sunlight upon them. Nothing among the revelations of space approaches this phenomenon in certain features of a spectral and shadowy kind. The yawning craters, those wonderful lines of light which run from certain centres, the great ranges of precipitous mountains, themselves the remnants of crater walls, all seem transformed to mere ghosts of their hard-lined selves. As the eye becomes accustomed to the faint, uncertain light, one object after another creeps into view, until the whole moon is distinctly mapped before it. As the moon grows to us our earth wanes to her, so that little by little these ghostly hills and mountains fade away, and everything is dark again except the sunlit crescent.

Turning now to this brightly illuminated region, we find something very different from what the faint earth-shine showed us. As we pass slowly towards the illuminated region, letting the telescope drift as it were by the earth's rotation, we begin at last to see all at once

some bright points, the summits of lofty mountains which are just catching the light of the long lunar day. Near to these golden crowned mountains — for the curve of the moon is so sharp that this intermediate region is but narrow — comes the ragged border of the sunlight. Here the effects are surprisingly grand: every hill is a mass of light upon its sunward face, and shadow of the deepest kind on the other side. Wherever we may have happened to come upon the moon's surface there are sure to be profound abysmal craters, whose crests are clearly defined in the sunlight, while the cavities are blackest shadow. Between these hollowed mountains the surface is sown with small, irregular hills and valleys, utterly without order of arrangement. Here and there is a narrow black line which marks the place of some deep rent reaching down into the crust and far away over the rugged surface. All along the line where light and shadow meet, we have a succession of these simple topographical elements combined in the most varied fashion. The craters are in a general way like our terrestrial volcanoes, but differ from them in many very important points. The hills are far lower and less massive in proportion to the diameter and depth of the cups which crown them. A large part of the craters are circular depressions some thousands of feet deep, with vertical walls and a diameter of from one to ten miles, the encircling mountain being only a few hundred feet high and relatively as narrow as a well-curbing. Some of the larger craters show traces of what may be lava streams, but most of these openings differ from terrestrial volcanoes also, in the fact that there are no signs whatever of those great rivers of once molten matter which mark the country about the greater part of our earth's craters. At some points on the earth's surface we have cavities not unlike those on our satellite. Along the Rhine the craters of the Eifel, mere circular pits with hardly a trace of wall about them, furnish us with very close analogies of the lunar craters. It is quite evident

that the Eifel volcanoes were outlets of gas escaping with explosive suddenness, scattering the materials torn from the crater far and wide over the surface of the adjacent country. These lunar craters seem also to mark the work of some gaseous agent, but the shape of their walls and floors gives us good reason to believe that they were far more heated than the Eifel craters. The curves are soft and rounded, as if they had been fused and flowing at the time of their formation. Ranging over more surface, as the moon steadily grows, we find that these pits, though generally less than five miles across, are at times far larger. Looking closely, we see that the smaller the craters, the more distinct and well preserved they generally are; observing the way in which they cut each other, we can also determine that the lesser craters are the last formed. The larger rings are the most ruinous, but we can still see that they are essentially like the smaller circles, though we can trace them in successive gradations up to three hundred miles or more in diameter. The great basins of the seas, though not so clearly defined as the lesser craters, on account of their worn condition and the fusion of several together, are still evidently of the same origin. Even the long, curved ridges cut into myriads of sharp pinnacles, which look like mountain chains, and have received the fanciful names of Alps and Apennines, are also the remains of old crater walls of vast extent, which have been ruined by the subsequent changes.

Nothing shows more clearly the intensity of human prejudices than the notions concerning the moon which have found a place in the minds of even excellent observers. It seemed so natural to find there a little reprint of our earth, that a thing had only to be seen to get a place among the familiar objects around us here. The low-walled dark-colored plains, which we have classed along with the smaller craters, were seas to the early observers. The narrow lines of black, which the higher powers of the telescope show us to be jagged

rents on the uneven face of the moon, were river paths to them. The bands of light were roads of more than Roman length and straightness; and whenever some curious structure, freak of the Titanic forces which built the moon's surface, puzzled the fertile imagination of the observer, he made of it a ruined castle or other architectural work of the sons of the "man in the moon." One of the most trustworthy students of the moon, in the early part of this century, a man trained in many branches of research, was a firm believer in the Selene. Purple cities and castles abounded in his moon; he even went so far as to suppose that the curious twin craters called Meissier, with their tail of light so curiously like a comet, was an effort of the lunar people to communicate with those on our earth. The poor, far-away people were trying to signal our beautiful earth, and had, regardless of expense, constructed this vast picture of the flaming messengers of heaven. Alas for the romantic things of the world! All this picture of life in our nearest companion in space falls before the stern teachings of the telescope. It is true that we can see nothing as small as the largest living being of our earth; even the greatest human works might escape the observer's eye; but there are things as plain as sight, to prove that the moon is an impossible place for all that is called life on our earth's surface. The sharpness of the shadows, and the silhouette clearness of the lunar landscape, long ago made the students suspect that there was no atmosphere there. This impression was deepened when after more than a century of watching no trace of cloud had ever been seen on the moon; always the same even face; nothing that could be held as evidence of the slightest vapor. This old conjecture has of late been made certain in the fact that when, with the greatest care on the part of the observer, stars were watched as they passed behind the moon, it was found that they moved with perfect steadiness up to the very edge of its disk, and then were instantly blotted out. Had there been an at-

mosphere the stars would have been retarded in their eclipse and advanced in their reappearance thereby, so that they would have been hidden for a less time by the moon. This observation, tallying as it does with so many other considerations which point to the same conclusion, makes it quite safe for us to affirm that the moon is without that first condition of life, an atmosphere. The evidence of the absence of water is quite as clear as that which leads us to deny the presence of air on the moon. The great changes of temperature which come between the day of three hundred hours and the night of equal length would necessarily drive all the water on the moon into a state of vapor, and reduce it to far below the freezing point during each lunar month; this would necessarily give us effects of the most tangible kind, which could not escape the astronomer's eye. If we accept the moon without air and without water, we abandon thereby all idea of peopling it with living beings; at least with such structures as our terrestrial experience supplies us with. Through the air and ocean comes all that gives to our earth the features we call beautiful; there is clearly nothing worthy of that name on that lonely star; its only enchantment is lent it by distance. Seen closely as we view an earthly landscape, there would be grandeur enough in the weird forms of its stately mountains and yawning chasms. But the blackest desolation our earth supplies would seem soft and rich-colored by the side of those wastes of dark lava which send down to us the mild moonlight.

If we must give up the pleasant delusion of life on our sister star, can we not at least suppose that it once was there? may it not be that the moon has only gone more rapidly towards the end which some *savans* prophesy for our earth, when the air and ocean shall have lost their oxygen to the greedy bases of the earth? Beneath the rude surface which the telescope shows us, can there not be a burial-place for the record of a life as great or greater than our earth itself supplies? Here the answer

of the observer is clear, if not as assured as upon the other questions. If our earth were to lose its water and air from any cause, there would remain, with all the permanence which belongs to the feature lines of the moon, the record which water has written on its face. The great continental folds, the water-worn mountains, the drainage system of the continents, with its river beds, its lake basins, and watersheds, would all remain monuments of the vanished force. But on the moon there is no mark of water action; searching it all over we find no trace of river or lake, no valleys, no deltas such as rivers would have made, nothing to be compared with our continents, but everywhere the same mystic, far-traced circles.

As all the movements which have taken place upon the surface of the moon have been brought about by its internal forces, it becomes a matter of great interest to determine whether these forces are stilled. If we cannot look for organic life there, can we not at least look for some physical activity? This of course must be, to a large extent, a matter for simple observation to determine. Our knowledge of the moon is sufficient to enable us to determine any great changes. The outbreak of a great volcanic eruption could not be overlooked by the observers who are continually studying it, provided it was attended with any of the great gaseous emanations which usually mark such events on our earth. We are not without descriptions of accidents on its surface, which would be explicable on the supposition that there was something like volcanic action on the moon. Most of these accounts are evidently the products of the uncritical spirit which tried to see in the moon all the phenomena the earth affords. A few years ago, however, Dr. I. F. Julius Schmidt, of the Athens Observatory, thought that he had detected a change in the form of one of the smaller craters, that which bears the name of the illustrious Linnaeus. The crater is a small one for the moon, though some six miles across, and the observations are subject to great

doubt. Out of a long discussion has come the conclusion that the assertion has not been proved. The Rev. T. N. Webb thinks that he has found a change in the singular pair of craters called Meissier, but these changes are not of a very distinct kind, and may be accounted for in another fashion. At first sight there does not appear to be any good reason why there should not still be volcanic action on the moon; but a little consideration will show that there is one very considerable difficulty which we are compelled to face, when we accept the theory of continued activity of the internal heat of our satellite. The heat of our own earth, as well as that which the moon once had, was derived from the original store of the gaseous mass out of which they both were made. The amount of heat in each body must have been proportioned to the mass. Now as cooling goes on with a rapidity proportionate to the mass, and to the area of the surface through which the heat escapes, the moon should have lost all its heat long before the earth had parted with one fourth of its original store. So we must suppose either that the moon has entirely cooled, or that the earth has still over three fourths of its original store of heat. The latter supposition will be regarded as quite inadmissible by every student of the physics of the globe; so we are in a measure compelled to believe that the internal fires of the moon are quite burnt out.

There is a source of change on the moon's surface which has been quite overlooked by astronomers, but which in itself is sufficient to account for the occurrence of considerable disturbances. On the airless, cloudless moon we have the sun's heat looking down through its day, half a month of our own. This is followed by an equal time during which the heat as steadily flows off into space. This gives, of course, a great range of temperature. It has been reckoned by a competent student, that the moon passes through a range of temperature of nearly a thousand degrees of Fahrenheit, from -84° to 840° . This change, or anything approaching it, could not be

repeated at each moon without having a prodigious effect upon its surface by the expansion and contraction alone. A mass of lava such as forms the flow of many of the lunar craters could expand and contract as much as the one hundredth of its length in this change. This would naturally tend to disturb the whole surface. The tension would not be uniform, but very variable; each new fissure would, by its forming, change the direction and intensity of the creeping movement, which must affect the whole surface. We can readily conceive that the walls of craters might be broken down, or pinnacled cliffs overturned, by these repeated changes of tension. It is quite conceivable that in time this slow but incessant movement might overturn all the grand reliefs of the moon's surface and leave nothing but the wrecks of its gigantic architecture. The ancient craters whose weird walls are to be found over a large part of the moon may have been razed by this slow-acting agent of destruction.

The other side of the moon, being always turned away from the earth, has been the natural refuge of the romantic school of selenographers. Since it is forever invisible to human eyes, they have felt that they could people it to suit themselves. Some years ago the distinguished Danish astronomer, Hansen, broached the theory, supported by some elaborate calculations, that the side of the moon turned towards the earth was far higher than the other side, being lifted above it by fourteen miles or more. It was easy to conjecture in this case that air and water might be placed on that side which is forever shut out from the eye of man. The invisible will always be the unnatural to some minds; but we can do something to show that the other side of the moon is like enough to that which faces us. It is to be noticed in the first place that though at one time the isolated observer sees only a trifle less than half the surface of the moon, yet by following the moon through all its periodic changes of position, he will see rather over four sevenths of the whole surface of the

sphere. If the unseen part differs so widely from the visible as some suppose it may, then we should expect that the border would at least give us the beginning of the new order of things; but up to the farthest bounds of vision, we find the same wonderful association of craters, fissures, and ragged points of rock which make up the lunar landscape. Moreover, on the extreme verge of the moon we have some great lines of mountain ranges known as the Dairfel and the Rook Mountains; these great ranges, it is quite evident from their form, are segments of vast crater circles such as we have in the Apennines and all the other great mountains of the moon. Now if we complete in imagination, or by tracing upon a globe, these circles, we find that we are enabled to extend with tolerable certainty the topography of this face of the moon for some distance beyond the extreme point of vision. On the opposite, or northern side of the moon, there are a few bands of light, rather indistinct but still visible, which extend around from the other side. Analogy shows us that these bands are always arranged with reference to some crater in a radial fashion; so we may reasonably suppose that these lines which come around from the other side are also a part of some ray system which lies beyond the border. I am inclined to think that this centre is probably some four hundred and fifty miles beyond the border. If these views be correct we have only a few hundred miles, not over eight hundred miles, in diameter, concerning which we have not at least a probable basis for conjecture.

To those who have the hardihood to define the purpose of the physical universe, who look upon life, sentient life, as the aim of all things, the moon, as we now know it, is a sad difficulty. It is a great world complete in most of the machinery which fits our own for life, but an abiding desolation, because of its want of the two or three elements which give us water and air.

Those who have tried to excogitate the peopling of the planets, from the

slender basis of fact that observation affords us, get very little encouragement from the condition of the moon. Here is a twin sister of the earth, with what seemed in the early days of astronomy every condition for the fullest development of life, utterly and hopelessly barren. On our earth, life after its first planting seems the most necessary phenomenon of its surface; from each successive shock it has come out greater and higher than before, but at our next door in space it has never existed, never can exist. It would be a painful thing to believe that the earth alone had drawn the prize of life, while its companions had blanks alone; nor does the condition of the moon really go far towards compelling us to such an opinion; it only inculcates caution. The planets Venus and Mars, our neighbors above and below in space, have atmospheres. The latter has snow and ice, and seas of curious form, so that on these planets the only evident obstacle to life on the moon does not exist. No naturalist can watch winter and summer come and go on the opposite hemispheres of the martial planet, without feeling that life must have come into being where all the machinery of life is in such perfect working. And yet, having studied the moon, he must have a fear that after all there may be a certain something wanting to complete the scheme and bring in that strangely conditioned thing we call life.

Though the moon have no life of its own, it is not without potent influence on the life of our earth. There has never been a day since life began but the moon's influence has been at work to make or mar the fate of living things. But for the perpetual motion the tides bring into the waters of the sea, the ever-varying change of pressure to which it subjects all that comes within their scope, we may safely assume that life would have been something very different from what it is at present. There can be no doubt that its influence has been to hasten the journey up from the origin of life to its summit; we cannot reckon how much has been due to the in-

fluence of our moon in the advance of organic existence, but any naturalist who has adequately conceived how dependent we are for our state upon the life of an almost infinite chain of beings in the past, will be ready to acknowledge that he could not have been where or what he is, but for the silent working of that lifeless world above us.

There is an influence not without interest, which the moon exerts upon the earth; it was long ago noticed that there was a great accession of earthquakes, in regions liable to such disturbances, during the time of the month when the moon cooperated the most effectively with the sun in producing an attraction upon the earth. It is not likely, however, that the action results in any actual increase in the total number of earthquake shocks in a given period, but rather in an accumulation of these at particular times, so that as this effect is more curious than important, we may save ourselves the trouble of an inquiry into its cause.

But there is another way in which the moon exerts a most important effect upon our earth, acting through the tides. As these masses of water move around the earth in a direction exactly contrary to the earth's rotation, it is readily conceived that they exert a good deal of friction upon its surface. This, though slight, is still a measurable quantity, and tends to bring the earth in time to a stand-still. It would long ago have made an appreciable lengthening of the day, but, owing to one of the many compensations which go far to keep up the even course of events in the solar system, this friction of the tides is just balanced by the shrinkage of the earth. If the earth without any change of mass should be made smaller than it is, without loss of the velocity of rotation which is impressed on every particle of its matter, then it would rotate more rapidly. Now it is clear that the earth by its continued loss of heat must be continually shrinking; the folds of the earth's crust in its continents and mountain chains are irresistible proofs of the truth of this

conclusion. There is no other conclusion that can reasonably be accepted, save that the shrinking of the earth and the friction of the tides so balance our planet that the day remains unchanged. The earliest living beings on the earth's surface were probably at least two hundred miles farther from the earth's centre than their descendants are at the present time, but the distance between dawn and nightfall is probably not materially changed. In the distant future, when the loss of heat shall have gone so far that the earth no longer shrinks by a man's height in each thousand years, then the days will begin to lengthen, and grow longer and longer while the tides chafe the shores.

The picture which modern science paints of the moon is cold and hard, and at first sight saddening. It is no more the land of dreams, a refuge for those who find our blooming earth too hard. Its death is the old eternal death of chaos; it has not even the charm of life extinct. Fertilizing sunshine, the source of all movement here, does not break its lifelessness. It seems a very mockery of our earth, a grinning skeleton at our feast to tell us that "to this complexion we must come at last."

The tower of the observatory at Cambridge lies in one of the most charming scenes in the world. From its summit we look down over a wide lawn to the clustering homes of many villages, and to the stately edifices of a great city. There are rivers flowing to the sea eternal, hills, woods, noble buildings filled with the treasures of thought and action, monuments of battles, temples to creative power, a panorama of life, the ex-

uberant life of this glorious old world. Many a time have I lingered in view of this lovely scene, almost loath to fly with the speed of light to that vast half-created world. With the telescope we seem to go with the quickness of sight away from the present, to stand in the face of primeval chaos. Life, so all-pervading, so enduring but a moment ago, seems but a vapor that might be breathed away. Standing in the presence of a worse than ruined world, we feel our confidence in the universe to be weakly founded. Beneficence, creative power, omniscience, — all the great words we coin for use on earth seem to have no place here, and we come sobered and saddened to earth again. But with time the lesson loses its severity, and is seen in better and truer shape. It teaches not mistrust in the world, but a consciousness of our own short vision, however aided. There may be something higher than organic life, something to which all this world of existence is subordinated as the atom is to the universe. Because two atoms differ, must the whole be a muddle? With time, the persistent student of the moon will find its silence and peace wonderfully attractive. He will betake himself there for a quiet more pervading than the bustle of the living earth can ever give. He will find it a physical Nirvana where matter has lost its eagerness and endless longings to rest in peace. When he comes back to the earth again, puts the nightcap on his telescope, and betakes himself to his own, we are sure that he will be the more content with our world and all its ways.

N. S. Shaler.

GOODY GRUNSELL'S HOUSE.

A WEARY old face, beneath a black mutch;
Like a flame in a cavern her eye,
Betwixt craggy forehead and cheek-bone high:
Her long, lean fingers hurried to clutch
A something concealed in her rusty cloak,
As a step on the turf the stillness broke;
While a sound — was it curse or sigh? —
Smote the ear of the passer-by.

A dreary old house, on a headland slope,
Against the gray of the sea.
Where garden and orchard used to be,
Witch-grass and nettle and rag-weed grope, —
Paupers that eat the earth's riches out, —
Nightshade and henbane are lurking about,
Like demons that enter in
When a soul has run waste to sin.

The house looked wretched and woe-begone;
Its desolate windows wept
With a dew that forever dripped and crept
From the moss-grown eaves; and ever anon
Some idle wind, with a passing slap,
Made rickety shutter or shingle flap
As who with a jeer should say,
“ Why does the old crone stay? ”

Goody Grunsell's house — it was all her own;
There was no one living to chide,
Though she tore every rib from its skeleton side
To kindle a fire when she sat alone
With the ghosts that had leave to go out and in,
Through crevice and rent, to the endless din
Of waves that wild ditties droned, —
Of winds that muttered and moaned.

And this was the only booty she hid
Under her threadbare cloak, —
A strip of worn and weather-stained oak;
Then into her lonesome hearth she slid:
And, inch by inch, as the cold years sped,
She was burning the old house over her head;
Why not — when each separate room
Held more than a lifetime's gloom?

Goody Grunsell's house — not a memory glad
Illumined bare ceiling or wall;

But cruel shadows would sometimes fall
On the floor; and faces eerie and sad
At dusk would peer in at the broken pane,
While ghostly steps pattered through the rain,
Sending the blood with a start
To her empty, shriveled heart.

For she had not been a forbearing wife,
Nor a loyal husband's mate;
The twain had been one but in fear and hate,
And the horror of that inverted life
Had not spent itself on their souls alone:
From the bitter root evil buds had blown;
There were births that blighted grew,
And died, — and no gladness knew.

The house unto nobody home had been,
But a lair of pain and shame:
Could any its withered mistress blame,
Who sought from its embers a spark to win,
A warmth for the body, to soul refused?
Such questioning ran through her thoughts confused,
As she slipped with her spoil from sight.
Could the dead assert their right?

The splintered board, like a dagger's blade,
Goody Grunsell cowering hid,
As if the house had a voice that chid,
When wound after wound in its side she made;
As if the wraiths of her children cried
From their graves, to denounce her a homicide;
While the sea, up the weedy path,
Groaned, spuming in wordless wrath.

The house, with its pitiful, haunted look, —
Old Goody, more piteous still,
Angry and sad, as the night fell chill, —
They are pictures out of a long-lost book.
But the windows of many a human face
Show tenants that burn their own dwelling-place;
And spectre and fiend will roam
Through the heart which is not love's home.

Lucy Larcom.

PESCAGLIA, THE HOME OF A MAD ARTIST.

STANDING on the Carraja Bridge at Florence and looking sixty miles away to the westward, the spectator sees three prominent peaks rising like a triple crown over ranges of mountains which break up the nearer and farther distance into walls of luminous purple and deepest blue. A flood of opalescent splendor shimmers around them at sunset, wrapping the scene in golden mist, just as the burning atmosphere of the summer's day cools into limpid starlight. In winter the snow-robed crown sparkles in the frosty air as if it were cut out of solid diamond, giving to the Carrara mountains, on whose head it rests, the queenship of the Apennines. But this wintry magnificence, like a glimpse of another world too bright for mortal eyes, can only be enjoyed afar off. When, however, the warm months envelop it in soft sheen and mysterious space melting into shadowy heights, the gazer lingers wistfully over the shifting forms and hues and yearns to be among them. For myself, I have never seen these mountains in winter or summer without an involuntary desire to go there. They appeal to the inner sense as a resting-place midway between earth and heaven, where body and soul might receive strength for either. The summer of 1869 was so beautiful in Florence that it was a penance even to think of going elsewhere, as indeed it is at all times to those who have long resided within its walls. Nevertheless I could never cross the bridge without being haunted by my temptation, now of eighteen years' growth. A daughter was tardily recovering from a long fever, the legacy of a whooping-cough, when the physician prescribed mountain air as more healing than drugs. So Pescaglia was recommended as affording the best. But where was Pescaglia? Precisely within the charmed circle of this triple crown of Carrara hills, nestling amid chestnut and oak trees, embedded in

fragrant vegetation, and clinging with divers sister-hamlets, as ancient as the Cæsars, to steep crags divided from each other by cool glens, joyous with running streams, and shaded by old monarchs of the forest which had braved the centuries since the days of the tyrant Castruccio, and maybe the pious Countess Matilda. Here, if anywhere, nature was serene and charming; a health-giver to spirit and sense, promising a loving return in her own motherly way to human confidence! True, there was not a semblance of an inn; an unfatted calf was killed only once a week, to be divided among the few eaters of meat of the region; bread dark and acid had to be brought many miles; fruits were scanty and half wild; in fact the diet must be restricted to such supplies as could be gleaned from the scantily stocked farms of the peasantry, who were as innocent of any knowledge of the ways and wants, and even the persons, of city people, as so many Calmucks. The fare was not attractive, for the only food in reliable abundance was the staple clammy chestnut cake, of a deep chocolate color, which only the habits of a goat could render digestible, while to the untutored stomach it was a nightmare of a thousand fiend power. Still, there was something so bewitching in this mingling of feast of the soul and famine of the body — nature, at once so æsthetic, spiritual, and sanitary, doctoring dilapidated frames without fees and hindering all excesses of mind and body, whether we consented or not — that it hit the appetite for novelty if it missed the more carnal one. Moreover, even greater boons were promised. Complete social enfranchisement, harmony, and equality with the natural world; absolute genuineness of life even for a fleeting moment; not having to say to society's Satan, "Get thee behind me," for he never came to Pescaglia: these were indeed royal gifts.

Being loath to tempt the tempter into this Eden, I decline to name the town where we exchanged the rail for the district road, which came to an abrupt end at the foot of the picturesque crag, out of which Pescaglia grows as naturally as its chestnuts and vineyards. No carriage-wheels ever profane the quiet of its narrow streets. The strong visitor must climb to it on his own limbs, and the invalid be borne in a chair on sturdy mountaineers' shoulders. Suffice it to know that the road to Pescaglia is lovely even in the most fertile province of Italy. Winding beside a coquettish river, it passes through tunnels, under toppling cliffs, along gorges flattening out into meadows and orchards, shadowed by olive and vine growing hills covered with renaissance villas and feudal towers, and bordered by ivy and rose-draped walls fringed with hoary mosses, amid which flit in imperial livery of green and gold mercurial lizards. It opens on mediæval churches far gone in decrepitude, like the temporal power that reared their walls, but whose silver-toned bells are as sense-enrapturing as ever, as their mellow strains echo throughout the neighboring peaks. It stretches across dry torrents, choked with the avalanches of spring, and devastated fields. It is caressed by wild plants bending beneath the weight of their fragrant charms, as they listen to the chatter of merry brooks or flirt with amorous insects. Now and then you encounter a country cart clattering along at a break-neck pace, top-heavy with embrowned maidens going to and from reeling the cocoons of silk-worms in those strange buildings with steaming *loggia* which surprise the novice in their mysteries. The valleys shut the road in closer and closer, narrowing and deepening until the last turn brought it to an abrupt termination at an old stone bridge over the precipitous streams which furrow the mountain on either side of Pescaglia, and whenever it rains much make it roar with the rush of their impatient floods. There stood our "city of refuge," looking from its perpendicular eyrie almost straight down upon us,

and peeping out of a bower of green, overtopped by the ruins of a venerable castle backed against precipices half hidden in luxuriant green, but too rough to be ascended otherwise than by the tortuous paths which led to the highest pasturages, just under the naked peaks that cut sharply but gracefully against the young twilight. Everywhere the outlines of the Apennines have a feminine beauty of contour and delicacy of curve. Here, although in mass of almost Alpine grandeur, this specific quality was particularly noticeable, especially as the tender shadows of night crept slowly up the mountain sides, and mingling with the rays of the sun tinged with royal purple the topmost peaks.

The invalids with their luggage had been put down on the roadside, and left by the driver to contemplate the scenery until help should come from above to make the ascent. Shut in below as we were by the steep and close hills, it was almost dark before help came. Meantime the gossips of the sole habitation hereabouts brought out some rude chairs and proffered such hospitality as their meagre household might yield, with genuine good-will and an absence of disposition to make money out of our position that showed no theories of backshish had yet entered their souls. They were decidedly behind the age, but in the right direction for travelers.

Under the circumstances of our appearance, in this sudden fashion stranded on their highway, an indefinite amount of voluble curiosity would have been pardonable. Their manners, however, were not merely unexceptionable, but the acme of refined courtesy. I felt at once as if I had always lived there, and each face was a familiar friend's. The few foot-travelers, peddlers of wooden shoes and cheap female finery, or peasants driving before them files of donkeys laden with wood, manifested no more surprise at our improvised encampment than would a city idler on meeting a do-nothing neighbor following his praiseworthy example. Saluting us kindly they passed on without one furtive glance. This was not owing to

stolidity of temperament, for on questioning any, their replies were vivacious and sensible enough. One time-furrowed old lady was eloquent on the woes of life in the abstract, dwelling on the hardship of being rooted for more than seventy years to a spot which had no change except of the monotonous seasons. From birth to burial she had to see the same few faces, eat the same meagre food, do the same frame-racking work, and look on the same hard-hearted mountains. Fine scenery, forsooth, but what good came of that to her! Evidently she was a misanthrope in principle just as there are pitiless philanthropists. The world needed a certain amount of grumbling to keep it moving, as a donkey requires the cudgel, and Pescaglia had fallen to her lot for its castigation. As she turned to go with a lugubrious shake of her withered head and a pitying glance of her sharp eye, she asked "if we came voluntarily." On being assured that it was actually so, "You'll find good air and water; nothing else; this is all Pescaglia gives to any one; much good may they do to you; good day," she ejaculated, as she hobbled off.

Others stopped for a chat of a more cheerful turn, doing the honors of their mountainous scenery with a sincere appreciation of the "fine air and water" which all agreed were its distinctive merits. But even these could not quite take it in that we had come "voluntarily." Never did people show a more touching humility as to their own importance and local advantages; but whatever they had was at our disposal. Their talk was so simple-minded and unworldly that I was almost sorry when the carriers did arrive. We made a merry *cortège* up the paved footway under the trees, more picturesque but steeper and more winding each step, as we drew near the house in which we were to be lodged, and whose owner, leaving a singular history, had died the year previous. Our self-made friends seemingly attached a peculiar importance to us because we were to occupy this grand "villa," which in their eyes was the

seat of untold magnificence, the like of which it was doubtful if we had ever seen. It was superbly furnished, in short, a miniature Versailles, if we might construe their adjectives in their common significance, spoken in an undertone of mingled awe and mystery. Having expected nothing superior to the stone floors and rough quarters of an ordinary farm-house, this intelligence was agreeable, besides piquing to the curiosity. Our path left the real Pescaglia somewhat on the right hand and ascended a twin hill, skirting the mossy walls of an extinguished convent, and a tiny church of the Lombard period, — that is, all of it that had not been restored by modern vandals into architectural and spiritual inanity, — until losing itself on a narrow, ankle-wrenching pavement between rows of stone houses, so called by courtesy, though in reality cheerless hovels of prosaic discomfort and poverty within and picturesque outlook in mass without. These led to a *cul-de-sac* that terminated in an embattlemented doorway and court-yard. On ringing a brisk bell the entrance flew open, presenting an agreeable spectacle, if not the counterpart of Versailles. A turreted wall inclosed a tiny garden on a terrace overhanging the valley, with miniature parapets and towers, having the grand air of a feudal castle even if it were not as big as a real one. In the centre was a marble fountain throwing up exquisite jets of mountain-water, as clear as crystal, sprinkling confused masses of lemon and orange trees, vines, roses, tea-plants, and others rare and common, helter-skelter in a labyrinth of democratic weeds. Fronting us one way, with drawn sword and full panoply of armor, was the Archangel Michael, the guardian of the gate, in lively fresco, but with his celestial splendor somewhat dimmed by long exposure to earthly showers and incipient cryptogamia. The villa itself formed two sides of the garden. On the left, as we went towards the principal door, was an elaborate fresco covering two stories with an extraordinary composition. In the centre stood the Madonna

in Glory, with a face of ineffable sweetness, gazing on rats jumping through hoops held by other rats, and doing all kinds of circus antics, besides stealthily cutting off the tail of a huge cat unsuspectingly moralizing on the top of a queer palisade. Others were holding up gold coins in their mouths to the Virgin, or blowing soap-bubbles in her honor. But the queerest fact was the humanity expressed in the features of all the rats, as distinctive as so many human beings, but otherwise cleverly drawn and colored rats of all degrees and ages; singularly coherent expression in an extravagant incoherence of entire composition.

By the time we had got thus far, our general escort had vanished like so many shadows, evidently having either a wholesome respect for the grandeur of the premises or a mystical fear of its painted inmates. If the exterior decoration were queer, the interior was even more so. Each room, anteroom, stairway, and ceiling was thickly painted in strong oil-colors with similar compositions, done not unskillfully by a free brush and vigorous stroke. I must describe some. The great hall was laid out in Chinese scenery of the cheap teatray fashion, jumbled with chaotic phenomena of the heavens, ships scudding against the winds, and a demon-visaged comet dashing headlong into the sun just rising over the hills in the shape of a human face surrounded by spiked rays, with eyes weeping mammoth tears, in harrowed anticipation of the collision. A nautical rat, standing upright on the topmost leaf of a tall tree, was inspecting the scene through a telescope, while another at the foot was inquiring what it all meant.

Our chief bedroom had a very weird and apocalyptic aspect, three sides being filled with hosts of doves sweeping centrewards in regular, interminable converging lines, feathery hosts on hosts, some full grown, others just bursting from their egg-shells, led by naked *amorini* with immense dickeys about their throats, epaulettes on their shoulders, and regulation kepis on their

heads. For a moment the room seemed to whirl round and round with their whirring flight, while the great blue eyes of the military cupids glared at us so wildly in the dim light that I exclaimed, "I can't bear this; if I sleep here I shall go crazy." Was the air of the chamber filled with infectious madness? But the ringing laugh of my wife quickly drove away the demon of gloom and summoned the imp of the ridiculous in its place. The paintings soon became such an unfailing source of amusement and speculation that it was agreeable to be among them. Incoherent as they were to the last degree, they begot at last in me a dreamy repose of mind and body eminently refreshing and companionable, as if they were the embodiment of unseen, inscrutable joys, rather than maddening woes.

But to return to first sensations. A shout of laughter, of wonderment, from the children drew us to their discovery: a decidedly original picture of Divine Providence and Family Love, as it was inscribed. A lady rat, just confined, was lying in a stately bed, with lace cap and ruffles, awaiting her gruel, which a tidy rat nurse was bringing her in the orthodox vessel always provided for this momentous domestic event. The pot-bellied father was lying on his back on the floor amid a heap of toys, tossing several of his babies on his four feet into the air, while the rest of the brood were enjoying their playthings or quarreling as fraternally as if they had been human babies. Stores of apples and other toothsome dainties formed the walls and ceiling of the nursery of this happy family. My own little rats, the youngest only fifteen months, never grew tired of examining and commenting on this wonderful composition.

On the opposite wall there was a far different scene. At the left sat an impressive allegorical, gigantic figure of a woman of majestic mien and handsome features, dressed in blue, surrounded by mystical emblems and inscriptions in unknown tongues, of gracious look and abstracted air, leaving one in doubt whether she was meant to be the in-

carnation of the arcana of the black art, or one of the mysteries of the Apocalypse. At all events it was a masterpiece of intense supernatural suggestiveness which would not have discredited William Blake. There was a wise solemnity and spiritual composure about it that soothingly contrasted with the crack-brain character of the rest of the wall decorations. Immediately next to it, behind the bed, was a handsome Madonna in Glory, watching flying fiery serpents and nondescript monsters wildly shooting through space, wept over by a lugubrious sun like the one in the hall, rising over a foreground of slab-like rocks, broken into sharp precipices, down which, sitting on drums, rats, travestied as soldiers of the line of the time of Napoleon I., were sliding, falling, pirouetting, or presenting arms to the Virgin. The chambers above, which formed our nursery, were known as the "rooms of the sacred mysteries," so the *custode* of the villa told us, although anything more mysterious than those below it would be difficult to conjure up. Some of their scenes were naively curious. One, a party of old rats with human expressions, gambling; the oldest and wickedest glancing over his cards with sardonic satisfaction at the chagrin and fury of those whom he has cheated, overlooking an outsider who is slyly stealing the stakes. Another was a more elaborate affair occupying an entire side of the room, in the centre of which was the Holy Family and attendant saints in masses of clouds, listening to polkas performed by bands of rats dressed as military musicians. Near by two rats were blowing the face of the sun with great bellows to keep up its heat, and in a corner the moon, pale and sickly-looking, was being fed by one of these quadrupeds with porridge out of a huge spoon.

I fear it would be tedious to describe any more of our "Versailles gallery," but the dining-room must not be omitted. Next to rats the favored topics were Franciscan friars. All of this part of the villa was dedicated to them. The painted background formed the whole

interior architecture of a convent, exposing cells, refectory, prison, chapel, and *cortile*. In some of the cells the friars were uncorking champagne bottles labeled with the insignia of the Holy Ghost. In another scene one was carrying his head under his arm in a procession, a miracle unnoticed by his brethren, among whom were two women in disguise, whom also they discreetly failed to see. The prison held a friar undergoing penance, tormented by be-deviled cats and frightened by a bodiless arm ringing a bell over his head, while another kept rapping on his window. In the refectory the table was laid with two big bottles of wine and a small bit of bread for each friar. The standard of conventual holiness was decidedly material. Our deceased host himself had been a great collector of bottles. These, of all sorts and shapes, were arranged by hundreds on shelves in the dining-room, filled with extraordinary liquids, and decorated with masonic and Christian emblems and signs of the Trinity in silver and gold paper. The chapel itself had been partly converted into a studio, and in part devoted to an altar covered with tawdry French ornaments and dismal souvenirs of the grave. Altogether it was a strange villa.

The history of its owner was still stranger. He had been city-born, of a noble family, rich, as provincial fortunes count; had traveled, sojourned often in Paris, whence came the "luxury" of furniture, linen, silver, glass, and books we found here; and finally, after many bachelor experiments in love, had decided on marrying a peasant girl with whom he was really enamored. To this turn of his eccentricities his relations put their veto. In America there would have been but one ending to similar interferences, but in Italy, where family discipline is supreme, the family triumphed. The defeated lover was seized with an artistic mania for decorating this villa, in which he passed most of his time, bewildering and amusing his rustic neighbors, wasting his patrimony in painting and repainting,

harmless in his ways, often jocose and hospitable, ducking unsuspecting girls by suddenly letting loose his fountain on them, experimenting in horticulture and entertaining monks, who enjoyed his fare if they did not his frescoes. Thus he lived on in a half-serious, half-droll manner, but gradually growing sadder and madder until his kind guardians, who had provoked his madness, sent him, vainly protesting, to a mad-house to die, which he speedily did of the longing he had to be back painting his quaint imaginings once more on the walls of his quiet home at Pescaglia.

And now, patient reader, if you do not weary of this storyless tale, let us chat a little with our living neighbors. The first comer, and not the least gossip, is the gentleman who brings our milk. I say gentleman advisedly, because his language and manners are thoroughly gentlemanly, his bearing easy, independent, and courteous, indicative of self-respect and respect of others. Had our croaking old dame below added fine manners to her scanty list of good things at Pescaglia, she would have come within the truth; for they were as abundant and spontaneous as the fine air and water themselves. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the quality of these elements had much to do with the prevailing manifestations of genial humanity. In his outer self our milkman was as rough — perhaps we should call it untidy in America, where dirt has no sense of the picturesque under any combinations — as his brother peasants, but his frank deportment was more becoming than fine raiment. It struck me, as I looked at him, that to be clothed in one's "right mind" was better on the whole than being in the "height of fashion." He never poured out his measure of milk without making it an overflowing bumper, unwatered (was not that the trait of a gentleman?), or giving the servants an extra quantity to drink to his health, as we sat cozily together on the stone steps, listening to his tales of Pescaglia life. He was a widower with a baby-daughter, and would marry again if he could

find a woman who would be kind to his pet. For himself he preferred the single existence. His means, a few cows, chickens, some chestnut and olive trees, insuring him a few hundred francs income, were sufficient. But his sister was a grand lady. She owned sixty cows, and made no end of butter, which traders from Leghorn came for weekly. Once a year all the relatives and the curé dined with her. Such a feast was rarely seen anywhere. Roast meat, salad, cheese — he gave us a sample tougher than gutta-percha — enough for every one, and unlimited *vino sincero*, — the acrid wine of the district, beside which mineral vinegar is honey itself. But his relish of this diet would have been cheaply bought by a city epicure with half his fortune. A broker of marriages — it appears this kind of business is rife in the rural districts — had just described to him a stoutish, good-tempered girl on the other side of the mountain, who had several thousand francs and eagerly desired a husband; in short, a genuine buxom heiress, of strong hips and spine, whom he would secure for something less than the regular commission, as the candidate was no novice in matrimony.

I ought to explain that the "strong hip and spine" qualifications are essential for the steep, rocky hills, up and down which the women from infancy are trained to carry heavy burdens on their heads, while the men rest theirs on their shoulders supported by a strap around their foreheads, pulling by it much as the oxen do by theirs. Even in polite Pescaglia the biggest and weightiest loads were invariably borne by the women. Indeed, there is a common saying of the men in some parts of Italy in regard to an extra heavy burden, that "it is a woman's load." Why there should be such a distinction in the mode of carrying, the female skull being thinner and more delicate than the male, I never could clearly make out. The best reason ever vouchsafed me from the most interested party was "they are used to it," "they always do so." The sanitary effects of the

custom were unexceptionable, for such straight-backed nymphs, of firm, elastic step and lofty carriage, could nowhere else be found. "Female troubles" could not find lodgment in frames trained, like Milo's, to carry the calf until it grew to be the ox. The broker was right, therefore, in presenting foremost the best points of his human wares. But our friend was not eager at snuffing the bait. The reduction of commission had a look of a double commission; the girl might be paying something herself. Who knows, and for what reason? She might not be kind to his little one. In fine, he gave the cold shoulder to the broker, but told us confidentially that he meant to drop over on the sly to get an anonymous look at her charms.

Here comes the mercurial messenger, under plea of bringing our letters from the post, a service which he has voted to himself. He is the newsmonger and wiseacre of the whole neighborhood; a philosopher, too, caring neither for the great nor the little world; ambitionless, doing nothing to support himself, and no one doing anything for him; a seedy, spare-ribbed, faded-out youth of mysterious means, the maximum less than a franc a day, always obliging, and as chirpy as one of the sparrows the Lord feeds, and no less restless of movement and tongue. Well up is he in the politics of the world; fluent in Italian literature, conservative in tone but liberal in theory, partisan of nothing, weighing the Pope and Garibaldi in a just balance, and pronouncing wisely wherein each was wanting; sagacious in his estimate of the French and Germans in the war just ended, possessing broad ideas and but small geographical knowledge; preferring Pescaglia, summer and winter, to all the world beside, an idler without an atom of laziness, epicurean with nothing to keep him in condition; knowing the precise value in francs of every girl in the region about, her glowing estimate of her own charms and the counter estimate of her rivals and lovers; in total, the daily, biped New York Herald of Pescaglia, taken in by every householder whether he would or no.

His topic this evening was somewhat in the vein of the milkman's, only he omitted his own confessions. The mother of Signorina X. had just snubbed Signore Z. by telling him, after a personal inspection, that he was not handsome enough to be her son-in-law, although the daughter was only too glad to accept any one unseen. Pescaglia was as innocent of evil as Arcadia itself, but it had one trying fault: everybody knew everybody's business in advance. Pescaglia was as watchful over female deportment as the greatest city. No mother in society would permit an unmarried daughter of any age less than threescore to go out unattended by herself. If she did, who would marry the sweet dove? Rustic lovers had a better time. Fashion cared less for their courtships, and hence they were happier and honester. After this edifying manner he rambled on until his instinct told him it was opportune to leave, when he would gracefully invent an engagement, and disappear.

A more serious visitor was an aged priest, learned and liberal, exiled by vindictive superiors to this wilderness, who avenged himself by combating papal infallibility and the temporal power in pamphlets which, with praiseworthy frankness, he addressed directly to Pius IX. himself. The other priests told his parishioners that masses said by him would have no efficacy in saving their souls. Although living in solitude, devoured by a cruel dyspepsia that refused him regular sleep and drove him to solitary rambles at strange hours, he had won the esteem and confidence of the people. Whenever his archbishop sent him a dubious circular to read to his congregation he had the habit of forgetting it, which preserved their brains from being infected by the casuistries of the Vatican, while their uninformed consciences were equally kept from any superstitious strain. But there could be no sounder evidence of the enlightened spirit of the population than their toleration and even support of him in his antagonism to the pet dogmas and ideas of the Pope. Only a few

years before he would have been effectually silenced by the Inquisition. But in Pescaglia the people at large are in advance of their teachers in their readiness to learn and independence of judgment. The general type of the Italian peasant indicates a race of remarkable quickness of intellect and fine physical and mental stamina, obscured, it is true, by poverty and the ignorance forced on them by vitiated institutions and habits of mind highly esteemed by the papacy as a pledge of unquestioning obedience in its sons. In this outpost our priest was doing good service to liberal progress by disseminating ideas which are steadily undermining the system of intellectual bondage in which the peasantry of Italy has been too long held.

We soon knew all our neighbors. Wherever we strolled courteous salutations greeted us from every door-way, with beaming smiles and pleasant words for the little ones. Here, we received news of a fresh comer into the world, with those domestic details which make the human heart beat as with one pulse; there, the tidings of a last departure, so unnoticed in the living crowd of a city, but where we were shut out of the feverish, great world, particularly solemn and suggestive of one's own call to bid the long good night to earth. Next door there always sat in the glowing twilight a wan invalid dying of a cancer, and so poor that a little portion of our meagre fare seemed to him a feast of Belshazzar. It was touching to receive his daily godspeed in our walk, and see his grateful, ghastly smile, so corpse-like that death itself could not change it unless to make it even sweeter in spirit. One evening a dozen chickens, just bought and turned loose in the garden to fatten if it were possible, frightened at the prospect, flew over the wall into the outer darkness, lost, as we gloomily fancied, forever to our craving palates. By morning unknown hands had recaptured and brought them all back. The population overflowed with friendliness to us as to one another, agreeably spiced with piquancy of individual character. Our mornings were

spent on the grass under the shade of old forest kings, gigantic chestnuts and youthful oaks, breathing the fragrant air, gazing on the clear summits opposite, or following with the eyes the picturesque mountain gaps and valleys as they meandered towards the Serchio in the far distance. Wild flowers profusely spotted the hill-sides. Insect life was the most beautiful I had seen out of Brazil. Indeed, in the shady dells and nooks which gathered up the rivulets into natural fountains and water-falls, the vegetation was almost of tropical exuberance and beauty. Large, ruby-colored oleanders enlivened the deep greens of the terraced meadows, alternated by the golden sheen of ripe grain or the silvery gleam of the olive-tree.

Every day brought us on this spot its social reception of one kind or other. Sometimes animals, birds, insects, flowers, and children played the chief parts, always to the sharp notes and quick beat of the restless cicada, which sung in the trees overhead. Stalwart peasants would stop and chat about their hero Garibaldi; boast that they were better shots than the famous corps of Bersaglieri, and declare how eager they were to strike a blow for republicanism when the hour should come. *Papalini* retaliated by telling us that the *Garibaldini* were cowardly marauders of no religion. But political differences seemed to have no sinister effect on their mutual friendship.

Three papers were taken in the village, representing the extremes of radicalism, conservatism, and jesuitism, and freely circulated from hand to hand, so that none were ignorant as to their neighbors' sentiments. During the hot weather they went to bed at nine P. M., summoned by a noisy hand-bell rung from house to house, the only sound that broke the intense silence of our nights after the clatter of the goats and sheep, following the bells of their leaders coming down the mountains, had ceased. All the workers rose at day-break to harvest the grain during the cooler hours. In winter they gossiped later around roaring kitchen fires, court-

ing, perchance; indeed, our handsome talker had courted in this manner for ten years, and was so content with his occupation that he might make it a score of years before he committed himself to the more placid joys of wedlock. All agreed that Pescaglia was crimeless. Jealousy and heart-burn never provoked the knife as elsewhere. Stealing was unknown, unless committed by an outside vagabond. Taxes were heartily anathematized for absorbing quite half of their rents or incomes, in one shape or other. Everybody was poor in their scattered population of twenty-five hundred souls, and yet every one was rich; for contentment was the common virtue, and no one ever begged. This exemption from the teasing vice of Italy had greatly surprised us and showed no ordinary degree of self-respect. I fear, however, my wife inadvertently let envy into the heart of our nearest neighbor, a middle-aged dame occupying a stone house rented at twelve francs the year, but which she thought was an exorbitant price, by telling her that a city midwife got twenty-five francs for each case, while her fee was only one franc, and all her numerous relatives must be attended gratis. Ejaculating "*Gesù Maria!* is it possible?" with a dubious shake of her head, she evidently thought she was imposed upon; but whether by us or her clients we could not make out. Still I do not think that the enterprise of Pescaglia will at present take the turn of raising prices on home industries, particularly as some of our providers were wont to ask us what they ought to charge for their produce. Those who had traveled in the course of their lives as far as Lucca, had come back sufficiently developed in the principles of trade to ask a bouncing sum, with the expectation of being set right by our superior information as to the markets elsewhere. But all were easily satisfied, and none showed the least covetousness. Really they were as simple-minded, honest, and polite as if there were no money in the world. Happy in the minor key of existence, satisfied with their meagre portion of worldly riches, they literally

seemed not merely void of envy and uncharitableness, but were absolutely generous with their scanty means, insisting at times on bestowing gifts of fruit or vegetables even on us.

With all this moral wealth I fear they lacked the one thing needful to a complete appreciation of their resources of happiness. There was no spontaneous sympathy with nature. In this, however, the Pescaglians only partook of the common insensibility of Italians to the beauty of the landscape. Nevertheless "*fine air and water,*" although to some extent counteracted materially by the villainous chestnut diet and frightfully acid wine, did give a refreshment to their existence which was gratefully acknowledged. The only suggestion of local pride was in their meek boastfulness of the sanitary advantages of their mountain home. No typical Christian of the Apostolic age could be more humble in thought. Indeed, to the last they never ceased their plaintive apostrophe, "*Do you stay here voluntarily?*" and seemed greatly relieved in mind as to the condition of our faculties when as often assured that it was to enjoy their "*fine air and water*" we had come; to them the sole intelligible motive. But nature in this secluded laboratory of hers was doing wiser for their weal than they knew. Constantly fanned by breezes untainted by human foulness and crime, fresh from ethereal regions which are the fountain-head of man's strength and purity, she brought to humanity a moral as well as a physical ozone which imparted to it the finer elements of character and temperament. In some measure the atmosphere of towns is like that of unventilated rooms — an insidious compound of the grossness and disease of the mass of population, depressing and unwholesome to an individual in proportion as his standard of life is higher than the average of his neighbors. False passions and opinions are as contagious as fevers, and infest the air in the same subtle manner. Despite ourselves we incline towards the dominant tone of life amid which we live. If we emerge from stifling cities

into the uncorrupted atmosphere of the ocean or mountain, there penetrates into our systems a subtle, soothing exhilaration which elevates the senses into a more spiritual apprehension of the hidden forces of nature, while strengthening our material bodies. For a brief moment before the wave of worldliness again breaks over our quickened faculties, we fancy ourselves nearer to heaven itself. For do not dark spirits affect the gloom of close quarters congenial to their condition? while the bright ones, if tempted to revisit the earth, must choose the sweetest and purest, whether in the individual heart or the air that feeds its life-blood!

But I have another theory to account for the gentleness of this race, more particularly of the old ladies. Whenever we met any of the aged, toil-stained women, so neat in their homespun, often-patched garments, with their placid bearing and courtesy of language, as gracious in form as those of our ideal high-born dames when the spirit of chivalry still lingered in aristocratic manners, I always fancied I was spoken to by a noble lady in lowly disguise, fulfilling a vow of humility to chasten her soul into greater virtue. Why might not these faultlessly polite old ladies in their tattered robes, with their native elegance of manner and unconscious equality and independence, a perfect social type — why might not these gentle, courteous beings be the re-incarnations of haughty, selfish, courtly women, doing voluntary penance for former errors, and acquiring under opposite conditions those Christian qualifications which are needed to give them rank and riches in the court of the Celestial King? If it were so, they were learning their new lessons so well that they might return to the golden city without fearing any further rehabilitation in flesh to remodel lives wasted in pride and luxury. I loved them all. I felt honored by their hearty, kindly questions and wishes. Unwittingly they raised my estimate of the fundamental soundness of human nature when undisturbed by the casuistries of fashion

and ambition, and undecked by the weeds of civilization. In them and their progeny lay Italy's undeveloped promise of power; a promise richer than that of her quarries, her oaks, her olives and vines, and far more precious even than the "fine air and water" which nourished their sane bodies; fair seed of the future of the world's favorite seat of art, song, and beauty.

The true Pescaglia was on the opposite ravine. Ours was merely a rural suburb. Like all the villages of Italy, Pescaglia was a miniature city, with rows of stone houses and balconies facing each other on extremely narrow streets, paved in the ancient Etruscan manner; possessing a public palace, the home of the syndic and an army of *impiegati*, on salaries of less than a franc a day; also a tiny church begun when Christianity was in its infancy, and over all a beetling acropolis in ruins. Shop there was none; merely a mongrel café, close and dark as a convict's cell, where tobacco, stamps, salt, coarse bread, and, it was reported, *acqua gazosa* (bottled soda-water) might sometimes be found. A tailor who plied his needle in the open air under a vine was the only evidence of a trade. In less unbelieving times there existed several convents, but so small, they seemed more like play convents than real ones. One about the size of a ship's cabin still sheltered a few disconsolate nuns, left in their dismal, dingy cells because they had cried so hysterically when the government officials told them they were free to go wherever they liked. Little had they seen of the outside world from their iron-barred loop-holes, except a few trees and patches of sun-scorched rocks high in the horizon. What wonder then that they clung as closely to their dens as the tree-slug does to its hole when he hears the woodpecker's ominous tap? One ventured to call on us, escorted by several relations. The interview began and ended on the part of the suppressed nun in a speechless, prolonged stare of amazement, so persistent that my wife was put to her wits' end to devise a

stratagem to break the situation. Pale, sickly face, empty soul, cramped mind; a feeble, shaded growth of good-for-nothing goodness; a being as helpless and timid as a silver-fish in a dry globe; this was the result of complete isolation from mankind to save her soul.

Pescaglia had, too, its theatre; a low, dark, stone shed with a few benches and a rude stage, where Orestes was given by the village amateurs in a heroic vein. Alfieri was succeeded by Voltaire's *Zaire*; high game both, in this unimaginative century. It was a misfortune that each spectator, at four cents a head, knew every weak spot in the actor's costumes and rant, so that the tragedy at times threatened to lapse into broad farce. Finally the poetical overcame the prose elements, and there was a hearty appreciation of the motives of the plays. But for me the best acting was that of the troops of young virgins, as comely, fair, and strong of limb as the Biblical Ruth, who every sunset came trooping down the steep pathway to fill their copper vessels at a cool fountain in a near glen, and then, poisoning the heavy vases on their heads, walked up the hill with the mien and gait of as many Junos; never failing to give me a smiling greeting, as I sat in the recess of an archway to a shrine, watching them, and overlooking a magnificent prospect forty miles away, beyond luxuriant Pescaia. What flexible, elastic, rounded frames, with plenty of good brain to top them! Good stuff there for healthy mothers and apt minds; these Pescaglians were of the flashing eye and ready tongue; no fools they, or fools' prey either! Behold whence come the "old ladies" frank, kind, and handsome to the end, despite irksome labors and severer poverty, prolonged beyond threescore years and ten without variation for body or mind. May Abraham's bosom hold them all in the end! How independent, too, they are of us! For do they not grow and spin their own linen; raise the sheep whose wool they weave into winter's clothing; cut out their own wooden shoes and decorate them with gay colors and brass

nails? while all the meat, grain, oil, wine, lumber, marbles, and even metals they require are at hand in these motherly hills! Why should they covet our ingenious methods of making ourselves unnatural, discontented, and unhealthful?

Although Pescaglia has its army of freethinkers and republicans, who flavor religion and politics not at all to the liking of the *codini* and Jesuits, yet they all cordially unite in keeping up the old *fêtes* of the Roman church as handed down from its times of absolute power. Every town in Italy has its patron in heaven, charged with its spiritual and material welfare, the duties of which unite in him the functions somewhat of a pagan divinity and a diplomatic agent to a foreign court of the first class. To be doubly sure, Pescaglia had chosen the two strongest saints in the calendar, Peter and Paul, for her guardians. In their honor an annual festival had been instituted, of a very mixed character. Its celebration began in the church by adoring these saints with rites which any genuine pagan god might covet, ending in a triumphant procession of the clergy in fullest ecclesiastical uniform, following files of youthful virgins clad in spotless white, wreaths of flowers on their heads, bearing candles, and chanting hymns as they passed along the streets carpeted with fragrant leaves, amid the vineyards, to the roadside shrine of the Madonna del Carmine, which formed a sort of spiritual outpost to the place, kept in a condition of repair that contrasted sensibly with the picturesque decay of the worldly citadel above. As the procession wound its way at night-fall through lanes bordered with sweet evergreens, roses, and oleanders, its long lines of lights sparkling in the soft distance, and the deep bass voices of the priests intermingling with the shriller notes of the children in a low, mysterious cadence of music like the fall of many waters, the scene was bewitchingly novel. But this material poetry came only too soon to an untimely end in a fracas of rockets, bombs,

and squibs let off from the little piazza, against a background of a general illumination of the houses; a flashing uproar, which resounded far and wide up the ravines and over the mountain-summits, plowing the deep shadows with fiery tracks.

Rolling echoes, repeating themselves as they traveled towards the stars, gave an additional wildness to the occasion. But as their far-away, pensive mimicry of the nearer crashes of sound came to an end, quiet starlight again reigned supreme in Pescaglia. And such stillness!

But the quiet of Pescaglia was a balm to the spirit; its solitude delicious and companionable, for the atmosphere was charged with delicate harmonies, while to gaze into the speechless night was listening to celestial melodies. Even the amber sunlight lulled the body into a gentle repose, at peace with itself and all else. In abandoning ourselves to these influences we grew superior to ourselves. One felt how it was that Olympian gods were finer than men. They breathed an atmosphere free from

human sighs, groans, rivalry, and hate. Pure air and water insensibly make pure minds, with a little help from honest hearts. How long before the solitude would have turned to weariness of self and nature we did not stay to test. It was breathable bliss while we did stay. There was no overstrain of our welcome on either side. Whooping-cough, lung fever, and moral and social miasma of all degrees of harassment were totally exorcised. One day there came news of some fine ladies from the Baths of Lucca who were seen riding on donkeys at a village fair eight miles off. The report fell on our ears as if it concerned beings on another planet. To the last moment an exhilarating satisfaction of attained rest and health was felt. Instead of fading away on reëntering active life, the impressions gained at Pescaglia have settled firmly into the memory, as one of those rare experiences which ever after haunt the imagination more like a dream than a reality, but whose beneficent effects are indelible in the system.

James Jackson Jarves.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

ETCHING.

AN armed cavalier at close of day
 Halting his steed beneath a tavern sign,
 To drain a measure of the landlord's wine,
 With quip, and toast, and trooper's roundelay;

The little bar-maid, with her cheeks aflame,
 List'ning his wayside wit, the while her feet
 Stir idle circles in the dust, and beat
 A low response, half pleasure and half shame;

High overhead the trembling aspens whirled
 By evening winds, and far o'er dale and down
 The highway winding to some happy town,
 Across the purple borders of the world!

W. W. Young.

THE LADY OF LITTLE FISHING.

It was an island in Lake Superior.

I beached my canoe there about four o'clock in the afternoon, for the wind was against me, and a high sea running. The late summer of 1850, and I was coasting along the south shore of the great lake, hunting, fishing, and camping on the beach, under the delusion that in that way I was living "close to the great heart of nature," — whatever that may mean. Lord Bacon got up the phrase; I suppose he knew. Pulling the boat high and dry on the sand with the comfortable reflection that here were no tides to disturb her with their goings-out and comings-in, I strolled through the woods on a tour of exploration, expecting to find the blue-bells, Indian pipes, juniper rings, perhaps a few agates along shore, possibly a bird or two for company. I found a town.

It was deserted; but none the less a town, with three streets, residences, a meeting-house, gardens, a little park, and an attempt at a fountain. Ruins are rare in the New World; I took off my hat. "Hail, homes of the past!" I said. (I cultivated the habit of thinking aloud when I was living close to the great heart of nature.) "A human voice resounds through your arches" (there were no arches, — logs won't arch; but never mind) "once more, a human hand touches your venerable walls, a human foot presses your deserted hearth-stones." I then selected the best half of the meeting-house for my camp, knocked down one of the homes for fuel, and kindled a glorious bonfire in the park. "Now that you are illuminated with joy, O Ruin," I remarked, "I will go down to the beach and bring up my supplies. It is long since I have had a roof over my head; I promise you to stay until your last residence is well burned; then I will make a final cup of coffee with the meeting-house itself, and depart in peace, leaving your poor old bones buried in decent ashes."

The ruin made no objection, and I took up my abode there; the roof of the meeting-house was still water-tight (which is an advantage when the great heart of nature grows wet). I kindled a fire on the sacerdotal hearth, cooked my supper, ate it in leisurely comfort, and then stretched myself on a blanket to enjoy an evening pipe of peace, listening meanwhile to the sounding of the wind through the great pine-trees. There was no door to my sanctuary, but I had the cozy far end; the island was uninhabited, there was not a boat in sight at sunset, nothing could disturb me unless it might be a ghost. Presently a ghost came in.

It did not wear the traditional gray tarlatan armor of Hamlet's father, the only ghost with whom I am well acquainted; this spectre was clad in substantial deer-skin garments, and carried a gun and loaded game-bag. It came forward to my hearth, hung up its gun, opened its game-bag, took out some birds, and inspected them gravely.

"Fat?" I inquired.

"They'll do," replied the spectre, and forthwith set to work preparing them for the coals. I smoked on in silence. The spectre seemed to be a skilled cook, and after deftly broiling its supper, it offered me a share; I accepted. It swallowed a huge mouthful and crunched with its teeth; the spell was broken, and I knew it for a man of flesh and blood.

He gave his name as Reuben, and proved himself an excellent camping companion; in fact, he shot all the game, caught all the fish, made all the fires, and cooked all the food for us both. I proposed to him to stay and help me burn up the ruin, with the condition that when the last timber of the meeting-house was consumed, we should shake hands and depart, one to the east, one to the west, without a backward glance. "In that way we shall not in-

fringe upon each other's personality," I said.

"Agreed," replied Reuben.

He was a man of between fifty and sixty years, while I was on the sunny side of thirty; he was reserved, I was always generously affable; he was an excellent cook, while I — well, I was n't; he was taciturn, and so, in payment for the work he did, I entertained him with conversation, or rather monologue, in my most brilliant style. It took only two weeks to burn up the town, burned we never so slowly; at last it came the turn of the meeting-house, which now stood by itself in the vacant clearing. It was a cool September day; we cooked breakfast with the roof, dinner with the sides, supper with the odds and ends, and then applied a torch to the frame-work. Our last camp-fire was a glorious one. We lay stretched on our blankets, smoking and watching the glow. "I wonder, now, who built the old shanty," I said in a musing tone.

"Well," replied Reuben, slowly, "if you really want to know, I will tell you. I did."

"You!"

"Yes."

"You did n't do it alone?"

"No; there were about forty of us."

"Here?"

"Yes; here at Little Fishing."

"Little Fishing?"

"Yes; Little Fishing Island. That is the name of the place."

"How long ago was this?"

"Thirty years."

"Hunting and trapping, I suppose?"

"Yes; for the Northwest and Hudson Bay companies."

"Was n't a meeting-house an unusual accompaniment?"

"Most unusual."

"Accounted for in this case by" —

"A woman."

"Ah!" I said in a tone of relish; "then of course there is a story?"

"There is."

"Out with it, comrade. I scarcely expected to find the woman and her story up here; but since the irrepressible creature would come, out with her by

all means. She shall grace our last pipe together, the last timber of our meeting-house, our last night on Little Fishing. The dawn will see us far from each other, to meet no more this side heaven. Speak then, O comrade mine! I am in one of my rare listening moods!"

I stretched myself at ease and waited. Reuben was a long time beginning, but I was too indolent to urge him. At length he spoke.

"They were a rough set here at Little Fishing, all the worse for being all white men; most of the other camps were full of half-breeds and Indians. The island had been a station away back in the early days of the Hudson Bay Company; it was a station for the Northwest Company while that lasted; then it went back to the Hudson, and stayed there until the company moved its forces farther to the north. It was not at any time a regular post; only a camp for the hunters. The post was farther down the lake. Oh, but those were wild days! You think you know the wilderness, boy; but you know nothing, absolutely nothing. It makes me laugh to see the airs of you city gentlemen with your fine guns, improved fishing-tackle, elaborate paraphernalia, as though you were going to wed the whole forest, floating up and down the lake for a month or two in the summer! You should have seen the hunters of Little Fishing going out gayly when the mercury was down twenty degrees below zero, for a week in the woods. You should have seen the trappers wading through the hard snow, breast high, in the gray dawn, visiting the traps and hauling home the prey. There were all kinds of men here, Scotch, French, English, and American; all classes, the high and the low, the educated and the ignorant; all sorts, the lazy and the hard-working. One thing only they all had in common — badness. Some had fled to the wilderness to escape the law, others to escape order; some had chosen the wild life because of its wildness, others had drifted into it from sheer lethargy. This far northern border did not attract the plodding emigrant, the

respectable settler. Little Fishing held none of that trash; only a reckless set of fellows who carried their lives in their hands, and tossed them up, if need be, without a second thought."

"And other people's lives without a third," I suggested.

"Yes; if they deserved it. But nobody whined; there was n't any nonsense here. The men went hunting and trapping, got the furs ready for the bateaux, ate when they were hungry, drank when they were thirsty, slept when they were sleepy, played cards when they felt like it, and got angry and knocked each other down whenever they chose. As I said before, there was n't any nonsense at Little Fishing, — until *she* came."

"Ah! the she!"

"Yes, the Lady,—our Lady, as we called her. Thirty-one years ago; how long it seems!"

"And well it may," I said. "Why, comrade, I was n't born then!"

This stupendous fact seemed to strike me more than my companion; he went on with his story as though I had not spoken.

"One October evening, four of the boys had got into a row over the cards; the rest of us had come out of our wigwams to see the fun, and were sitting around on the stumps, chaffing them, and laughing; the camp-fire was burning in front, lighting up the woods with a red glow for a short distance, and making the rest doubly black all around. There we all were, as I said before, quite easy and comfortable, when suddenly there appeared among us, as though she had dropped from heaven, a woman!

"She was tall and slender, the fire-light shone full on her pale face and dove-colored dress, her golden hair was folded back under a little white cap, and a white kerchief lay over her shoulders; she looked spotless. I stared; I could scarcely believe my eyes; none of us could. There was not a white woman west of the Sault Ste. Marie. The four fellows at the table sat as if transfixed; one had his partner by the

throat, the other two were disputing over a point in the game. The lily lady glided up to their table, gathered the cards in her white hands, slowly, steadily, without pause or trepidation before their astonished eyes, and then, coming back, she threw the cards into the centre of the glowing fire. 'Ye shall not play away your souls,' she said in a clear, sweet voice. 'Is not the game sin? And its reward death?' And then, immediately, she gave us a sermon, the like of which was never heard before; no argument, no doctrine, just simple, pure entreaty. 'For the love of God,' she ended, stretching out her hands towards our silent, gazing group, 'for the love of God, my brothers, try to do better.'

"We did try; but it was not for the love of God. Neither did any of us feel like brothers.

"She did not give any name; we called her simply our Lady, and she accepted the title. A bundle carefully packed in birch-bark was found on the beach. 'Is this yours?' asked Black Andy.

"'It is,' replied the Lady; and removing his hat, the black-haired giant carried the package reverently inside her lodge. For we had given her our best wigwam, and fenced it off with pine saplings so that it looked like a miniature fortress. The Lady did not suggest this stockade; it was our own idea, and with one accord we worked at it like beavers, and hung up a gate with a ponderous bolt inside.

"'Mais, ze can nevere farsen eet wiz her leetle fingares,' said Frenchy, a sallow little wretch with a turn for handicraft; so he contrived a small spring which shot the bolt into place with a touch. The Lady lived in her fortress; three times a day the men carried food to her door, and, after tapping gently, withdrew again, stumbling over each other in their haste. The Flying Dutchman, a stolid Holland-born sailor, was our best cook, and the pans and kettles were generally left to him; but now all wanted to try their skill, and the results were extraordinary.

“ ‘She’s never touched that pudding, now,’ said Nightingale Jack, discontentedly, as his concoction of berries and paste came back from the fortress door.

“ ‘She will starve soon, I think,’ remarked the Doctor, calmly; ‘to my certain knowledge she has not had an eatable meal for four days.’ And he lighted a fresh pipe. This was an aside, and the men pretended not to hear it; but the pans were relinquished to the Dutchman from that time forth.

“ The Lady wore always her dove-colored robe, and little white cap, through whose muslin we could see the glimmer of her golden hair. She came and went among us like a spirit; she knew no fear; she turned our life inside out, nor shrank from its vileness. It seemed as though she was not of earth, so utterly impersonal was her interest in us, so heavenly her pity. She took up our sins, one by one, as an angel might; she pleaded with us for our own lost souls, she spared us not, she held not back one grain of denunciation, one iota of future punishment. Sometimes, for days, we would not see her; then, at twilight, she would glide out among us, and, standing in the light of the camp-fire, she would preach to us as though inspired. We listened to her; I do not mean that we were one whit better at heart, but still we listened to her, always. It was a wonderful sight, that lily face under the pine-trees, that spotless woman standing alone in the glare of the fire, while around her lay forty evil-minded, lawless men, not one of whom but would have killed his neighbor for so much as a disrespectful thought of her.

“ So strange was her coming, so almost supernatural her appearance in this far forest, that we never wondered over its cause, but simply accepted it as a sort of miracle; your thoroughly irreligious men are always superstitious. Not one of us would have asked a question, and we should never have known her story had she not herself told it to us; not immediately, not as though it was of any importance, but quietly,

briefly, and candidly as a child. She came, she said, from Scotland, with a band of God’s people. She had always been in one house, a religious institution of some kind, sewing for the poor when her strength allowed it, but generally ill, and suffering much from pain in her head; often kept under the influence of soothing medicines for days together. She had no father or mother, she was only one of this band; and when they decided to send out missionaries to America, she begged to go, although but a burden; the sea voyage restored her health; she grew, she said, in strength and in grace, and her heart was as the heart of a lion. Word came to her from on high that she should come up into the northern lake-country and preach the gospel there; the band were going to the verdant prairies. She left them in the night, taking nothing but her clothing; a friendly vessel carried her north; she had preached the gospel everywhere. At the Sault the priests had driven her out, but nothing fearing, she went on into the wilderness, and so, coming part of the way in canoes, part of the way along shore, she had reached our far island. Marvelous kindness had she met with, she said; the Indians, the half-breeds, the hunters, and the trappers, had all received her, and helped her on her way from camp to camp. They had listened to her words also. At Portage they had begged her to stay through the winter, and offered to build her a little church for Sunday services. Our men looked at each other. Portage was the worst camp on the lake, notorious for its fights; it was a mining settlement.

“ ‘But I told them I must journey on towards the west,’ continued our Lady. ‘I am called to visit every camp on this shore before the winter sets in; I must soon leave you also.’

“ The men looked at each other again; the Doctor was spokesman. ‘But, my Lady,’ he said, ‘the next post is Fort William, two hundred and thirty-five miles away on the north shore.’

“ ‘It is almost November; the snow will soon be six and ten feet deep. The

Lady could never travel through it—could she, now?’ said Black Andy, who had begun eagerly, but in his embarrassment at the sound of his own voice, now turned to Frenchy and kicked him covertly into answering.

“‘Nevare!’ replied the Frenchman; he had intended to place his hand upon his heart to give emphasis to his word, but the Lady turned her calm eyes that way, and his grimy paw fell, its gallantry wilted.

“‘I thought there was one more camp,—at Burnt-Wood River,’ said our Lady in a musing tone. The men looked at each other a third time; there was a camp there, and they all knew it. But the Doctor was equal to the emergency.

“‘That camp, my Lady,’ he said gravely, ‘that camp no longer exists!’ Then he whispered hurriedly to the rest of us, ‘It will be an easy job to clean it out, boys. We’ll send over a party to-night; it’s only thirty-five miles.’

“We recognized superior genius; the Doctor was our oldest and deepest sinner. But what struck us most was his anxiety to make good his lie. Had it then come to this,—that the Doctor told the truth?

“The next day we all went to work to build our Lady a church; in a week it was completed. There goes its last cross-beam now into the fire; it was a solid piece of work, was n’t it? It has stood this climate thirty years. I remember the first Sunday service: we all washed, and dressed ourselves in the best we had; we scarcely knew each other, we were so fine. The Lady was pleased with the church, but yet she had not said she would stay all winter; we were still anxious. How she preached to us that day! We had made a screen of young spruces set in boxes, and her figure stood out against the dark green background like a thing of light. Her silvery voice rang through the log temple, her face seemed to us like a star. She had no color in her cheeks at any time; her dress, too, was colorless. Although gentle, there was an iron inflexibility about her slight, erect form.

We felt, as we saw her standing there, that if need be she would walk up to the lion’s jaws, the cannon’s mouth, with a smile. She took a little book from her pocket and read to us a hymn: ‘Oh come, all ye faithful,’ the old ‘Adeste Fideles.’ Some of us knew it; she sang, and gradually, shamefacedly, voices joined in. It was a sight to see Nightingale Jack solemnly singing away about ‘choirs of angels;’ but it was a treat to hear him, too,—what a voice he had! Then our Lady prayed, kneeling down on the little platform in front of the evergreens, clasping her hands, and lifting her eyes to heaven. We did not know what to do at first, but the Doctor gave us a severe look and bent his head, and we all followed his lead.

“When service was over and the door opened, we found that it had been snowing; we could not see out through the windows because white cloth was nailed over them in place of glass.

“‘Now, my Lady, you will have to stay with us,’ said the Doctor. We all gathered around with eager faces.

“‘Do you really believe that it will be for the good of your souls?’ asked the sweet voice.

“The Doctor believed—for us all.

“‘Do you really hope?’

“The Doctor hoped.

“‘Will you try to do your best?’

“The Doctor was sure he would.

“‘I will,’ answered the Flying Dutchman earnestly. ‘I moost not fry de meat any more; I moost broil!’

“For we had begged him for months to broil, and he had obstinately refused; broil represented the good, and fry the evil, to his mind; he came out for the good according to his light; but none the less did we fall upon him behind the Lady’s back, and cuff him into silence.

“She stayed with us all winter. You don’t know what the winters are up here; steady, bitter cold for seven months, thermometer always below, the snow dry as dust, the air like a knife. We built a compact chimney for our Lady, and we cut cords of wood into small, light sticks, easy for her to lift, and stacked them in her shed; we lined

her lodge with skins, and we made oil from bear's fat and rigged up a kind of lamp for her. We tried to make candles, I remember, but they would not run straight; they came out hump-backed and sidling, and burned themselves to wick in no time. Then we took to improving the town. We had lived in all kinds of huts and lean-to shanties; now nothing would do but regular log-houses. If it had been summer, I don't know what we might not have run to in the way of piazzas and fancy steps; but with the snow five feet deep, all we could accomplish was a plain, square log-house, and even that took our whole force. The only way to keep the peace was to have all the houses exactly alike; we laid out the three streets, and built the houses, all facing the meeting-house, just as you found them."

"And where was the Lady's lodge?" I asked, for I recalled no stockaded fortress, large or small.

My companion hesitated a moment. Then he said abruptly, "It was torn down."

"Torn down!" I repeated. "Why, what?"—

Reuben waved his hand with a gesture that silenced me, and went on with his story. It came to me then for the first time, that he was pursuing the current of his own thoughts rather than entertaining me. I turned to look at him with a new interest. I had talked to him for two weeks, in rather a patronizing way; could it be that affairs were now, at this last moment, reversed?

"It took us almost all winter to build those houses," pursued Reuben. "At one time we neglected the hunting and trapping to such a degree, that the Doctor called a meeting and expressed his opinion. Ours was a voluntary camp, in a measure, but still we had formally agreed to get a certain amount of skins ready for the bateaux by early spring; this agreement was about the only real bond of union between us. Those whose houses were not completed scowled at the Doctor.

"Do you suppose I'm going to live like an Injun when the other fellows has

regular houses?" inquired Black Andy with a menacing air.

"By no means," replied the Doctor, blandly. "My plan is this: build at night."

"At night?"

"Yes; by the light of pine fires."

"We did. After that, we faithfully went out hunting and trapping as long as daylight lasted, and then, after supper, we built up huge fires of pine logs, and went to work on the next house. It was a strange picture: the forest deep in snow, black with night, the red glow of the great fires, and our moving figures working on as complacently as though daylight, balmy air, and the best of tools, were ours.

"The Lady liked our industry. She said our new houses showed that the 'new cleanliness of our inner man required a cleaner tabernacle for the outer.' I don't know about our inner man, but our outer was certainly much cleaner.

"One day the Flying Dutchman made one of his unfortunate remarks. 'De boys t'inks you'll like dem better in nize houses,' he announced when, happening to pass the fortress, he found the Lady standing at her gate gazing at the work of the preceding night. Several of the men were near enough to hear him, but too far off to kick him into silence as usual; but they glared at him instead. The Lady looked at the speaker with her dreamy, far-off eyes.

"De boys t'inks you like dem,' began the Dutchman again, thinking she did not comprehend; but at that instant he caught the combined glare of the six eyes, and stopped abruptly, not at all knowing what was wrong, but sure there was something.

"Like them,' repeated the Lady dreamily; 'yea, I do like them. Nay, more, I love them. Their souls are as dear to me as the souls of brothers.'

"Say, Frenchy, have you got a sister?" said Nightingale Jack confidentially, that evening.

"Mais oui," said Frenchy.

"You think all creation of her, I suppose?"

“‘We fight like four cats and one dog; *she* is the cats,’ said the Frenchman concisely.

“‘You don’t say so!’ replied Jack. ‘Now, I never had a sister,—but I thought perhaps’—He paused, and the sentence remained unfinished.

“‘The Nightingale and I were house-mates. We sat late over our fire not long after that; I gave a gigantic yawn. ‘This lifting logs half the night is enough to kill one,’ I said, getting out my jug. ‘Sing something, Jack. It’s a long time since I’ve heard anything but hymns.’

“‘Jack always went off as easily as a music-box: you had only to wind him up; the jug was the key. I soon had him in full blast. He was giving out

‘The minute gun at sea—the minute gun at sea,’ with all the pathos of his tenor voice, when the door burst open and the whole population rushed in upon us.

“‘What do you mean by shouting this way, in the middle of the night?’

“‘Shut up your howling, Jack.’

“‘How do you suppose any one can sleep?’

“‘It’s a disgrace to the camp!’

“‘Now then, gentlemen,’ I replied, for my blood was up (whisky, perhaps), ‘is this my house, or isn’t it? If I want music, I’ll have it. Time was when you were not so particular.’

“‘It was the first word of rebellion. The men looked at each other, then at me.

“‘I’ll go and ask her if she objects,’ I continued boldly.

“‘No, no. You shall not.’

“‘Let him go,’ said the Doctor, who stood smoking his pipe on the outskirts of the crowd. ‘It is just as well to have that point settled now. The Minute Gun at Sea is a good moral song in its way,—a sort of marine missionary affair.’

“‘So I started, the others followed; we all knew that the Lady watched late; we often saw the glimmer of her lamp far on towards morning. It was burning now. The gate was fastened, I knocked; no answer. I knocked again, and yet a

third time; still, silence. The men stood off at a little distance and waited.

‘She shall answer,’ I said angrily, and going around to the side where the stockade came nearer to the wall of the lodge, I knocked loudly on the close-set saplings. For answer I thought I heard a low moan; I listened, it came again. My anger vanished, and with a mighty bound I swung myself up to the top of the stockade, sprung down inside, ran around, and tried the door. It was fastened; I burst it open and entered. There, by the light of the hanging lamp, I saw the Lady on the floor, apparently dead. I raised her in my arms; her heart was beating faintly, but she was unconscious. I had seen many fainting fits; this was something different; the limbs were rigid. I laid her on the low couch, loosened her dress, bathed her head and face in cold water, and wrenched up one of the warm hearth-stones to apply to her feet. I did not hesitate; I saw that it was a dangerous case, something like a trance or an ‘ecstasis.’ Somebody must attend to her, and there were only men to choose from. Then why not I?

“‘I heard the others talking outside; they could not understand the delay; but I never heeded, and kept on my work. To tell the truth, I had studied medicine, and felt a genuine enthusiasm over a rare case. Once my patient opened her eyes and looked at me, then she lapsed away again into unconsciousness in spite of all my efforts. At last the men outside came in, angry and suspicious; they had broken down the gate. There we all stood, the whole forty of us, around the deathlike form of our Lady.

“‘What a night it was! To give her air, the men camped outside in the snow with a line of pickets in whispering distance from each other from the bed to their anxious group. Two were detailed to help me—the Doctor (whose title was a sarcastic D. D.) and Jimmy, a gentle little man, excellent at bandaging broken limbs. Every vial in the camp was brought in—astonishing lotions, drops, and balms; each man pro-

duced something; they did their best, poor fellows, and wore out the night with their anxiety. At dawn our Lady revived suddenly, thanked us all, and assured us that she felt quite well again; the trance was over. 'It was my old enemy,' she said, 'the old illness of Scotland, which I hoped had left me forever. But I am thankful that it is no worse; I have come out of it with a clear brain. Sing a hymn of thankfulness for me, dear friends, before you go.'

"Now, we sang on Sunday in the church; but then she led us, and we had a kind of an idea that after all she did not hear us. But now, who was to lead us? We stood awkwardly around the bed, and shuffled our hats in our uneasy fingers. The Doctor fixed his eyes upon the Nightingale; Jack saw it and cowered. 'Begin,' said the Doctor in a soft voice; but gripping him in the back at the same time with an ominous clutch.

"'I don't know the words,' faltered the unhappy Nightingale.

"'Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,'

began the Doctor, and repeated Luther's hymn with perfect accuracy from beginning to end. 'What will happen next? The Doctor knows hymns!' we thought in profound astonishment. But the Nightingale had begun, and gradually our singers joined in; I doubt whether the grand old choral was ever sung by such a company before or since. There was never any further question, by the way, about that minute gun at sea; it stayed at sea as far as we were concerned.

"Spring came, the faltering spring of Lake Superior. I won't go into my own story, but such as it was, the spring brought it back to me with new force. I wanted to go,—and yet I did n't. 'Where,' do you ask? To see her, of course—a woman, the most beautiful—well, never mind all that. To be brief, I loved her; she scorned me; I thought I had learned to hate her—but—I was n't sure about it now. I kept myself aloof from the others and

gave up my heart to the old sweet, bitter memories; I did not even go to church on Sundays. But all the rest went; our Lady's influence was as great as ever. I could hear them singing; they sang better now that they could have the door open; the pent-up feeling used to stifle them. The time for the bateaux drew near, and I noticed that several of the men were hard at work packing the furs in bales, a job usually left to the *voyageurs* who came with the boats. 'What's that for?' I asked.

"'You don't suppose we're going to have those bateaux rascals camping on Little Fishing, do you?' said Black Andy scornfully. 'Where are your wits, Reub?'

"And they packed every skin, rafted them all over to the mainland, and waited there patiently for days, until the train of slow boats came along and took off the bales; then they came back in triumph. 'Now we're secure for another six months,' they said, and began to lay out a park, and gardens for every house. The Lady was fond of flowers; the whole town burst into blossom. The Lady liked green grass; all the clearing was soon turfed over like a lawn. The men tried the ice-cold lake every day, waiting anxiously for the time when they could bathe. There was no end to their cleanliness; Black Andy had grown almost white again, and Frenchy's hair shone like oiled silk.

"The Lady stayed on, and all went well. But, gradually, there came a discovery. The Lady was changing—had changed! Gradually, slowly, but none the less distinctly to the eyes that knew her every eyelash. A little more hair was visible over the white brow, there was a faint color in the cheeks, a quicker step; the clear eyes were sometimes downcast now, the steady voice softer, the words at times faltering. In the early summer the white cap vanished, and she stood among us crowned only with her golden hair; one day she was seen through her open door sewing on a white robe! The men noted all these things silently; they were even a little troubled as at something they did

not understand, something beyond their reach. Was she planning to leave them?

“‘It’s my belief she’s getting ready to ascend right up into heaven,’ said Salem.

“Salem was a little ‘wanting,’ as it is called, and the men knew it; still, his words made an impression. They watched the Lady with an awe which was almost superstitious; they were troubled and knew not why. But the Lady bloomed on. I did not pay much attention to all this; but I could not help hearing it. My heart was moody, full of its own sorrows; I secluded myself more and more. Gradually I took to going off into the mainland forests for days on solitary hunting expeditions. The camp went on its way rejoicing; the men succeeded, after a world of trouble, in making a fountain which actually played, and they glorified themselves exceedingly. The life grew quite pastoral. There was talk of importing a cow from the East, and a messenger was sent to the Sault for certain choice supplies against the coming winter. But, in the late summer, the whisper went round again that the Lady had changed, this time for the worse. She looked ill, she drooped from day to day; the new life that had come to her vanished, but her former life was not restored. She grew silent and sad, she strayed away by herself through the woods, she scarcely noticed the men who followed her with anxious eyes. Time passed, and brought with it an undercurrent of trouble, suspicion, and anger. Everything went on as before; not one habit, not one custom was altered; both sides seemed to shrink from the first change, however slight. The daily life of the camp was outwardly the same, but brooding trouble filled every heart. There was no open discussion, men talked apart in twos and threes; a gloom rested over everything, but no one said, ‘What is the matter?’

“There was a man among us—I have not said much of the individual characters of our party, but this man was one of the least esteemed, or rather

liked; there was not much esteem of any kind at Little Fishing. Little was known about him; although the youngest man in the camp, he was a mooning, brooding creature, with brown hair and eyes and a melancholy face. He was n’t hearty and whole-souled, and yet he wasn’t an out and out rascal; he was n’t a leader, and yet he was n’t follower either. He would n’t be; he was like a third horse, always. There was no goodness about him; don’t go to fancying that that was the reason the men did not like him, he was as bad as they were, every inch! He never shirked his work, and they could n’t get a handle on him anywhere; but he was just—unpopular. The why and the wherefore are of no consequence now. Well, do you know what was the suspicion that hovered over the camp? It was this: our Lady loved that man!

“It took three months for all to see it, and yet never a word was spoken. All saw, all heard; but they might have been blind and deaf for any sign they gave. And the Lady drooped more and more.

“September came, the fifteenth; the Lady lay on her couch, pale and thin; the door was open and a bell stood beside her, but there was no line of pickets whispering tidings of her state to an anxious group outside. The turf in the three streets had grown yellow for want of water, the flowers in the little gardens had drooped and died, the fountain was choked with weeds, and the interiors of the houses were all untidy. It was Sunday, and near the hour for service; but the men lounged about, dingy and unwashed.

“‘An’t you going to church?’ said Salem, stopping at the door of one of the houses; he was dressed in his best, with a flower in his button-hole.

“‘See him now! See the fool,’ said Black Andy. ‘He’s going to church, he is! And where’s the minister, Salem? Answer me that!’

“‘Why,—in the church, I suppose,’ replied Salem vacantly.

“‘No, she an’t; not she! She’s at home, a-weeping, and a-wailing, and

a-ger-nashing of her teeth,' replied Andy with bitter scorn.

" 'What for?' said Salem.

" 'What for? Why, that's the joke! Hear him, boys; he wants to know what for!'

"The loungers laughed, — a loud, reckless laugh.

" 'Well, I'm going any way,' said Salem, looking wonderingly from one to the other; he passed on and entered the church.

" 'I say, boys, let's have a high old time,' cried Andy savagely. 'Let's go back to the old way and have a jolly Sunday. Let's have out the jugs and the cards and be free again!'

"The men hesitated; ten months and more of law and order held them back.

" 'What are you afraid of?' said Andy. 'Not of a canting hypocrite, I hope. She's fooled us long enough, I say. Come on!' He brought out a table and stools, and produced the long unused cards and a jug of whisky. 'Strike up, Jack,' he cried; 'give us old Fiery-Eyes.'

"The Nightingale hesitated. Fiery-Eyes was a rollicking drinking song; but Andy put the glass to his lips and his scruples vanished in the tempting aroma. He began at the top of his voice, partners were chosen, and, trembling with excitement and impatience, like prisoners unexpectedly set free, the men gathered around, and made their bets.

" 'What born fools we've been,' said Black Andy, laying down a card.

" 'Yes,' replied the Flying Dutchman, 'porn fools!' And he followed suit.

"But a thin white hand came down on the bits of colored pasteboard. It was our Lady. With her hair disordered, and the spots of fever in her cheeks, she stood among us again; but not as of old. Angry eyes confronted her, and Andy wrenched the cards from her grasp. 'No, my Lady,' he said sternly; 'never again!'

"The Lady gazed from one face to the next, and so all around the circle; all were dark and sullen. Then she

bowed her head upon her hands and wept aloud.

"There was a sudden shrinking away on all sides, the players rose, the cards were dropped. But the Lady glided away, weeping as she went; she entered the church door and the men could see her taking her accustomed place on the platform. One by one they followed; Black Andy lingered till the last, but he came. The service began, and went on falteringly, without spirit, with palpable fears of a total breaking down which never quite came; the Nightingale sang almost alone, and made sad work with the words; Salem joined in confidently, but did not improve the sense of the hymn. The Lady was silent. But when the time for the sermon came, she rose and her voice burst forth.

" 'Men, brothers, what have I done? A change has come over the town, a change has come over your hearts. You shun me! What have I done?'

"There was a grim silence; then the Doctor rose in his place and answered:

" 'Only this, madam. You have shown yourself to be a woman.'

" 'And what did you think me?'

" 'A saint.'

" 'God forbid!' said the lady, earnestly. 'I never thought myself one.'

" 'I know that well. But you were a saint to us; hence your influence. It is gone.'

" 'Is it all gone?' asked the Lady, sadly.

" 'Yes. Do not deceive yourself; we have never been one whit better save through our love for you. We held you as something high above ourselves; we were content to worship you.'

" 'Oh no, not me!' said the Lady, shuddering.

" 'Yes, you, you alone! But — our idol came down among us and showed herself to be but common flesh and blood! What wonder that we stand aghast? What wonder that our hearts are bitter? What wonder (worse than all!) that when the awe has quite vanished, there is strife for the beautiful image fallen from its niche?'

"The Doctor ceased, and turned away. The Lady stretched out her hands towards the others; her face was deadly pale, and there was a bewildered expression in her eyes.

"Oh, ye for whom I have prayed, for whom I have struggled to obtain a blessing, — ye whom I have loved so, — do ye desert me thus?" she cried.

"You have deserted us," answered a voice.

"I have not."

"You have," cried Black Andy, pushing to the front. "You love that Mitchell! Deny it if you dare!"

"There was an irrepressible murmur, then a sudden hush. The angry suspicion, the numbing certainty had found voice at last; the secret was out. All eyes, which had at first closed with the shock, were now fixed upon the solitary woman before them; they burned like coals.

"Do I?" murmured the Lady, with a strange questioning look that turned from face to face. "Do I? — Great God! I do." She sank upon her knees and buried her face in her trembling hands. "The truth has come to me at last — I do!"

"Her voice was a mere whisper, but every ear heard it, and every eye saw the crimson rise to the forehead and redden the white throat.

"For a moment there was silence, broken only by the hard breathing of the men. Then the Doctor spoke.

"Go out and bring him in," he cried. "Bring in this Mitchell! It seems he has other things to do, — the block-head!"

"Two of the men hurried out.

"He shall not have her," shouted Black Andy. "My knife shall see to that!" And he pressed close to the platform. A great tumult arose, men talked angrily and clenched their fists, voices rose and fell together: "He shall not have her — Mitchell! Mitchell!"

"The truth is, each one of you wants her himself," said the Doctor.

"There was a sudden silence, but every man eyed his neighbor jealously; Black Andy stood in front, knife in

hand, and kept guard. The Lady had not moved; she was kneeling, with her face buried in her hands.

"I wish to speak to her," said the Doctor, advancing.

"You shall not," cried Andy, fiercely interposing.

"You fool! I love her this moment ten thousand times more than you do. But do you suppose I would so much as touch a woman who loved another man?"

"The knife dropped; the Doctor passed on and took his place on the platform by the Lady's side. The tumult began again, for Mitchell was seen coming in the door between his two keepers.

"Mitchell! Mitchell!" rang angrily through the church.

"Look, woman!" said the Doctor, bending over the kneeling figure at his side. She raised her head and saw the wolfish faces below.

"They have had ten months of your religion," he said.

"It was his revenge. Bitter, indeed; but he loved her.

"In the mean time the man Mitchell was hauled and pushed and tossed forward to the platform by rough hands that longed to throttle him on the way. At last, angry himself, but full of wonder, he confronted them, this crowd of comrades suddenly turned madmen! "What does this mean?" he asked.

"Mean! mean!" shouted the men; "a likely story! He asks what this means!" And they laughed boisterously.

"The Doctor advanced. "You see this woman," he said.

"I see our Lady."

"Our Lady no longer; only a woman like any other, — weak and fickle. Take her, — but begone."

"Take her!" repeated Mitchell, bewildered. "Take our Lady! And where?"

"Fool! Liar! Blockhead!" shouted the crowd below.

"The truth is simply this, Mitchell," continued the Doctor, quietly. "We herewith give you up our Lady, — ours

no longer; for she has just confessed, openly confessed, that she loves you.'

"Mitchell started back. 'Loves me!'

"'Yes.'

"Black Andy felt the blade of his knife. 'He'll never have her alive,' he muttered.

"'But,' said Mitchell, bluntly confronting the Doctor, 'I don't want her.'

"'You don't want her?'

"'I don't love her.'

"'You don't love her?'

"'Not in the least,' he replied, growing angry, perhaps at himself. 'What is she to me? Nothing. A very good missionary, no doubt; but I don't fancy woman-preachers. You may remember that I never gave in to her influence; I was never under her thumb. I was the only man in Little Fishing who cared nothing for her!'

"'And that is the secret of her liking,' murmured the Doctor. 'O woman! woman! the same the world over!'

"In the mean time the crowd had stood stupefied.

"'He does not love her!' they said to each other; 'he does not want her!'

"Andy's black eyes gleamed with joy; he swung himself up on to the platform. Mitchell stood there with face dark and disturbed, but he did not flinch. Whatever his faults, he was no hypocrite. 'I must leave this to-night,' he said to himself, and turned to go. But quick as a flash our Lady sprang from her knees and threw herself at his feet. 'You are going,' she cried. 'I heard what you said, — you do not love me! But take me with you, — oh, take me with you! Let me be your servant — your slave — anything — anything, so that I am not parted from you, my lord and master, my only, only love!'

"She clasped his ankles with her thin, white hands, and laid her face on his dusty shoes.

"The whole audience stood dumb before this manifestation of a great love. Enraged, bitter, jealous as was each heart, there was not a man but would at that moment have sacrificed his own love that she might be blessed. Even Mitchell, in one of those rare spirit-

flashes when the soul is shown bare in the lightning, asked himself, 'Can I not love her?' But the soul answered, 'No.' He stooped, unclasped the clinging hands, and turned resolutely away.

"'You are a fool,' said the Doctor. 'No other woman will ever love you as she does.'

"'I know it,' replied Mitchell.

"He stepped down from the platform and crossed the church, the silent crowd making a way for him as he passed along; he went out into the sunshine, through the village, down towards the beach, — they saw him no more.

"The Lady had fainted. The men bore her back to the lodge and tended her with gentle care one week — two weeks — three weeks. Then she died.

"They were all around her; she smiled upon them all, and called them all by name, bidding them farewell. 'Forgive me,' she whispered to the Doctor. The Nightingale sang a hymn, sang as he had never sung before. Black Andy knelt at her feet. For some minutes she lay scarcely breathing; then suddenly she opened her fading eyes. 'Friends,' she murmured, 'I am well punished. I thought myself holy, — I held myself above my kind, — but God has shown me I am the weakest of them all.'

"The next moment she was gone.

"The men buried her with tender hands. Then, in a kind of blind fury against Fate, they tore down her empty lodge and destroyed its every fragment; in their grim determination they even smoothed over the ground and planted shrubs and bushes, so that the very location might be lost. But they did not stay to see the change. In a month the camp broke up of itself, the town was abandoned, and the island deserted for good and all; I doubt whether any of the men ever came back or even stopped when passing by. Probably I am the only one. Thirty years ago, — thirty years ago!"

"That Mitchell was a great fool," I said, after a long pause. "The Doctor was worth twenty of him; for that

matter, so was Black Andy. I only hope the fellow was well punished for his stupidity."

"He was."

"Oh, you kept track of him, did you?"

"Yes. He went back into the world, and the woman he loved repulsed him a second time, and with even more scorn than before."

"Served him right."

"Perhaps so; but after all, what could he do? Love is not made to order. He loved one, not the other; that was his crime. Yet, — so strange a creature is man, — he came back after thirty years, just to see our Lady's grave."

"What! Are you?" —

"I am Mitchell, — Reuben Mitchell."

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

TROPIC MIDNIGHT.

THE rain floats off; the crescent moon
Holds in its cup a round of dusk,
Like palm-buds in the month of June
Just breaking through their vernal husk.
Night-blooming agaves fill the sheaf,
To catch the light distilled in showers,
Till overflowing cup and leaf
Its cluster breaks in midnight flowers.

A sensuous stillness north and south
And east and west, and just as sweet
As seeds of pomegranate in the mouth,
Or kisses when young lovers meet,
Breaks in a low, sweet under-tone,
Like brooks that grieve in beds of fern,
As if by curve and pebble-stone
The moon had spilled her silver urn.

Its airy current fills and ripens
The flower and fruit to wanton use;
It blows the rush's slender pipes,
And rounds the purple fig with juice;
Like merchants breaking kids of nard
Or jars of olives, desert born,
Pine-apples lift their prickled shard,
And show the seeds of fragrant corn.

Like Hebrew maids, the citrons hold
Their pitchers to the vapor spring,
And fill the hollow rinds of gold
With musky midnight's flavoring.
So once, I think, earth knew her Lord,
In lands like these of palm and vine,
When midnight gave the sweet accord
That turned the water into wine.

Will Wallace Harney.

CONEY ISLAND.

NEW YORK, although not yet the largest city in the world, has the largest suburb in the world; Long Island, the name by which that suburb is appropriately called, being about one hundred and twenty miles in length by twenty in breadth. There is hardly a town or village on Long Island, from Brooklyn to Babylon, from Patchogue to Montauk Point, from the oozy margin of the Sunswick to the beach at Rockaway, but is in some way or another conducive to the comfort and pleasures of dwellers in New York city. Viewed as a suburb, Long Island offers greater inducements to all sorts of comers, perhaps, than any other city outlet in the world. Brooklyn has its famous Heights, the palatial mansions of which are owned, for the most part, by solid men of business, whom Mammon daily summons to the money markets of New York. Long Island has its game preserves, too, and the sporting clubs by whose efforts many of its brooks and ponds are kept stocked with speckled trout consist mainly of residents of New York city, or at least of persons whose business and interests are there. But all is not aristocratic in the vast suburb. Throughout the length and breadth of Long Island, in all its cities, towns, and hamlets, there flourish innumerable retreats that are dear to the democratic German heart. Umbrageous groves, sacred to Gambrinus, the Bacchus of lager-beer, are ready here all through the summer time for excursion parties, and hitherward resort many festive Germans of New York, to pass the Sundays or afternoons of week-days in ponderous gayety under the shade of the spreading trees, accompanied by their wives and families. Then, the truly democratic sport furnished by the fast trotting-horse has long been a feature of Long Island, which possesses some of the oldest race-courses in the North. These, during the racing season, are thronged with visitors from the city, to each of whom

Long Island, from end to end and across its breadth, is simply an extensive suburb, excellently calculated by its natural accommodations of land and water for a holiday retreat from the work and turmoil of the city.

And among the least aristocratic features of the great suburb, none, perhaps, is more characteristic than Coney Island, the popular watering-place of New York city, to the people of which, the tradesmen, mechanics, and workers generally, it stands in the same relation that Long Branch does to the wealthier and more exclusive classes. The fact that it is within one hour's journey from New York by steamboat, and but little more than that by the horse-cars from Brooklyn, renders Coney Island unfashionable, since its advantages are attainable by all. Twelve years ago the facilities for reaching it were fewer than at present, as were the accommodations on the beach, and it is only within seven or eight years past that it has assumed the appearance of a great bathing-place now presented by it. Stretching out into the sea at the southwestern end of Long Island, this desolate strip of barren sand-hills and shingly beach offers no attraction beyond that of the surging of the great Atlantic upon its shore. It is separated from Long Island only by a narrow, marshy creek, thus being so indistinctly an island that, whether approaching it by land or by water, a stranger visiting it would hardly take it to be one. The origin of its name appears to be a matter of surmise rather than of tradition or record. Some guess that it is called Coney Island on account of the rabbits by which its sparse patches of brushwood are inhabited; but this can hardly be accepted as the origin of the name, seeing that the only rabbits to be found upon the island, which are of the domesticated kind, were introduced long after it was known to mariners and explorers by the name. A better reason

is afforded by the topographical features of the island itself, which, a low delta about a mile and a half long by half a mile wide, and without shelter of any kind, has been blown by the winds into a series of truncated cones of fine sand. Thus the word "coney," allowable as an adjective, fitly characterizes the appearance of the place.

Very intermittent and scanty is the vegetation of Coney Island. Coarse, reedy grass, the blades of which are nearly as hard and sharp as those of steel weapons, grows grudgingly upon the hillocks of pearly white sand. In the little valleys between these spring tufts of stunted bay bushes, the leaves of which have, in a slight degree, the flavor peculiar to the bay-tree of the West Indies. But these bay bushes of Coney Island do not "flourish like a green bay-tree," being rather sere and yellow as to leaf. Yet visitors to the island gather sprigs from them, which they take to the city as trophies of their wild adventures in the sea of sand. Stunted cedars are to be seen here and there on the brows of the wind-beaten dunes. There are a few sheltered nooks among the hillocks where the ubiquitous *ailantus*-tree waves its feathery branches, in bold assertion of its ability to grow anywhere, irrespective of climate and soil. Here, in a spot screened by the sand-hills from all winds, is a long, low cabin, something like a canal boat, the bit of sandy ground on which it stands surrounded by a fence of hurdles. With the small sheds and out-houses standing near by, it presents the appearance of a farm, which is enhanced by the numbers of pullets that run to and fro upon the premises, or stray away from it into the clumps of bay bushes in search of grasshoppers and other small game. In front of the cabin there is a row of *ailantus*-trees, which have already gained a height of some fifteen or twenty feet. It is a peculiarity of all the trees and bushes on Coney Island that they bloom out riotously during the summer months with bathing outfits hung upon them to dry. Every dweller here is in the bathing interest, and al-

though the lowly cottage by the sea is the private residence of the gentleman who occupies it, yet his business manifestly lies among the bathing-houses on the beach, as one can tell by the vestments that flutter from his clothes-lines and trees. One tree so rankly blossoms with wonderfully short and shrunk-en dresses, as to suggest a spectacular transformation like that of the theatre, leading one to expect that human forms will bloom out like fruit on the branches, as soon as the blossoms peel off. At one point among the hillocks there lies a huddle of discarded bathing-houses, which, from the *abandon* with which they lean against one another, as well as from their evident inability to stand upright, suggest the idea that, on being dismissed from the service, they had come up suddenly from the beach and gone upon a spree.

At the lower end of the island there is a wharf to which the steamboats come, and when one of them disgorges its contents, very motley is the crowd that winds its way from it along the rush-laid path that leads to the beach. The women and children usually outnumber the men, and, as is generally the case in New York assemblages that do not rally round the standard of fashion, the German element is largely represented in the throng. Family groups are always a feature here, the thrifty mothers carrying provision baskets, the jars that protrude from which, having probably been emptied during the voyage, are taken by the happy fathers to the bar of some beach hostelry, there to be replenished with lager-beer or something stronger, according to order. Holiday attire, not gay, but of the picnic kind, is the rule here—that is, among the respectable women, who are in the majority, though certain flaunting exceptions generally occur. The younger women usually have their beaux with them, which is judicious, seeing that beach flirtation is not only compatible with learning to swim, but absolutely indispensable to the perfect acquisition of that useful accomplishment. Children of all sizes are here, from the baby

whose bath is to be a bucket of seawater, to the bigger ones who can flounder about in the surf or swim upon the crested waves. Several flashy men are usually to be seen in the crowd; men with velvet coats, and having Alaska diamond pins stuck in the breasts of their filigree shirts; men curled and oiled within an inch of their wild lives. These are gamblers from New York, though they usually describe themselves as "sports," and they do a stroke of business at the island in more ways than one. Small speculators with various wares for sale are usually among the passengers that come by the boat; and here is one of them who has posted himself at a turn of the path, offering to the passers a variety of styles in very short bathing drawers carried in a card box.

Wooden buildings of various colors and sizes crop up at intervals, a little way above high-water mark, all along the brown, curving beach. Near the landing is the old Pavilion, a large, windy frame building that has weathered the storms of the coast for many a year. Every pore in its planks, every joint, every crack, is thoroughly saturated with sand. Sand, instead of pepper, appears to have been used in the compilation of its clam chowders and oyster stews; and it is here, of all places, that the sandwich appears to be most truthfully denoted by its time-honored name. Gilbert Davis, the original proprietor of the Pavilion, — dead now for some years, — used to be known as the "Governor of Coney Island." He may be remembered as a stoutish, elderly gentleman with spectacles, who sat out most of his life with a newspaper before him, his chair tilted back at an angle that brought his heels to a convenient elevation against some post or wall. Although the "governor" has gone to his rest, the establishment is still carried on, and a very brisk business is done in it, during the height of the season, in catering to the wants of hungry bathers, not to mention the constant traffic in drinks, mixed and otherwise, at its breezy bar. It is to the

Pavilion that the passengers first crowd when a boat arrives at the wharf.

Starting from the lower end of the island, and walking along the beach, one of the first things observable by the visitor is a series of small groups of men, gathered at intervals upon the shelving sand. On approaching one of these circles, the explorer will see in the centre of it a man provided with a bit of plank propped upon a crutch or leg stuck into the sand. This fellow is one of the beach gamblers by whom the place is infested during the bathing season, and for whose suppression movements have been made year after year, but hitherto without success. He is manipulating three cards, which he shifts about with great rapidity, "patterning" volubly all the time about his game, which he offers to back for any amount the spectators may see fit to "plank down." He keeps jingling heavy gold pieces to allure the unwary, and his display of greenbacks of all denominations is absolutely profuse. Presently the circle is joined by one of the flashy gentlemen in velvet and diamonds who came down by the boat, and this person, producing a sheaf of greenbacks, at once enters into a dispute with the dealer, whose proffered stake he covers, and of course wins. It appears strange that the hollowness of this old trick of collusion does not put people on their guard, but the parting of the fool from his money seems to be a law of nature, illustrations of which are daily to be seen upon Coney Island beach. Young men who come down here to bathe frequently lose all the money they have about them to these thimble-rigging rascals, led away by the sight of the gold or greenbacks pocketed by some tawdry fellow who has the word "confederate" branded everywhere on his brazen face.

During the three summer months vast numbers of people are daily to be seen bathing all along the stretches of this beach. Out from the bathing-houses come tumbling, indiscriminately, men, women, and children, all of them disguised beyond any possibility of recog-

nition in their "wild attire." The scene enables one to realize the notion of a lunatic asylum let loose, its inmates chasing each other with mad gesticulations about the shore and into the lapping surf. The women flap about in the water and scream like the fowls to which that element is natural; and some of them are strong swimmers, too, striking out boldly to a good distance from the beach. Numbers of the men lie wallowing for hours in the sand, in which they roll like wild beasts, rubbing it madly into their hair, and plastering themselves all over with it. Some of the bathers wear fancy dresses which they have brought with them. Here comes one in a striped black and white shirt with scanty drawers to match, and he is immediately hailed as a "zebray" by one of the grovelers in the sand. The word spreads from mouth to mouth along the shore, until the striped gentleman is fain to seek an asylum beneath the friendly waves. The scene upon the beach and in the water alike is a very rough one, having nothing about it of the reserve that regulates manners at the more aristocratic summer resorts.

Not unfrequently some of the small Arabs of New York and Brooklyn streets are to be seen here, paddling in the pools left by the tide in the sandy hollows of the beach. It is certain that none of these urelins could have come down either by horse-car or boat, as that kind of traveling would be quite beyond their means. They are pedestrians through necessity, and have padded it all the way down upon their little bare feet. Absolutely independent of the sea-beaten gentlemen who furnish bathing-dresses are these energetic pig-widgeons, whose only costume generally consists of a fragmentary shirt and piecemeal trousers, the two garments, in some cases, being mysteriously combined into one. In this guise they splash into the pools or surf at some secluded point of the island, afterwards running about under the scorching sun until they are dry. Here, driven up stern-foremost on the beach, is the hull of a wrecked vessel, lettered on her

stern as the "Polly Price, of Great Egg Harbor." Into this the sea-water flows, affording a safe and commodious bath for a troop of these waifs from the city, who are plunging and flapping about in it like young ducks in a shower of rain.

Towards the upper end of the island buildings occur more frequently, wooden structures, all of them, and several of considerable size. Most of these have been put up within two or three years past, and the beach at Wyckoff's now presents somewhat the appearance of a village whose houses had been flurried by an alarm of fire or flood, and had run out of themselves in different directions to ascertain the cause of the commotion. The Wyckoffs were the original settlers of Coney Island, and it is not many years since they had a monopoly of accommodations for visitors here. There are several generations of them here at present, all keeping beach hotels on a larger or smaller scale, with the collateral occupation of "running a chowder mill," as the phrase goes here. A very conspicuous figure hereabouts, for many years, was the original Wyckoff, who died a centenarian but a short time since, and was the great-great-grandfather—or even more, I believe—of some of the younger ones of the name who cling faithfully to the sandy old tract. He was a very weird-looking old patriarch, was that Wyckoff, furrowed and yellow as the "ribbed sea sand," and, although bent nearly double by age and rheumatism, going to and fro about his home-buildings or after his cattle in the marsh with all the energy of a young man, until within a short time of his death. Sometimes he was to be seen mounted upon a sandy knoll, leaning upon a tall staff, with his long iron-gray hair waving in the wind, and shaking a lean, tawny finger to seaward, as though rebuking Neptune for some trespass committed upon the Wyckoff domain. One of the hotels here has a large lookout platform on its roof, which is sometimes used as a ball-room, and about which, during the velocipede mania, the bold riders of the

bicycle used to career with their unbridled steeds.

Each of these unsubstantial, airy hostelrys has near it an open shed, consisting merely of a roof supported by poles, and it is in this that the rites and mysteries of roasting the inevitable clam are carried on. The artists who prepare the clam-roasts are generally stalwart negroes, to whose indolent, leisurely habits the task appears to be well fitted. It is curious to observe with what mathematical precision yon corpulent darky, seated upon an inverted champagne basket, arranges the clams in solid squares, a form which he sometimes varies—so that the monotony of the thing may not unsettle his mind—with circles, ovals, or fanciful creations of elaborate design. Over these, when they have been properly packed, are placed heaps of dry brushwood, a quantity of which is always kept ready for use. When they have been set on fire, and the flames go crackling and wavering in the breeze, then the sable Soyer grins the grin of contentment, and, leaning back against his post, abandons himself to watching for the results of his toil, occasionally replenishing and arranging the fire with shovel and tongs. The savor from the roasting bivalves is an appetizing one, and Sambo frequently acknowledges the influence of it by helping himself privately from the mathematical mess that has been arranged by his practiced hands. There is a story of a negro hereabouts who was so fond of clams cooked in this style that by the time the roast should have been ready it had disappeared, and the process of arrangement and burning had to be gone through over again. In the kitchens of the hotels clams are cooked in various other ways, but the roasting of them is always carried on in the open sheds, and it is very picturesque, with the fire, and the smoke, and the squatting darkies in their variegated attire and slouched hats.

Until after darkness has well set in, there is some show of life along the beach, but only towards the head of the island,

in the hotels clustered at which many persons take up their residence for a part of the summer. The evening is the favorite time for bathing at this point, but, lower down, the beach is very quiet and deserted, as the last boat has taken its departure for the city long since, carrying away the last installment of the boisterous throng of bathers and wallowers in the sand, by whom the beach had been made lively throughout the afternoon. Desolation broods awfully dark and still over Coney Island at night, when all the lodgers in the beach houses have retired to rest after the fatigues of the day. It is then that the city man realizes the utter emptiness of life without gas and other modern conveniences. Fortunate is he if the combined influences of sea air and salt water, and the exercise necessarily taken by him during the day, enable him to sleep early and soundly, since otherwise his experience of Coney Island must be ever after associated with damp linen, penetrating sand, and, perchance, the chromatic exercises on a stridulous piano of some young miss who has remained late in the drawing-room of the beach hotel, with the fell purpose of continuing her musical education regardless of circumstances and place.

It is at this cluster of hotels that the horse-cars from Brooklyn pull up and reverse; and hither, also, repair the numerous persons who come down from the city in their own conveyances, or in hired carriages. There are several excellent roads by which access is to be had to the head of the island, and, on fine afternoons during the season, these are thronged with vehicles, many of which are of the sporting kind, drawn by fast trotting-horses, the dust flying as they flash along, and the loud “Hi! hi!” of the drivers ringing out in the air as they strive to pass each other with their nervous teams. Many of the most famous trotters of New York and its environs, trotters that have won renown in the Olympic dust of Harlem Lane, and gathered laurels on the regular tracks on which matches are

decided, are to be seen every summer day, spinning along the Coney Island plank road, or on some of the other lanes and roads that run between the island and Brooklyn. Along some of these roads there are numbers of wayside inns, most of which have sprung up within a few years past, to meet the demand for accommodation and refreshment that has resulted from the decided success of Coney Island as a popular summer resort. Several of these places look both snug and picturesque, embowered as they are amid luxuriant foliage, with flower-gardens about them, and signs setting forth their styles and titles dangling from posts planted by the side of the road. They are mostly patronized by men of the sporting class, livery-stable keepers and the like, whose talk is less of literature and theology than of horses, billiards, the prize-ring, city government, and offices of the sinecure sort. Sunday is the great gala day for these as well as for the revelers who crowd to the island by boat or car, and on this account it may well be imagined that by no class of people is Sunday regarded with greater favor than by the steamboat men, horse-car men, innkeepers, and men who hire out dresses at the bathing-houses on the beach.

The journey between Coney Island and Brooklyn by horse-car offers disadvantages, one experience of which would be sufficient to deter many persons from trying it again. Except at very early morning these cars are crowded to excess, and, especially on the way back to the city, roughs of the worst New York type — and what can be worse than that? — not unfrequently force their way into these vehicles. The wonder is how little the passengers generally, many of them women of respectable appearance, seem to be incommoded by, or even disgusted at, the presence of these pernicious brutes. Here, now, soon after leaving the terminus at Coney Island, the conductor of the car stops it to take up three young men who have hailed him in terms that did not sound like blandishment. None of them are sober, and

one, a powerfully built young fellow of twenty or thereabouts, is so drunk that, as he is supported to the car by his two companions, his feet trail upon the ground. He is in his shirt-sleeves and has been fighting, for his features are battered “out of drawing,” and his clothes are saturated with blood. In the breast of his shirt is stuck the “diamond” pin, without which no New York rough ever considers himself presentable to decent society, and his fingers, which are all bruised and excoriated, are loaded with cheap, tawdry rings. There is no opposition whatever made to the entrance of this fascinating trio into the car. The fighting rough is hustled into it by his companions and laid out upon a seat, every object touched by him in the car being immediately smeared with his blood. No person among the passengers — and they are by no means a rough-looking set — appears to consider the circumstance an unusual one, or one to which exception should be taken. It seems from the testimony of the companions of the battered young man, whom one of them with pride avers to be “a first-class bully of the Fourth Ward,” that, while he was yet sober or partially so, he got into a roadside quarrel with one of a gang of negroes from the city, who were seeking for employment about the hotels on the island, and was badly thrashed by his opponent. Mortification at this drove him to drink, and hence his pleasing addition to the company in the car.

It will be seen from this brief account of a peculiar place, that Coney Island is more conspicuous for a rough side than for a smooth one. Its natural advantages as a sea-bathing place for New York city are numerous, but they are counterbalanced by many circumstances at present inseparable from it. Few things could be more shocking to the sensibilities of a fashionable New York family than to inquire whether they intended going to Coney Island for the season. Occasionally, indeed, a “heavy swell” of the fashionable avenue will take a turn down there

with his team, "by way of a lark," but he does this in the confidence that he is not likely to be brought face to face with any of his set, and his account of things when he returns to the city includes nothing of Coney Island with its vulgar associations and motley crowd.

Charles Dawson Shanly.

ANALOGIES.

I LOUNGE against my garden-gate;
 On one side heaven the sun hangs low;
 Down one side crawls the exhausted storm
 That flashed and crashed an hour ago.
 I lounge and see, with musing eye,
 Two roses and a butterfly.

One is a sumptuous languid rose,
 That bows its heavy, lovely head,
 While each fresh petal's velvet curve
 Burns with the same deep drowsy red;
 Circe her subtle self (who knows?)
 Plotting new sorceries in a rose!

One is a pale pure bloom, with leaves
 Like satin in their lustres mild,
 Half-closed, and faintlier flushed than looks
 The chaste palm of a little child;
 Or pink as some late sunsets are,
 That yearn to feel the evening star!

The butterfly's quick-quivering wings
 Wear each the blendings of such hues
 As lurk in some old tapestry's
 Dim turmoil of golds, crimsons, blues;
 Wings where dull smoldering color lies,
 Lit richly with two peacock eyes!

He cannot leave the great red rose;
 He flutters near it, loath to part
 From all the fragrant charm which girds
 That blood-drop warm from summer's heart!
 And . . . on the pale rose, glimmering near,
 One rain-drop sparkles, like a tear!

Edgar Fawcett.

THE NOVEL AND ITS FUTURE.

ORIGINATING in the Greek romances of the fourth century, which were themselves the offspring of decline, the novel — this losel of literature and outcast of the wise — finds itself, after a long and adventurous career, at the head of all literary forms for present popularity and power. Called forth as a servant, to amuse some idle intellects, it has at length become the master, the instructor, the educator of vast modern audiences composed of thinking and progressive men. We must confess that, whatever our theoretic reverence for the drama, and whatever the triumphs it still achieves amongst us, the novel is still the more subtle, penetrative, and universal agent for the transmission of thought from poet to people.

Ours is essentially a period of prose. Versification, it is true, is a widespread accomplishment in these days, and there are instances enough of genius making it more than an accomplishment. But, on the whole, its frequency seems not so much to mark a strengthening of its empire, as to emphasize the truth that things most in vogue are most in danger of deterioration. As the quantity of verse increases, the merit has a tendency to subside to a common level. Instead of fountains of song bursting freely from the hill-sides, the nineteenth century maintains a large reservoir of liquid verse from which we may draw unlimitedly. The means of rhythmic expression are perhaps more varied and more perfect than at any previous epoch; but they assist lyrical demonstration, for the most part, — dramatic, seldom. It is the dramatic forms, however, which give the most manifold delight. Dramas are the cathedrals of poetry; the lyric verse is their adornment, rising in pinnacles. But we do not build cathedrals nor write great dramas. The novel, therefore, attracts to itself our chief energies. The novel is a portable drama, requir-

ing no stage, no actors, no lights or scenery, and no fixed time of enactment. Moreover, as we shall presently see, it embraces a wide range of subjects not fitted for the salient treatment of the playwright. It is, further, especially adapted to the various and complex inner life of the modern world. The very finest things of which the novel is now capable are rather calculated, in their delicate profundity, for private perusal than public recitation. There is a refined emanation from them which can be appreciated in silence and solitude only, or with but a chosen listener or two at hand to share the influence. But, if the vogue of verse be regarded as an intimation of impending decline, it will be asked why the multiplication of novels is not, in the same manner, to count for a sign of approaching decadence. That there is much danger of disaster to the novel is precisely what I should like to have most clearly understood; but there are reasons favoring its immediate and efficient advance which either cannot be supplied, or are not equally operative in the case of lyric poetry. In the first place it is an organism of a higher type than the lyric, being essentially and substantially dramatic; and in the second place the popular demand supplies it with an immense stimulus, while the lyric is sustained by smaller audiences and less frequent opportunities of devotion from its servants. The drama could alone compete successfully with the novel; but to do so it must undergo reforms more weighty than those which are needful to the perfection of the novel. Let us, however, before attempting to cast the horoscope of the latter form, consider the technical differences of drama and novel more closely, with a view to determining their respective advantages as artistic means.

A convenient starting-point for the discussion is to be found in Goethe's

utterance on the subject. In the fifth book of Wilhelm Meister, he observes: "The difference between these sorts of fiction lies not merely in their outward form; not merely in the circumstance that the personages of the one are made to speak, while those of the other commonly have their history narrated for them. . . . But in the novel it is chiefly *sentiments* and *events* that are exhibited; in the drama it is *characters* and *deeds*. The novel must go slowly forward; and the sentiments of the hero must, by some means or other, restrain the tendency of the whole to conclude. The drama, on the other hand, must hasten, and the character of the hero must press forward to the end: it does not restrain, but is restrained. The novel-hero must be passive; at least he must not be active in a high degree: in the dramatic one we look for activity and deeds." But this definition is certainly inadequate. In reality, it applies to the novel as practiced by Goethe and Rousseau, rather than to the stature of the novel altered and strengthened by recent developments in its history. It is patent that characters and deeds are as requisite in the modern dramatically organized novel, as sentiments and events; and that they bear just the same relation to these as in the drama. We are far enough, also, from demanding that the novel shall "go slowly forward" — a mode of locomotion sustained in Wilhelm Meister with almost fatal indefatigableness. Compression and swiftness, on the contrary, are becoming marked characteristics of this species of composition. But it is important to observe Goethe's fundamental distinction, — that of the novel-hero's passivity; for he is still at liberty to retain this attitude whenever it may advantage him. And herein lies a special superiority of the novel over drama, in that it is thus fitted to exhibit the hero as the recipient of impressions only, — concentrating in him the phantasmagoric elaboration of all surrounding life through his individual senses and perceptions; while, at any moment, his position may be re-

versed, so that his views of things shall no longer predominate, a purely dramatic development being accorded to all alike. In this way a double order of effects lies open to the novelist. And it is from this source that the autobiographical novel derives a chief element of power; the suppression of internal history in every one but the first person leaving the characters of the rest to develop themselves in a wholly dramatic manner. The means to this end, in the drama, are the aside and the soliloquy. But people behind the footlights cannot find an escape for every significant emotion of a moment in asides; nor is facial expression always adequate to the occasion. Although of this latter resource it is only the intellectual effect which the novelist can convey, by those numerous brief, indescribable touches of intimation peculiar to his art; and although he surrenders the inexhaustible charm of actual impersonation, still his mode is the more natural. As for the soliloquy, that is a delicate instrument which must be used with the utmost care, — like the chemist's centigrade-weight, which he dares not lift with the fingers for fear of diminishing its accurate poise by the slight wear and moisture of manual contact.

"And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain" —

I confess this jars upon me. This soliloquy of Richard's seems inferior to those of Hamlet and Wolsey, not only in poetical qualities but in its dramatic value. The same sense of inconvenience and unlikelihood attaches to the revery with which Iago closes the first act of Othello. Apparently, when the soliloquy must set forth in direct terms the speaker's motives to impending conduct, instead of dealing with wide-reaching speculations or emotions, it of necessity loses somewhat of its force. It would seem to be the sensitive organ in the constitution of a drama, in which the weaknesses of that order of composition manifest themselves most promptly. But even soliloquy becomes more

probable and more acceptable when employed in the novel. For the narrator is an admitted entity from the start, and he enjoys the presumption of having either witnessed, or had faithfully described to him the circumstances of his story which he now gives in reproductive reminiscence. He does not require that we should believe in the instant presence of the persons and their personal responsibility for what they are saying, as the dramatist requires it. However the principles of dramatic development may be involved in his work, the whole affair is professedly drawn from something already past, and is so represented; while in the drama we must relinquish, for the time being, even a subdominant consciousness that the scenes before us have been supplied by an already concluded episode of real life. But not only is the advantage greatly on the novelist's side, when the soliloquy is in question: he is also in great measure relieved from the necessity of using it at all, because licensed to come forward in his own person, when occasion strongly demands direct explanation or enlightenment — an interruption which, for the reasons already mentioned in support of soliloquy, cannot disturb us. The novelist's prerogative of description, too, though unconscionably abused in general, is in many situations, if properly respected by him, a palpable advantage. And in the matter of construction a gain is made over the dramatist's necessary restrictions in this particular, through the novelist's greater liberty of interrupting and rearranging the succession of incidents and events. With these technical advantages on its side, and being addressed to the reader at short range, so that its finest effects need not be lost or slurred over, if delicate and unobtrusive, the novel seems to offer a form in which subjects too little abounding in far-flashing externalities, to find successful embodiment in an acting play, may still be subjected to thoroughly dramatic processes.

Yet the prevalent opinions among too many novel-makers, as well as novel-

consumers, in respect of what constitutes the dramatic, make it evident that this species of imaginative literature must clear itself of serious misconceptions, before it can proceed unimpeded in the direction of further improvement. An agitated notion seems generally to have gained ground — always reinforced, doubtless, by a benevolent forethought for those readers who choose their fiction from the book-stall mainly according to the broken and easy aspect of the pages — that the novel should be made above all things “conversational;” and to this mistake, serenity, and the contained and forcible utterance characterizing genuine mastery of the dramatic, are constantly sacrificed. But people have other ways of displaying their characters than by talking, and may be treated objectively by other means than those of conversation. Nor is the determined use of the present tense, by which writers occasionally (but too often) attempt to heighten the “graphic” effect of their scenes, at all essential, or even in any way an enhancement. We must take cognizance of a new modification of the dramatic, exemplified in some of the later achievements in the novel form. The stage necessarily appeals more broadly to the senses, and, in these days of excessive and corruptive mechanical contrivance, the sensuous agency has so far diminished the importance or infected the fineness of the subject-matter, as to charge the term, theatrical, with a certain implication of reproach. Those novels, therefore, which are most completely wrought out in the conversational manner, or in such fashion as to make a transposition to the stage an easy process, are not always the most dramatic, using the word at its best and highest. Dickens, Reade, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer, have so written. And these possess in common a love of stimulating, melodramatic incident, unfolded in rapid and intricate succession. Collins, in particular, is noted for his ingenious joiner-work, his elaborate and studied mechanism of incidents. The long “narratives” through which he conveys the same history, or different parts

of it, by different persons, have, it is true, some faint flavor of the dramatic, being based on that unfailing surprise which arises from the partial and conflicting views taken by different people in regard to one and the same transaction. But all the true glory of dramatic abstemiousness is lost in his execution. His detail is excessive, and his accumulation of small items often redundant. The skill of selection which he exercises never rises above the plane of simple cleverness. He has arrived at a useful formula for methodic enumeration, of which he uniformly avails himself; displaying a surprising distrust of the reader's imaginative ability, or power of apprehending minor points, by a constant wordy explanation of the most trifling matters. A showy familiarity with the superficial aspects of human nature enables him to dazzle the reader, enough to conceal the fact that, for himself, he cares much more for his plot than for his persons. The latter are cut out to fit their places in the piece; but their individuality in this way takes an artificial tone, and their narratives seem little more characteristic than affidavits in a police-trial — a kind of literature which we may suppose to have furnished Mr. Collins with a great part of his *motif*. In short, we possess in this noted sensationalist an inventor, not a discoverer. He is a literary artisan, rather than an artist. Dickens and Reade, on the other hand, though theatrical in manner, possess real genius, which might have carried them higher, had they carefully pruned it and thrown its strength always to the upward. Dickens differs from Reade, in being far less studied: he is also more crude. Reade is apparently a careful student of the stage, while Dickens relied on the natural bent of his genius toward the theatrical. Collins, on the whole, is superior to Reade in the slow worrying and final decapitation of a mystery — a thing which the latter does not always and especially affect. But, on the other hand, Reade has a swift and sunny sympathy which Collins lacks; and his comparative openness in the matter of plot, leaves him free to

develop incidents and characters together, by a series of stimulant surprises. His grand fund of spirits, and his quick sensibility to smiles or tears, are akin to attributes of the finest genius, and carry us on readily through all sorts of incongruities. But, once pausing or returning, to analyze the structure of his stuff, we find the conversation (at its liveliest) modeled on the rapid dialogues of brilliant comedy. Mabel Vane, in Peg Woffington, exclaims to Triplet, "And you a poet!" "From an epitaph to an epic, madam," he answers. Her very next words, "A painter, too!" he meets with: "From a house front to an historical composition, ma'am." At other times, as in *Love me Little, Love me Long*, and later novels, we find Reade lost in the mire of multitudinous commonplace, apparently trying to reproduce life beyond all possibility of mistake, by letting loose upon us a flood of indiscriminate gabble. Thus he seems to waver between the farcically inclined talk of the stage, and a deadly literalism. In general, his pictures are not so much drawn from life itself, as they are spirited transcripts from stage-manners in the guise of real ones, and always strengthened by a considerable observation of real life, besides. But the novel has, by its history, assumed, and in this essay I have claimed, that it comes closer to real life than any antecedent form. By dropping into the stage-manner, however, the writer of a novel not only fails to draw nearer to life than before, but — what is still worse — separates himself from it by a double remove. As life has first been shown him under the gas-light of the theatre, so he kindles in his book a still fainter illumination, the reflection of a reflection. But, with all his brilliancy and energy, Reade disregards this, and plumes himself too openly upon his cleverness, obtruding the consciousness of his dexterity in the most ill-timed and annoying paragraphs of bold allusion to it. It cannot be denied that people relish this knowingness, as they do the equally omnipresent (though unspoken) knowingness of Dickens. Dickens's characters enter

the arena with a jingling of the clown's cap and bells, as it were; and the audience sees at once that they are about to perform. There is a suggestion of the End Man's manner, in the way he has of opening a dialogue intended to be laughable. And (to return to our other simile) when the intervals of joking are over, we seem to hear the ring-master cracking his whip, as a signal for the serious and breathless business of riding bareback and jumping through paper hoops to begin again. This is a figure only partially true, yet with a truth worth heeding. The public likes this, I have said: but it likes better things, as well. Yet there is an impartiality of omnivorousness, that it is not altogether desirable to sustain. We like to settle the respective merits of authors by the scale of avoidupois. But, rather than magnitude, it is quality and radical tendency which we ought here to consider; for on these rests the future of fiction.

The more completely a novel remains a novel, the higher must it be rated, as being the more perfect representative of its class. Bulwer was both playwright and novelist, and he is conspicuous for the production of hybrids uniting the features of these two literary forms. His books are crowded with the stalest stage devices. One has but to look through the conversations in *My Novel*, Bulwer's most careful attempt at a reproduction of real life, to see how unshrinkingly he could dilute the pungent currents of nature with the flattest of liquids from the conventional theatrical tap. Much of the dialogue is given in the same form as if written for the stage. But in attempting, at the same time, to remain true to the aspect of common life, the author has been overcome by a disastrous inclination simply to *imitate* appearances; and the double desire to do this, and to be effective in the style of the stage, has resulted in something at once deplorably dull and intolerably conventional. Mere transcription of facts, aspects, and phases, actually observed by the writer, is — we find it necessary, notwithstanding its self-evidence, once more to announce — neither

artistry, nor anything approaching it. On the other hand, conventionalisms, though they are sometimes very necessary, should never be relied on for mere effect's sake, nor admitted at all unless they are genuine, thoughtful, brilliant, or forcible. Those which Bulwer introduces in *My Novel* and elsewhere are, it is true, pointed after a certain fashion: but they are whittled, rather than diamond-cut — sharp pegs, instead of sparkling gems crystallized by the invisible chemistry of genius. And yet these things would, no doubt, pass off well enough upon the stage. But the little green hedge of the foot-lights separates two territories of fiction in which the qualifications to success are, it would seem, by no means identical. Bulwer ignored this fact. Whether we skim the prattling shallows of Pelham, or turn the creaking leaves of Eugene Aram, — that heavy piece of melodramatic machinery, — or examine the dialogue of the Lady of Lyons, we shall hardly fail to meet everywhere the same prolix paucity, although less prolix, of course, in the plays, than in the novels. A knack of proportioning ingredients enabled Bulwer to give his works a pleasant taste to the public; but the critic, unfortunately, knows too well that they were prepared according to recipe. Lord Lytton may be said to have maintained a flourishing "cheap store" or popular emporium of ready-made romance. His novels, like those of Anthony Trollope, though more pretentious and less neatly finished, bear the marks of the mold, still. The excessive activity of his invalid intellect never led him to a real originality. He searched for it on every side, imitating, in turn, Fielding, Sterne, Walter Scott, and Goethe; but had he possessed it, he would have learned this by simply looking within. Originality, it may be observed here, has even more of sameness in it than of variety; for *this* lies in the subject-matter, and *that* is fundamental. Variety and versatility do not, of course, conflict with originality, any more than sameness is always the ensign of it. But it is the abiding peculiarities of a man's

point of view (when these are developed, not derived) which make his writing original; and these continue to give it that character, so long as he abstains from conscious exertion to repeat and renew such peculiarities. From a stable and enduring quality of view, springs style, including not only phraseology, but the character of an author's observation, likewise. Thackeray, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Balzac, Turgénieff, possess distinct points of view, from which to contemplate the revolving world. Pausing at some standpoint of ideal perception, they let the variety of life pass under their eyes, and translate its meanings into the new language of their new genius. Hence comes it that large poetic genius is at once radical and conservative: it can look into the roots of things, but it also highly appreciates the value of calm, unchanging heights, upon which to build securely and live happily. Even when engaged in works of deracination and reform, you can see that, in spite of its intelligence, it loves and clings to what is old.

But Bulwer, and the other novelists of the theatrical group, almost wholly lack the distinction of style. Charles Reade is careless, and hardly more than a mannerist, even at his best. Wilkie Collins is lucid, without being concise; simple, not so much from severity, as because it is easy to be so, in the subjects and within the mental scope he allows himself; and devoid of any deep characteristics. Dickens, it may be urged, occupies an undeniably unique point of view. But his talent was even more accessory to his fame, than his genius. Talent is quick at catching a knack that will please the popular taste; but originality measures the sense of this taste, and guides more than it is guided by it. Shall we say that Dickens did not appreciate what was most genuine in himself; did not know in what proportion to combine with the more precious substance of his genius the common alloy of talent, to make it pass current, without debasing it? At all events, the deficiency in style exists. Who does not recall that

droll and at the same time almost pitiable method of lengthening out sentences, to suit the increased suspense of a situation? To so many crowded and hurried emotions, we are allowed a corresponding number of clauses connected by colons, semicolons, and dashes,—like supplemental chairs at a hotel-table, to accommodate a rush of visitors. At other times, we accompany the author through long paragraphs of vague and confused description, at his own verbose leisure; and hardly do we find at any point the enhancement of a really beautiful, resonant, masterly verbal style, organically developed from the originality of his observation. Once let us recognize that this original observation is in great part superficial, taking the tinct rather of a brilliant whimsicality than of a profound and vigorous insight, and we shall see why his style is poor and arid.

Balzac laid down the law, that the modern novelist must possess *des opinions arrêtées*: that, in our phrase, he must have "views."¹ But nothing is more dangerous to the fiction-writer than views which are based upon prejudice. It is immaterial whether he supports himself with social tradition or common-sense, religious authority or unfettered theory: none of these will justify prejudice. These "views" should be the results of perfectly impartial observation of character, resembling somewhat the immovable, inclosing heavens of the old astronomy, which contained all the spheres and atmospheres. Yet they cannot be altogether, like this, changeless. It is simply profound and sympathetic penetration into character which is demanded. From positive views otherwise founded than upon patient and placid insight, spring the swarms of pamphleteering tales which are the bane of the fictionist's art in our time; and, in the domain of more genuine creation, they lead to the narrowness and limitations of Jane Austen, Miss Edgeworth, and Anthony

¹ I translate so, because "opinions," to us, would hardly convey what I take to have been Balzac's meaning.

Trollope. It is true, we should suffer irreparable loss if obliged to surrender Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. The world cannot afford to dispense with their pure and gentle feeling. What should we do, without the well-molded gelatinous "forms" of amiability, the excellent Potted Proprieties with which they have supplied us?—wholesome confections which it is to be hoped may regale many a generation yet to come. And yet, despite their charms, and that slow, sleepy spell which Trollope knows so well how to exercise, we cannot but think that writers treating human nature in this way are like placer-miners, who, it is granted, may extract every grain of gold from their field of operations, but only by working in superficial deposits. And, when all is done, the gold-bearing stratum has been sacrificed, washed away in the process: only the barren bed-rock remains to after-comers. These, truly, are the "novelists of manners," for they never get below the crust of society. A change in manners makes occasion for a new writer of the same stamp; and Anthony Trollope, in his generation, takes up the task of Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth, in theirs. What is this remark of Dr. Johnson's, about Fielding giving us characters of manners, and Richardson characters of nature? It would be obviously unjust to Fielding, to place him with writers like Austen, Edgeworth, and Trollope, excellent as they are in their way.

Reade and Dickens, predominantly men of impulse, give no evidence in their works of having apprehended the importance of "arrested opinions." Dickens, indeed, went so far as to follow out certain unsettled, impetuous feelings, which he mistook for convictions; and so became a propagator of prejudice (though doubtless effecting a great deal of transient good). Reade, appreciating impartiality, and trying to avoid results of this kind, is content with treating mankind as an opportune and curious plaything for the amusement of himself and his reader. But in Victor Hugo we find an altogether singular

writer, capable of genuine *opinions arrêlées*, and yet abounding in vagaries, and indulging an unlimited taste for the sensational-picturesque, which compel us to call him theatrical and a mannerist. Here is an author of undeniable genius, a great romantic dramatist, a delicate lyrist, exceptionally noble in his aims, and comprehending the value of an objective treatment of character; who at times delights us with simple and exquisite observation; yet who, for the most part, strays wholly from the ways of nature in his effects, and is wholly extravagant in style. As far as improbability is concerned, it may be said that objections to it, are too often and easily urged in a way to imply that such a thing were quite inadmissible. But if probability were in all cases an indispensable condition of poetic achievement, we should have to condemn much that is obviously above reproach. Nevertheless, it seems certain that the sentiment of probability should never be violated. If the artist should succeed with his illusion, there would be much to justify his use of the improbable. Still, it can scarcely be defended, if it does not also commend itself to the second thought; as it does in the case of Lady Macbeth, who has no children, but who nevertheless exclaims:

"I have given suck; and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me!"

The truth seems to be, that improbability is a potent means to effect; but when the effect obtained through it is momentary, rather than inherent in the situation's deepest truth, it becomes meretricious, and in degree as it is unessential. With such meretriciousness Victor Hugo seems fairly chargeable, in cases. The fire-cracker-like dialogues with which he emulates Dumas, and which so needlessly confuse us, at times, as to the succession of speakers; the multiplication of short paragraphs, that are in some danger of becoming no paragraphs at all—being often reduced to a single word; and his curious division of a novel into books and parts, with fresh titles and sub-titles as abundant as newspaper-headings, and chapters of

every length, from a single paragraph upwards — all this is the issue of an undue desire to impress. Perhaps it should in some measure be excused, because of its service to the author, in carrying the average reader through much that would otherwise appear to him outrageously wearisome. For it is Hugo's plan to connect everything with infinity, on the shortest notice. To fly from the simplest fact into the far ether of abstract thought is his favorite exercise; and to render the reader capable of sharing in these aerial flights, he is obliged to wrap him in a magic cloak of invisibility, woven of sundry expansive and slightly windy phrases. He indites a chapter on a girl's hand, and reaches the weighty conclusion that "Déruchette smiling was simply Déruchette." In another place, describing the nature of a battle, he proudly convinces us, after a series of the most self-evident statements, that "he who leaves the field, is beaten." In fine, he wrestles with nothing, in these cases, as if it were a labor only to be ventured on by intellectual giants like himself; and he comes out of the fight with an immense appearance of victory. Under its guise of pompous emptiness, however, this method conceals capabilities of vigorous surprise and pathetic brevity. Very majestic, to my thinking, is that conclusion of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*: "Nothing was now visible but the sea." But the defects of this method are more frequent than its beauties. Hugo's desire to air his enthusiasm and to expand in mystic revery furnishes another example of philosophy injuring art; in the same way that the inclination of George Eliot and Balzac toward philosophical parentheses and interspersed epigram fastens a clog on the dramatic movement of their stories. The novelist, it is true, may fulfill to some extent the functions of a chorus; but he should be very cautious in the fulfillment. Victor Hugo is guilty of "spouting." He tries to magnify, and often to distort, the proportions of all that comes in his way; but things sometimes refuse to be magnified, and leave him in rather a luck-

less plight. The elasticity and eccentricity of his form he seeks to defend by a mere hyperbole.

"This book," he says, in *Cosette*, "is a drama, the first person of which is the Infinite."

"Man is the second."

But it is difficult to reconcile ourselves on these easy terms with his reckless practice of "painting up" each and every separate picture in the series which compose a story, so that it may brave the glare of the combined exhibition. This whole question with which we are engaged, as to the grounds for discrimination between theatrical and dramatic novelist, culminates in Hugo's character as a writer of fiction. To get a fresh view of so important a figure, let us subject him to a contrast. Quitting the atmosphere of his lurid spectacles, let us enter the sad-colored every-day world in which rare Thackeray moves. Hugo and Thackeray both indulge in ample comment; but Thackeray's moralizing only partially impedes dramatic action, while Hugo's declamation is so interwoven with the story as to be almost beyond eluding, and is connected with a coarse and dazzling use of colors that reminds one of the scene-painter's trick. In Thackeray there is no hint of effect for effect's sake; but Victor Hugo's novels may be said almost to reek with it. An equally eloquent contrast is furnished by the romances of Hawthorne. "As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sunrise at the preëstablished moment," runs Coleridge's fine phrase, "such and so low is surprise as compared with expectation." Now, it is the determined preference of this lower pleasure that distinguishes novelists of the theatrical class. Observe, as opposed to this, that in *The Scarlet Letter* the identity of the unknown sharer in Hester's sin is clearly intimated in the opening scene, and the mind of the reader thus thrown forward, in an attitude of expectation, which the objective treatment pursued throughout the book is designed to assist. Such a

master does not find any Jack-in-the-box surprise needful, to engage his audience. But Hawthorne stands in an atmosphere peculiar to himself. To distinguish him from Thackeray, by calling him an idealist, would entail misapprehension; for no novelist possessing genuine insight can fail to be in some sort an idealist. His personal impressions, and keen, unswerving perceptions must enter into the substance of his creation; idea will insensibly enter into every item of the representation. But thus much may be said, that Hawthorne's idealism is exceptionally free from all turbidness. It might be conceived of as a clear and stainless, rounded and buoyant sphere, and capable of bearing us serenely through the most solemn and awful spaces. So far is this idealism from being opposed to that of the acknowledged realistic writers, as people are often inclined to believe it, that we find Hawthorne's realism to be careful, detailed, perfectly true, and perfectly finished. But so suffused is it with fine spirituality, that it does not yet gain popular recognition. Some quality is perhaps wanting in his realism, which would make it more acceptable to the public; but Hawthorne, being engaged with the operation of spiritual laws, did not enter so industriously into descriptive realism as many others have done; although, with a true delight in appearances, he used those particular realistic means which were apt to his purpose with a complete mastery.

Let us consider the import of realism. It is, without doubt, an essential to the best dramatic novel-writing; though in the hands of different authors its manifestations must, of course, vary greatly. One reason for its value is, that it supplies the visual distinctness which is one great charm of the stage. But the necessity for it is more radical. As the painter will study anatomy, in order to a better structural idea of the human form, so the novelist will investigate the functions of all those complicated impulses, emotions, and impressions which we experience from hour to hour, from

day to day, and by which our actions and characters are continually controlled, modified, or explained. With his investigation of psychological phenomena, or insight into the mysteries of spiritual being, he must unite the study of all that accompany these in the individual; as corporeality, with that curious net-work of appearances, habits, opinions, in which each human person is enveloped. Of all eminently realistic novelists, Turgénieff is, I imagine, the most vigorous, acute, and delicate. A little livelier play of fancy, he might, indeed, allow himself, without injury. That he is capable of it, certain rare touches seem to indicate. Speaking of a dandy, in Dimitri Roudine, he says: "He tried to give himself airs, as if he were not a human being, but his own statue, erected by national subscription." For freshness, airiness, and genial sarcasm, this equals the best flights of Dickens's fancy. Balzac, as well as Turgénieff, however, seems sometimes to fall below the level of completely artistic representation, simply from neglect of these more elastic motions of the mind. Balzac, in particular, is often too matter-of-fact, or too statistical in his statement of characters, situations, and appearances. It is important clearly to grasp the difference between realism and that which is merely literalism.

I. Realism sets itself at work to consider characters and events which are apparently the most ordinary and uninteresting, in order to extract from these their full value and true meaning. It would apprehend in all particulars the connection between the familiar and the extraordinary, and the seen and unseen of human nature. Beneath the deceptive cloak of outwardly uneventful days, it detects and endeavors to trace the outlines of the spirits that are hidden there; to measure the changes in their growth, to watch the symptoms of moral decay or regeneration, to fathom their histories of passionate or intellectual problems. In short, realism reveals. Where we thought nothing worthy of notice, it shows everything to be rife

with significance. It will easily be seen, therefore, that realism calls upon imagination to exercise its highest function, which is the conception of things in their true relations. But a lucid and accurate statement of these relations, in so many words, does not meet the requirements of art. In certain portions of his work, Balzac seems to overlook this: he depends too much upon exact descriptions both of mental processes and physical appearances. He is too much the classifier. In his anxiety to be absolutely correct, he grafts upon his style whole technical vocabularies which confuse and discourage the reader. He often describes houses with a topographical minuteness that ends by effacing from our minds any picture the imagination had formed for itself, and leaving us without the ability to project a new one; and this, when his object is simply to give us a perfect physical impression. It is plan-drawing, rather than the painting of a picture; and this defect extends to his descriptions of persons. All description should be simple, pictorial, and devoid of technicalities. Otherwise, one kind of literalism is entailed upon us.

II. In this matter, Turgénieff completely surpasses Balzac. But there is a subtler truth which no pictorial description and no abstract exposition will suffice to convey; for the intimation of which, in fine, fancy alone is fitted. In apprehending this, Hawthorne is supreme. Dickens abounds in instances of fancy, grotesque, humorous, and pathetic; but he is not so uniformly true as Hawthorne. George Eliot, too, sometimes employs it gracefully. But George Eliot, Dickens, and Scott, all have, again, a somewhat excessive regard for the appearances of realness in and for itself, seen in their labored and frequently tiresome imitations of imperfect articulation. This, though undoubtedly a valuable auxiliary in some cases, is only occasionally essential to artistic representation. When carried too far, it makes the writer a copyist, an imitator, — merely a reporter of life. This sort of literalism is exemplified in

still another way by the novels of Anthony Trollope, who accumulates irrelevancies with a persistence proving him to be for verisimilitude before all things. He will construct a long story out of atomic particles, making it as densely compact as a honey-comb — with the honey left out. He continually gives us, with the utmost gravity, the exact time to a minute, at which some one of his characters takes a train of cars, although this precision has no result in events. And an entire paragraph is consumed by the simple statement that two gentlemen went from the City to a London suburb, in a cab. First, he says that they went hence, and came hither; next, he repeats the declaration, adding that it was long since they had last done so; after which, he goes back and describes their meeting in the street — giving the precise insignificant words which they exchanged; and finally he crowns all with the triumphant announcement that they came home together (as he at first said) — this time explaining that they came by means of a cab. There is a certain fascination in all this: the natural man meets mediocrity half-way: but at bottom it is vicious. Trollope panders to an intellectual laziness which is, unfortunately, characteristic of novel-readers; and his books are pervaded by an unhealthy languor. His observation of character is timid and superficial, though abundantly clever; and his impartiality lapses into indifference, a dullness of sensibility. He has but one method of indicating a man's affection for a woman: that is, by making him put his arm around her waist. In Trollope, then, we see how thoroughly demoralizing literalism of this kind may become. It is impossible to prescribe any rules adequate to the various cases in which literalism may occur. But, in general terms, we may say that it is precipitated so soon as the æsthetic balance between idea and fact is, from whatever cause, at all unsettled. We have also seen that realism is assisted by fancy, and quick, pictorial language.

So much being supplied concerning

the nature and requirements of realism, we are in a position to recognize the general community of aims in such masters as Hawthorne, George Eliot, Balzac, Thackeray, and Turgénieff. All these are leaders in the best dramatic novel-writing, and their example opposes itself, by its very nature, to the practices of Hugo, Dickens, Reade, and Bulwer. Among themselves, they of course differ in respect of quality and degree of realism, and as to their feeling for pure beauty. We have seen the positive character of Hawthorne's ideal tendency; that of the rest is more negative. Again, they vary in the degrees of pure dramatic effect achieved; and these particular differences are matters of vital consequence. Hawthorne, though thoroughly objective in his rendering, sustains throughout a resonant undertone of poetic reverie; George Eliot and Balzac mingle analytical discourse and philosophic suggestion with the action — the latter, however, being by far the less diffuse, and having an easy grace in analysis which our great Englishwoman lacks. Thackeray, in his turn, takes the part of a grumbling and evil-predicting chorus; and Turgénieff claims little more than the right to introduce his persons, and tersely to explain the periods "supposed to have elapsed." There is fair room for choice among these several modifications of method. If Balzac and George Eliot make their books too much like treatises on human nature, anecdotically illustrated, it must still be said that their system is admirably adapted to bring men to a true appreciation of character; and there is small chance of mistaking the special truths which they wish to enforce in their "modern instances." So that what is lost to art, in their case, is possibly a gain to the direct instruction of the human race, in the problems of character and circumstance it constantly has to encounter. But that there is a loss to art, we cannot allow ourselves to forget. The highest dramatic skill would work upon us less directly: it would educate, instead of instructing us. By a gentle, if also searching sat-

ire, by a sunny insistence upon the joy of living (the joy of sadness, no less than that of gladness), and by the wise ex-citation in us of noble emulation and noble pity, it would insensibly develop, and strengthen, and heal us. I think we are ready for something less medicinal than these magic potions — these bitter brews from sad experience, and deep, undeluded thought — with which the novelists, in these latter and greater days of their dynasty, have come to treat us.

In regard to form, it seems that Turgénieff's example is likely to have the most general and far-reaching influence. His self-exclusion, however, is almost too rigid. This northern athlete demands a muscularity of apprehension in the reader nearly equal to that of his own style of presentation. It is sometimes too violent an exercise to read his books: they set every nerve quivering, hinting the agonies of a vivisection. Besides, he would seem to do himself injustice, in recounting such woful histories as those he chooses, without allowing a single note of hope or of convincing joy to redeem their horror. He is too keenly responsive to outward beauty, to wish the destruction of our faith in some corresponding and essential beauty pervading and including all things. Yet, poet as he is, he finds the world all too unpoetical. To him, it is apparently not malleable in the fires of profound faith, but offers only fixed, enormous oppositions of loveliness and hideousness over which he will permit no veil of illusion to rest. There is truth in his picture; but it seems to deny beauty, and incites to despair. Does it not, then, verge upon error? In marked contrast to the great Russian, we find the Norwegian novelist and dramatist, Bjørnsen, who, while as strictly dramatic in the form and movement of his stories as Turgénieff, is an enthusiastic apostle of beauty, besides. It would be difficult to conceive of a more delicately inflected piece of dramatic recital, than his novelette called *The Fisher Maiden*. He has there given the history of an ingenuous,

healthy, highly imaginative girl, whose glowing impulses involve her in a curious inconsistency and faithlessness with a pair of lovers, and bring temporary disgrace upon her mother. But at last her imagination makes an escape into art, and she becomes an actress. In the prejudiced community she lives in, she cannot do this without a struggle; and the climax of the tale is in her ultimate triumph, and her engagement at a theatre in the capital. We enter the theatre, to witness her performance; but the book closes with the rising of the curtain. How exquisite is this reticence, this reverence for his subject, that compels the poet to leave his revelation of that fresh maiden heart unspotted by any of the garish splendors or excitements with which novelists are wont so copiously to supply us! In general, they are only too willing to raise the curtain on all imaginable scenes, and to expose matters which should never be made the subject of spectacular interest (although admissible enough when handled with morally sensitive art). Fiction has too frequently indulged in what deserves no better name than downright debauchery. The advances it has made toward temperance, purity, health, and beauty are indeed surprising; but Björnson, with his sweet and simple histories, has suggested the possibility of still greater refinement.

We already see the dawn of a new epoch. Christ's thought, however slow to manifest itself firmly in the details of our social, political, and religious organization, has assuredly taken root in the novel. Pity and charity, love, or admiration for the poor, the common, the unfortunate, and the unrecognized nobility of the world, are what it is continually endeavoring to arouse and propagate. Dickens's exaltation of the cruder or more ignorant classes was perhaps excessive; but there was much truth in his probably much-needed and

opportune exaggeration. Thackeray stimulates inferences, by exposing false pretensions, and dethroning the unduly revered. The tragic element of frequency which George Eliot points out has, in fact, been already unconsciously accepted, and the moral value of the familiar seized by the artist. Our heroes and heroines are taken from the rank and file of the race, and represent people whom we daily encounter; indeed, we shall easily find our very selves depicted, if we look frankly for such depiction. There is no escaping the thoughtful and elevating influence of this. Nor need there be any implication of littleness or dullness in these aims. The great circle of the horizon may draw its ring around whatever spot shall be chosen as the groundwork of a fiction, and the exact zenith hang above the heads of its personages. Far from lessening the force of personality in fictitious characters, this choice of the frequent is most favorable to a true discrimination of qualities in character. When we have once become aware of the great number of points in which human beings are nearly identical; of the real coincidence of great people and little people, in minute traits no less than in fundamental characteristics; when, in fine, we perceive the incredible resemblances of men; then we shall best be able justly to estimate their equally astounding differences. The level of humanity is like that of the ocean; but each constituent particle rejoices in its own atomic being, and all have a chance to crest the highest waves, if wind and moon should conspire favorably. The instantaneous photograph is necessary to depict this ocean and its movements. But we must have more than any photograph can give us; with the accuracy of that, should be combined the æsthetic completeness of a picture and a poem in one, — and always of a picture and a poem.

G. P. Lathrop.

BIRDS OF ILL OMEN.

AMONG the signs which are believed by the superstitious to prognosticate future events, those connected with the habits and character of birds have always been regarded as important. So much attention was paid by the ancients to these indications that the word bird was even in Homer's time synonymous with omen. Most birds were considered ominous of good or evil according to the place and manner of their appearance, so that they might be said to flutter with uncertain wings on the confines of disaster and success. Others, however, from their own nature were believed to portend calamity, and although they might occasionally afford a presage of good luck, yet their general reputation was decidedly bad. There is nothing so hard to get rid of as a bad name, and as this is true alike of bipeds with or without feathers, it is not surprising that some of the former have always been regarded as birds of ill omen.

It is noticeable that this stigma has been affixed only to those birds whose appearance or voice is disagreeable, and whose habits are somewhat peculiar, any eccentricity in this respect being perverted by superficial observers into an alarming portent. Thus the owl has had to bear a good deal of unmerited abuse because of his nocturnal habits and unmelodious notes. Even his wise looks and judicial gravity have been made the subject of derisive criticism. The only persons who really appreciated the owl were the citizens of ancient Athens, and the good opinion of that refined and intellectual people, like praise from Sir Hubert Stanley, outweighs any amount of depreciation. In that city owls were sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and were looked upon as omens of victory and success. By the Romans they were regarded with feelings of detestation and dread, as foreboding grave misfortunes. The language applied to these birds by the

Latin poets reflects the prevailing prejudice and superstition. Even Virgil gives a bad name to the owl. Ovid calls it a dire omen of mortality; Lucan stigmatizes it as "sinister bubo," and Claudian inveighs against it as "infestus" (dangerous or hostile) "bubo." The word *Bubo*, used by naturalists to denote horned-owls, originally had reference to the peculiar sound of the note of this nocturnal bird, which in Spanish is called *Buho*, in French, *Hibou*; and in English, *Boo-hoo*, as Buffon has also entitled it.

Some of the worst things ever said about the owl came from the elder Pliny. The Roman naturalist, who trusted more to others' observation than his own, and in whose writings fact and fiction are often inextricably blended, calls the owl an inauspicious and funereal bird. He is particularly severe upon the horned-owl, to which he gives a very lugubrious character, calling it the monster of the night that never utters a cheerful note, but emits a doleful shriek or moan. This owl and the screech-owl were especially abhorred and dreaded by the Romans as messengers of death. As the former inhabited only deserted and inaccessible places, its appearance in cities was considered a very alarming omen. During the early days of the Consulship a horned-owl happened to stray into the Capitol at Rome, causing general consternation. To avert the disasters which this round-faced prodigy was believed to portend, a lustration or general purification was ordered. Butler has referred to this incident in some amusing lines in *Hudibras*.

Pliny, after stating that it is looked upon as a direful omen to see an owl in a city or even anywhere, in the daytime, confidently remarks: "I know, however, for a fact, that it is not portentous of evil when it settles on the top of a private house." The deaths of several of the Roman emperors were

supposed to have been foreboded by the appearance of owls in the halls or on the roofs of their palaces. Brande, in his *Popular Antiquities*, has given many curious illustrations from old writers of the misfortunes of which these birds were the prophetic precursors. One of the most sacrilegious acts ever committed by an owl took place during the reign of Pope John XXIV., when the bird of night had the effrontery to fly into the hall where the Holy Father was holding a council, disturbing its deliberations by his ill-omened presence.

It is not strange that the owl in modern times should be the victim of inherited aversion. As the perverse fowl has not so far profited by criticism as to change its nature or habits, the same causes which occasioned its classical ill-repute help to perpetuate it. A bird that shuns the honest light of day and disturbs drowsy rustics by hooting and screeching at night, that haunts ruined and deserted places, prowls round church-yards, and hides in hollow trees, must expect to be maligned. It is natural, therefore, to find traces of this superstitious dread in the works of modern poets and prose writers. Chaucer speaks of the owl as bringing the bode of death. Spenser, too, gives it the same ghastly character:—

"The rueful Stritch still waiting on the beere,
The whistler shrill, that whose heares doth die;"

and again:—

"The ill-faced owle, death's dreadful messenger."

Marston, in enumerating the gloomy creatures that prowl about at dead of night, associates screeching owls with "meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts," and in Reed's *Old Plays* it is said that the croaking of screech-owls upon the chimney-tops is certain to be followed by hearing of a corpse. There was a prevalent popular superstition in England, in the olden time, that if a screech-owl flapped its wings

or screeched near the windows of a sick person's chamber one of the family would soon die; and in a paper in the *Spectator* in which the belief in omens is keenly satirized, it is observed that a screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers.

Shakespeare largely availed himself of the sinister reputation of the bird of doom. "The ominous and fearful owl of death," as he has graphically characterized it, is associated with goblins and elvish sprites, and King Henry VI. mentions the shriek of the owl at the birth of Gloster among the portents of his infamous career. And when Lady Macbeth is waiting in suspense for tidings of the murder of Duncan by her husband,

"It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night."

The phrase in *Hamlet*, "They say the owl was a baker's daughter," probably had reference to the story still common among the peasantry in Gloucestershire, of a baker's daughter being transformed into this bird by our Saviour, as a punishment for reducing to a very small size the large piece of dough which her mother had agreed to bake for him. The dough, however, swelled in the oven to enormous proportions, to the great astonishment of the baker's daughter, who cried out "Heugh, heugh, heugh." This owl-like noise suggested her transformation into that bird. The story is told to deter children from illiberal treatment of the poor. It is evidently alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Nice Valour*, where the Passionate Lord says, after speaking of a nest of owls, "Happy is he whose window opens to a brown baker's chimney! he shall be sure there to hear the bird sometimes after twilight."¹ According to a legend prevalent in the north of England, Pharaoh's daughter was transformed into an owl, and when

¹ The prevalence of a belief in such a transformation by Christ is very curious, though the traditions vary somewhat in different countries. In Norway the story is told of a woman with a red hood, named Gertrud. As she flew up the kitchen chimney her body was blackened with soot, and thus she appears as the red-crested black wood-

pecker, which the Norwegians call Gertrud's bird. According to the North Germans a baker's man was the offender. He was turned into a cuckoo, whose dun-colored plumage, seemingly sprinkled with flour, recalls its origin.—Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, vols. ii. and iii. Compare Hazlitt's *English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*, p. 381.

this bird screams at night, children are told the strange story of its origin in the following distich:—

"Oh! — ô-ô-ô — ô-ô!"

I was once a king's daughter and sat on my father's
knee,
But now I'm a poor hoolet, and hide in a hollow
tree!"

Nuttall, the ornithologist, says he often heard this couplet when a child, in the old country.

In Sweden the owl is considered a bird of sorcery. Great caution is necessary in speaking of such birds to avoid being ensnared. It is dangerous to kill one of them, as its associates might avenge its death. Although the owl is worshiped at Hindoo festivals, it is generally regarded as a bird of ill omen. If one happens to perch on the house of a native, it is a sign that one of his household will die, or some other misfortune befall him within a year. This can be averted only by giving the house or its value in money to the Brahmins, or making extraordinary peace-offerings to the gods. The oblations to Vishnu and other deities are followed by an entertainment of clarified butter and rice milk to the Brahmins, who after receiving the sacrificial fees will give a benediction to their deluded followers. Among some of the North American tribes it is customary for an Indian to whistle when he hears the cry of a peculiar kind of owl. If the bird does not answer him he expects to die speedily. On account of the superstition, this owl, which inhabits both Europe and North America, is called the Bird of Death.¹

There is a strange fascination in the appearance of the owl at midnight in the stillness of the woods, as he wings his spectral flight and utters his moan of lamentation, and it is not surprising that his nocturnal habits and unearthly shriek should make him an object of dread to the ignorant and credulous. But the intelligent observer detects a harmony between this ghostly visitor and the scenes amid which he sounds his sombre notes. The moping owl in

his ivy-mantled tower is in unison with the solemn pathos of Gray's *Elegy*, and the cry of the boding owl had a plaintive charm to the sensitive ear of Cowper. The naturalist also appreciates the qualities which have been recognized by the poet, and the owl no where appears to better advantage than in the pictured pages of Audubon, who calls him the *Sancho Panza* of the woods. Indeed, we could not well spare the owl either in literature or life, in the domain of soaring fancy or of groveling fact. He is the fitting embodiment of that supernatural influence which lends such a shadowy charm to bygone days, innocent alike of scientific knowledge and scientific skepticism.

Crows and ravens have generally been regarded by superstitious people as birds of ill omen. Their croaking garrulity was believed by the ancients to portend calamity, and the belief still lingers among the moderns. Pliny observes that the crow is most inauspicious at the time of incubation, just after the summer solstice. Ravens, he tells us, are the only birds that seem to understand the meaning of their auspices, for when the guests of Medus were assassinated, the ravens all took their departure from Attica and the Peloponnesus. He adds that they are of the very worst omen when they swallow their voice, as if they were being choked. It was supposed that these birds uttered their shrill, discordant cry as a note of warning to persons about to die, and Alexander the Great is said to have been thus admonished that his end was near. "He that employed a raven to be the feeder of Elias," says an old writer, "may employ the same bird as a messenger of death to others." Appian and other authors have made special mention of the crows which were believed to have foreboded the death of Cicero. As the great Roman orator lay sleeping in his Formian villa after his temporary escape from his pursuers, large numbers of these birds are said to have fluttered and screamed about the windows, as if to warn him of his approaching fate. One of them, after entering his chamber,

¹ Otherwise known as *Tengmalm's Owl*.

pulled away the bedclothes from solicitude for his safety, till his faithful slaves, frightened by the omens, roused him from his slumbers and carried him away in the litter in which he was soon after assassinated.

This story affords a good illustration of the ancient belief in the prophetic powers of the raven which caused it to be sacred to Apollo. Virgil, who had the good sense to regard the actions of these birds as the result of natural, rather than supernatural causes, refers in the *Georgics* to the joyful notes of the raven after a storm as indicative of fair weather, and mentions the dismal croak of the impudent crow stalking solitarily on the dry sand, as a sign of approaching rain. If a raven appeared on the left of a person the omen was particularly bad —

"*Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice cornix.*"

The evil reputé attached to these birds in ancient times has lingered for centuries among the moderns. Abundant evidence of it is found in English literature. Spenser speaks of

"The hoarse night raven, trompe of doleful dreere."

Marston associates the screeching crow, "fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls," with gaping graves and the most dismal voices of the night. In the *Barons' Wars*, Drayton mentions the baleful notes of the ominous raven as begetting strange, imaginary fears, and telling through his hoarse beak of following horror. The prevalence of this superstition is thus referred to in Butler's *Hudibras*: —

"Is it not om'nous in all countries
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?"

It is natural that there should be many illustrations of this belief in the pages of Shakespeare, who turns to good account the weird fancies of all ages in his inimitable creations. Hoarse, hateful, fatal, wolfish, bellowing, are the epithets which he applies to the raven, and the crow does not fare much better, being stigmatized as ribald and knavish. The reputation of the raven as a prophet of disaster is illustrated in two memorable instances. Thus, when Lady

Macbeth is plotting the murder of the king, she seeks to have his doom foreboded by the voice of the ill-omened bird: —

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

And when Othello is reminded by Iago, to rouse his jealousy, of Desdemona's missing handkerchief, he exclaims in the agony of his grief, —

"Oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all."

It is difficult for us to realize the impressiveness which these illustrations must have had in the olden time, when the raven, instead of being the plaything of fancy, was an object of dread as a veritable doom-bird. This popular conception of the *corvus* family, which existed in full force long after Shakespeare's day, is still prevalent in the Old World. Bishop Hall, in enumerating the omens that terrified the superstitious man in the early part of the seventeenth century, says that "if he heare but a raven croke from the next rooffe he makes his will." At a later day Ramesey remarked in his *Elmhinthologia*: "If a crow fly but over the house and croak thrice, how do they fear they, or some one else in the family, shall die!" Home, in his *Dæmonologie* in 1650, mentions the flying and croaking of ravens over a house as the dreaded portent of death. In the following century we find the gloomy superstition still strong in the minds of the vulgar. It is quaintly said in the *Secret Memoirs of Duncan Campbell*, that "Some will defer going abroad, though called by business of the greatest consequence, if, happening to look out of the window, they see a single crow." The poet Gay, in his amusing fable of *The Farmer's Wife and the Raven*, makes the former mention among the omens which caused her grief, —

"That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)"

It may surprise some people to learn that dread of the croaking raven still exists in many parts of Great Britain. Collectors of folk lore narrate many

curious instances of it in recent days. In his entertaining work on *Romances and Drolls of the West of England*, London, 1865, second series, Mr. Hunt relates an anecdote told to him by "a really intelligent man," which illustrates this feeling. The family of this person were annoyed by the croaking of a raven over their house, some of them believing it to be a death-token, while others ridiculed the idea. By the advice of a good lady who lived next door, they noted the day and hour of the occurrence, and five months afterward they received a black-edged letter from Australia announcing the death of one of the members of the family in that country. On comparing the dates of the death and the raven's croak, they were found to have occurred on the same day. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, May 21, 1853, relates an incident showing the power of this superstition over bodily as well as mental health. At a meeting of the guardians of the poor of a parish in Cornwall, which took place a short time previous, an application was made by the relieving officer on behalf of a single woman residing in the church village at Altarnum. "The cause of seeking relief was stated to be 'grief,' and on asking for an explanation, the officer said that the applicant's inability to work was owing to depressed spirits produced by the flight of a croaking raven over her dwelling on the morning of her visit to the village. The pauper was by this circumstance, in connection with its well-known ominous character, actually frightened into a state of wretched nervous depression, which induced physical want."

Nowhere is superstition more rife than in the north of Europe, and there the raven is invested with more ghastly qualities than in sunnier climes. In Sweden the ravens that scream by night in forest-swamps and wild moors are said to be the ghosts of murdered men concealed there by their undetected murderers, and denied Christian burial. By the peasantry of Denmark the night-raven is considered an exorcised spirit. There is a hole in its left wing, caused

by the stake driven into the earth where a spirit has been exorcised. It is dangerous to look up when it is flying overhead, for whoever sees through the hole in its wing will be transformed into a night-raven, and the bird will be released from its weary flight. Its course is ever towards the East, in order to reach the Holy Sepulchre, where it will obtain rest. In the Danish isles the appearance of a raven in a village is a sign that the parish priest will soon die.

Though the raven and the owl are mentioned together in Scripture as typical of desolation, yet the former, as the first messenger sent from the Ark, and the feeder of Elijah in the wilderness, is a more pleasing object than the owl of the desert, the companion of dragons, and the representative of mourning and lamentation. The figure of the raven which darkened the banners of the Danes and Saxons may be seen also among the Norman ensigns in the Bayeux tapestry, and with the Scandinavians it was the usual symbol of slaughter.

Magpies, or magot-pies, as they were originally called, have generally been considered birds of ill omen. In Sweden they are believed to be under the special protection of the powers of darkness. When the witches go on Walpurgis night to their scenes of elfish revelry in the Blakulle, they take the form of magpies. The baldness round the necks of these birds at the close of summer, their moulting season, is supposed by the superstitious country-people to be caused by the yoke of the Evil One, which they have worn in the Blakulle while helping him to gather in his hay.

The dread of the magpie as ominous of death, which can be traced back to the olden time, still lingers in many parts of England and Scotland. Allusions to it may be found in Shakespeare, who associates the dismal discords of the "chattering pies" with those baleful sights and sounds that attended the birth of Richard III. At the beginning of this century it was truthfully said that many an old woman would more willingly see the devil, who

bodes no more ill-luck than he brings, than a magpie perching in a neighboring tree; and at this late day, the boasted light of our civilization has not wholly dispelled this gloomy superstition. Henderson, in his entertaining work on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England, etc., describes his astonishment, while driving an old lady in her pony carriage in his boyhood, to see her snatch the reins out of his hands and suddenly bring the pony to a stand. The object which had excited her alarm was a magpie crossing the road, upon which she was gazing with intense interest. After a short pause she exclaimed, with a sigh, "Oh, the nasty bird! Turn back, turn back!" And back they went, the old lady repeating to him on the way home the following lines illustrating the superstition:—

"One is sorrow, two mirth,
Three a wedding, four a birth,
Five heaven, six hell,
Seven the devil's ain sel'."

The first couplet, with some variations, is prevalent in Great Britain. The evil omen conveyed by this bird is generally limited to its appearance singly, and the superstitious dread of it is not confined to the poor and ignorant. A county magistrate and landowner in Yorkshire in 1825, while riding to York to deposit his rents in a bank, turned back on seeing a magpie fly across his path, and the failure of the bank on the following day was supposed to have been foreboded by the appearance of the bird.

Communications in *Notes and Queries* as late as 1866 show that men and women of excellent education and position, chiefly of the old school, are in the habit of making certain signs whenever they see a magpie, to avert the evil consequences which they believe will otherwise ensue, and these statements are confirmed by recent works on English folk lore. The modes of dispelling the charm are various. Some persons content themselves with bowing and raising the hat, while others, more devout, make the sign of the cross on their breasts, in the air, or on the ground. The custom of crossing the

thumbs for this purpose is said to be confined to Yorkshire. One elderly gentleman there not only crosses his thumbs, but to make assurance doubly sure, spits over them. In this he follows a time-honored usage, for spitting as a charm against evil was practiced by the most cultivated nations of antiquity. It is adverted to by classic poets, philosophers, and satirists, and was condemned by some of the Christian fathers. Spitting, being a sign of contempt or aversion, was a defiance of the omen.

The reason given by a servant in the north of England to her master, a clergyman, for the evil reputation of the magpie, certainly justified her ill opinion, though it may not be equally convincing to Biblical scholars. She said "it was the only bird which did not go into the ark with Noah; it liked better to sit outside, jabbering over the drowned world." The thieving propensities of the magpie are well known. Time has not cured him, or his cousin, the jackdaw, of the habit of stealing gold and silver, which excited the wonder of Pliny and furnished such felicitous illustrations to Ovid and Cicero, to say nothing of modern authors. The superstitious belief that the treasures purloined by the magpie are, when found, perilous as witches' money, may afford some consolation to the owner of such property.

Crowing hens are birds of ill omen. According to a Northamptonshire proverb,

"A whistling woman and crowing hen
Are fit for neither God nor men."

Similar proverbs are current in Normandy and Cornwall. All along the border between England and Scotland a crowing hen is regarded as a portent of death. A few years ago an old woman in the parish of East Kilbride heard one of her hens crow near the house. She mentioned the circumstance to a neighbor, saying that no good would come of it. Not long afterwards her husband died. A month passed by, and once more she heard the

fatal sound, which was followed in a few days by tidings of the death of her only son. A week later the hen crowed again, and the eldest daughter died. The old woman could stand this no longer. In her desperation she seized the unlucky fowl, wrung its neck, and threw it into the fire. Wiser people have burned men and women with less show of reason. The following question was proposed many years ago by a writer in *The British Apollo*:—

"When my hens do crow,
Tell me if it be ominous or no?"

This was answered by another contributor whose reason is better than his rhyme:—

"With crowing of your hens we will not twit ye,
Since here they every day crow in the city;
Thence thought no omen."

Besides the above-mentioned birds, which have generally been regarded as ominous of evil, there are others that on particular occasions or in certain places are of ill fame. Thus, in England it is thought to be an unlucky sign to have no money in one's pocket on hearing the cuckoo for the first time in a season. This bird is also considered of evil omen under similar circumstances by the Danes, and in Sweden it shares with the owl and the magpie the reputation of being a bird of sorcery. The swallow, which in classic times was of repute in auguries, is in some countries considered a messenger of life, in others the herald of death. In Ireland the vulgar call it the devil's bird, and believe there is a certain hair on every person's head which, if pecked off by a swallow, dooms the victim to eternal perdition. But in Scotland the pretty little yellow-hammer is dreaded as the devil's bird.

Doves in the possession of persons about to be married are supposed to bring bad luck, and they have sometimes been got rid of for this reason. If pigeons come into a house misfortunes are sure to follow. Their settling on a table forebodes sickness, and on a bed, death. When rooks desert a rookery the downfall of the family owning the estate is thereby portended, and if these

birds haunt a town or village, mortality awaits its inhabitants. Such are the superstitions still current in the British Islands. The peculiar cry of bean-geese, on their flight southward from Scotland and Scandinavia, bears a singular resemblance to the yelping of beagles, and this is the origin of the superstitious belief in the spectral pack known as the Gabriel hounds. As these wild fowl select dark nights for their migration, it is not surprising that their strange unearthly cries should be considered ominous of approaching death. Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets, has connected this belief with the German legend of the Wild Huntsman who is doomed to chase the flying deer forever on aerial grounds. In some parts of Germany and Scotland the souls of unbaptized children are supposed to accompany the spectral pack as they sweep across the wintry sky. The wide-spread belief that unchristened babies have no rest after death, but are forced to wander in the air till the judgment-day, is thus blended with another equally curious.

There is a prevalent superstition that when birds fly round a house and rest on the window-sill, or tap against the pane, death is sure to follow. A pure white pigeon was thus believed to forebode calamity by a pious lady in Yorkshire, who, when her minister soon after fell dead in the pulpit, recalled the ominous occurrence. If there is sickness in a house the portent is peculiarly alarming. The crowing of a cock at night has caused superstitious servants to leave a family. Even the robin, which all over Christendom is regarded with affection and reverence, is in Scotland and some parts of England thought to be a prophet of death to the sick person who hears its song. Mr. S. Baring Gould thus refers to the belief among the boys at St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint, that when a death takes place a robin will enter the chapel, light upon the altar, and begin to sing: "Singularly enough, I saw this happen myself on one occasion. I happened to be in the chapel one evening at six

o'clock, when a robin entered at the open circular east window in the temporary apse, and lighting on the altar began to chirp. A few minutes later the passing bell began to toll for a boy who had just died." In one of the Familiar Letters of old James Howell there is a quaint description of a tombstone which he saw in a stone-cutter's shop in Fleet Street, in memory of four members of a family named Oxenham. The inscription stated that a bird with a white breast appeared to each of the deceased at the hour of death. The fact was attested by several witnesses whose names were engraved upon the stone, and Howell himself expresses his belief in it. A similar circumstance is mentioned in the memoirs of Lady Fanshawe. Two robin-redbreasts, as we learn from his biographer, appeared in midsummer in the sick chamber of Bishop Doyle, where they fluttered about, sometimes perching on his bed, until death released him. Among the occurrences which are said to have warned Thomas, Lord Lyttelton, of his approaching end, the appearance of a bird is one of the best authenticated.

It is easy for us to smile at the superstitions that have filled so many hearts with awe, and fancy loves to linger over the associations on which terror used to brood. But the old fear still haunts some natures, and cannot be driven out by science or charmed away by philosophy. To us the boding owl, the croaking raven, the solitary magpie, and the crowing hen, though no longer objects of dread, are more interesting because of the weird memories which they recall. In a prosaic age we cannot afford to let these traditions pass away. They lift us above the earthy level into the dreamland of sentiment and romance. Without them we lose the meaning of many facts and fancies of the olden time, and diminish our stock of pleasurable associations.

These beliefs, moreover, are symbolized and authenticated by our daily experience. Birds of ill omen abound in human society. There are men and

women to whom we feel an instinctive aversion, based upon an intuitive perception of their evil influence; croakers, worse than the maligned raven, who delight to peck at the weaknesses of men, but do not appreciate their better qualities; purblind owls, that can only blink in the sunshine of honesty, but hoot as they fly about at midnight, disturbing the peace of society; gossiping magpies, who carry scandal on their baleful wings, and forebode domestic discomfort and unhappiness. Nor will truth allow us to omit the crowing hens, the viragoes of social life, Xantippes upon whom even Socratic wisdom is thrown away. Though their dusky hues set off the bright plumage of their cheerful sisters, yet they cast a shadow which no sunshine can dispel. Then there is the numerous family of bores, that flap their leaden wings through every open door. The game laws of society forbid their destruction. The satirist cannot penetrate their toughened cuticle, and the morbid anatomist dulls his scalpel on their indurated sensibilities.

But there are more detestable creatures still. We need not read Tennyson to learn that the carrion vulture waits for the warbler at the gates of fame; that genius and worth are the congenial quarry of the rapacious hunters of men. They gnaw at the vitals of the new Prometheus, and strive to rend the reputations which are their perpetual reproach. Nor can such ghoulish creatures justify themselves by the example of the feathered biped. The bird of prey only follows the promptings of his nature, which he is powerless to change. He is not to blame because he has an instinct for garbage, and loves darkness better than light. But a reasonable creature has no such excuse. Being free to choose between good and evil, he is justly held responsible for the results of his choice. If he is so far perverted as to find enjoyment in the misfortunes of his fellows, if by his dark and crooked ways he becomes an object of dread to honest men and women, he must expect to be stigmatized as a bird of ill omen.

Alexander Young.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

IV.

OF THE TIME WHEN MONEY WAS
"EASY."

It seems a remarkable fact that during the late Congressional travail with the currency question, no one of the people in or out of Congress, who were concerned lest there should not be enough money in the country to "move the crops," ever took upon himself the pleasing task of rehearsing the late Confederacy's financial story, for the purpose of showing by example how simple and easy a thing it is to create wealth out of nothing by magic revolutions of the printing-press, and to make rich, by act of Congress, everybody not too lazy to gather free dollars into a pile. The story has all the flavor of the Princess Scheherezade's romances, with the additional merit of being historically true. For once a whole people was rich. Money was "easy" enough to satisfy everybody, and everybody had it in unstinted measure. This money was not, it is true, of a quality to please the believers in a gold or other arbitrary standard of value, but that is a matter of little consequence, now that senators and representatives of high repute have shown that the best currency possible is that which exists only by the will of the government, and the volume of which is regulated by the cravings of the people alone. That so apt an illustration of the financial views of the majority in Congress should have been wholly neglected during last winter's discussions, seems therefore unaccountable.

The financial system adopted by the Confederate government was singularly simple and free from technicalities. It consisted chiefly in the issue of treasury notes enough to meet all the expenses of the government, and in the present advanced state of the art of printing there was but one difficulty incident to this

process; namely, the impossibility of having the notes signed in the Treasury Department, as fast as they were needed. There happened, however, to be several thousand young ladies in Richmond willing to accept light and remunerative employment at their homes, and as it was really a matter of small moment whose name the notes bore, they were given out in sheets to these young ladies, who signed and returned them, for a consideration. I shall not undertake to guess how many Confederate treasury notes were issued. Indeed, I am credibly informed by a gentleman who was high in office in the Treasury Department, that even the secretary himself did not certainly know. The acts of Congress authorizing issues of currency were the hastily formulated thought of a not very wise body of men, and my informant tells me they were frequently susceptible of widely different construction by different officials. However that may be, it was clearly out of the power of the government ever to redeem the notes, and whatever may have been the state of affairs within the treasury, nobody outside its precincts ever cared to muddle his head in an attempt to get at exact figures.

We knew only that money was astonishingly abundant. Provisions fell short sometimes, and the supply of clothing was not always as large as we should have liked, but nobody found it difficult to get money enough. It was to be had almost for the asking. And to some extent the abundance of the currency really seemed to atone for its extreme badness. Going the rounds of the pickets on the coast of South Carolina, one day, in 1863, I heard a conversation between a Confederate and a Union soldier, stationed on opposite sides of a little inlet, in the course of which this point was brought out.

Union Soldier. Are n't times rather hard over there, Johnny?

Confederate Soldier. Not at all. We've all the necessities of life.

U. S. Yes; but how about luxuries? You never see any coffee nowadays, do you?

C. S. Plenty of it.

U. S. Isn't it pretty high?

C. S. Forty dollars a pound, that's all.

U. S. Whew! Don't you call that high?

C. S. (after reflecting). Well, perhaps it is a trifle uppish, but then you never saw money as plentiful as it is with us. We hardly know what to do with it, and don't mind paying high prices for things we want.

And that was the universal feeling. Money was so easily got, and its value was so utterly uncertain, that we were never able to determine what was a fair price for anything. We fell into the habit of paying whatever was asked, knowing that to-morrow we should have to pay more. Speculation became the easiest and surest thing imaginable. The speculator saw no risks of loss. Every article of merchandise rose in value every day, and to buy anything this week and sell it next was to make an enormous profit quite as a matter of course. So uncertain were prices, or rather so constantly did they tend upward, that when a cargo of cadet gray cloths was brought into Charleston once, an officer in my battery, attending the sale, was able to secure enough of the cloth to make two suits of clothes, without any expense whatever, merely by speculating upon an immediate advance. He became the purchaser, at auction, of a case of the goods, and had no difficulty, as soon as the sale was over, in finding a merchant who was glad to take his bargain off his hands, giving him the cloth he wanted as a premium. The officer could not possibly have paid for the case of goods, but there was nothing surer than that he could sell again at an advance the moment the auctioneer's hammer fell on the last lot of cloths.

Naturally enough, speculation soon fell into very bad repute, and the epi-

thet "speculator" came to be considered the most opprobrious in the whole vocabulary of invectives. The feeling was universal that the speculators were fattening upon the necessities of the country and the sufferings of the people. Nearly all mercantile business was regarded at least with suspicion, and much of it fell into the hands of people with no reputations to lose, a fact which certainly did not tend to relieve the community in the matter of high prices.

The prices which obtained were almost fabulous, and singularly enough there seemed to be no sort of ratio existing between the values of different articles. I bought coffee at forty dollars and tea at thirty dollars a pound on the same day.

My dinner at a hotel cost me twenty dollars, while five dollars gained me a seat in the dress circle of the theatre. I paid one dollar the next morning for a copy of the Examiner, but I might have got the Whig, Dispatch, Enquirer, or Sentinel, for half that sum. For some wretched tallow candles I paid ten dollars a pound. The utter absence of proportion between these several prices is apparent, and I know of no way of explaining it except upon the theory that the unstable character of the money had superinduced a reckless disregard of all value on the part of both buyers and sellers. A facetious friend used to say prices were so high that nobody could see them, and that they "got mixed for want of supervision." He held, however, that the difference between the old and the new order of things was a trifling one. "Before the war," he said, "I went to market with the money in my pocket, and brought back my purchases in a basket; now I take the money in the basket, and bring the things home in my pocket."

As I was returning to my home after the surrender at Appomattox Court House, a party of us stopped at the residence of a planter for supper, and as the country was full of marauders and horse thieves, deserters from both armies, bent upon indiscriminate plunder, our host set a little black boy to watch

our horses while we ate, with instructions to give the alarm if anybody should approach. After supper we dealt liberally with little Sam. Silver and gold we had none, of course, but Confederate money was ours in great abundance, and we bestowed the crisp notes upon the guardian of our horses, to the extent of several hundreds of dollars. A richer person than that little negro I have never seen. Money, even at par, never carried more of happiness with it than did these promises of a dead government to pay. We frankly told Sam that he could buy nothing with the notes, but the information brought no sadness to his simple heart.

"I don' want to buy nothin', master," he replied. "I's gwine to keep dis *always*."

I fancy his regard for the worthless paper, merely because it was called money, was closely akin to the feeling which had made it circulate among better-informed people than he. Everybody knew, long before the surrender, that these notes never could be redeemed. Very few of us hoped, during the last two years of the war, that the "ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States," on which the payment was conditioned, would ever come. We knew the paper was worthless, and yet it continued to circulate. It professed to be money, and on the strength of that profession people continued to take it in payment for goods. The amount of it for which the owner of any article would part with his possession was always uncertain. Prices were regulated largely by accident, and were therefore wholly incongruous.

But the disproportion between the prices of different articles was not greater than that between the cost of goods imported through the blockade and their selling price. The usual custom of blockade-running firms was to build or buy a steamer in Europe, bring it to Nassau in ballast, and load it there with assorted merchandise. Selling this cargo in Charleston or Wilmington for

Confederate money, they would buy cotton with which to reload the ship for her outward voyage. The owner of many of these ships once told me that if a vessel which had brought in one cargo were lost with a load of cotton on her outward voyage, the owner would lose nothing, the profits on the merchandise being fully equal to the entire value of ship and cotton. If he could get one cargo of merchandise in, and one of cotton out, the loss of the ship with a second cargo of merchandise would still leave him a clear profit of more than a hundred per cent. upon his investment. And this was due solely to the abnormal state of prices in the country, and not at all to the management of the blockade-runners. They sold their cargoes at auction, and bought cotton in the open market.

Their merchandise brought fabulous prices, while cotton, for want of a market, remained disproportionately low. That the merchants engaged in this trade were in no way the authors of the state of prices may be seen from two facts. First, if I am correctly informed, they uniformly gave the government an opportunity to take such articles as it had need of, and especially all the quinine imported, at the price fixed in Richmond, without regard to the fact that speculators would pay greatly more for the goods. In one case within my own knowledge a heavy invoice of quinine was sold to the government for eleven hundred dollars an ounce, when a speculator stood ready to take it at double that price. Secondly, the cargo sales were peremptory, and speculators sometimes combined and bought a cargo considerably below the market price, by appearing at the sale in such numbers as to exclude all other bidders. In one case, I remember, the general commanding at Charleston annulled a cargo sale on this account, and sent some of the speculators to jail for the purpose of giving other people an opportunity to purchase needed goods at prices very much higher than those forced upon the sellers by the combination at the first sale.

In the winter of 1863-64 Congress

became aware of the fact that prices were higher than they should be under a sound currency. If Congress suspected this at any earlier date, there is nothing in the proceedings of that body to indicate it. Now, however, the newspapers were calling attention to an uncommonly ugly phase of the matter, and reminding Congress that what the government bought with a currency depreciated to less than one per cent. of its face, the government must some day pay for in gold at par. The lawgivers took the alarm and sat themselves down to devise a remedy for the evil condition of affairs. With that infantile simplicity which characterized nearly all the doings and quite all the financial legislation of the Richmond Congress, it was decided that the very best way to enhance the value of the currency was to depreciate it still further by a declaratory statute, and then to issue a good deal more of it. The act set a day, after which the currency already in circulation should be worth only two thirds of its face, at which rate it was made convertible into notes of the new issue, which some, at least, of the members of Congress were innocent enough to believe would be worth very nearly their par value. This measure was intended, of course, to compel the funding of the currency, and it had that effect to some extent, without doubt. Much of the old currency remained in circulation, however, even after the new notes were issued. For a time people calculated the discount, in passing and receiving the old paper, but as the new notes showed an undiminished tendency to still further depreciation, there were people, not a few, who spared themselves the trouble of making the distinction.

I am sometimes asked at what time prices attained their highest point in the Confederacy, and I find that memory fails to answer the question satisfactorily. They were about as high as they could be in the fall of 1863, and I should be disposed to fix upon that as the time when the climax was reached, but for my consciousness that the law of

constant appreciation was a fixed one throughout the war. The financial condition got steadily worse to the end. I believe the highest price, relatively, I ever saw paid, was for a pair of boots. A cavalry officer, entering a little country store, found there *one pair of boots* which fitted him. He inquired the price. "Two hundred dollars," said the merchant. A five hundred dollar bill was offered, but the merchant, having no smaller bills, could not change it. "Never mind," said the cavalier, "I'll take the boots anyhow. Keep the change; I never let a little matter of three hundred dollars stand in the way of a trade."

That was on the day before Lee's surrender, but it would not have been an impossible occurrence at any time during the preceding year. The money was of so little value that we parted with it gladly whenever it would purchase anything at all desirable. I cheerfully paid five dollars for a little salt, at Petersburg, in August, 1864, and being thirsty drank my last two dollars in a half-pint of cider.

The government's course in levying a tax in kind, as the only possible way of making the taxation amount to anything, led speedily to the adoption of a similar plan, as far as possible, by the people. A physician would order from his planter friend ten or twenty visits' worth of corn, and the transaction was a perfectly intelligible one to both. The visits would be counted at ante-war rates, and the corn estimated by the same standard. In the early spring of 1865 I wanted a horse, and a friend having one to spare, I sent for the animal, offering to pay whatever the owner should ask for it. He could not fix a price, having literally no standard of value to which he could appeal, but he sent me the horse, writing, in reply to my note, —

"Take the horse, and when the war shall be over, if we are both alive and you are able, give me as good a one in return. Don't send any note or due-bill. It might complicate matters if either should die."

A few months later, I paid my debt by returning the very horse I had bought. I give this incident merely to show how utterly without financial compass or rudder we were.

How did people manage to live during such a time? I am often asked; and as I look back at the history of those years, I can hardly persuade myself that the problem was solved at all. A large part of the people, however, was in the army, and drew rations from the government. During the early years of the war, officers were not given rations, but were allowed to buy provisions from the commissaries at government prices. Subsequently, however, when provisions became so scarce that it was necessary to limit the amount consumed by officers as well as that eaten by the men, the purchase system was abolished, and the whole army was fed upon daily rations. The country people raised upon their plantations all the necessaries of life, and were generally allowed to keep enough of them to live on, the remainder being taken by the subsistence officers for army use. The problem of a salt supply, on which depended the production of meat, was solved in part by the establishment of small salt factories along the coast, and in part by Governor Letcher's vigorous management of the works in southwestern Virginia, and his wise distribution of the product along the various lines of railroad.

In the cities, living was not by any means so easy as in the country. Business was paralyzed, and abundant as money was, it seems almost incredible that city people got enough of it to live on. Very many of them were employed, however, in various capacities, in the arsenals, departments, bureaus, etc., and these were allowed to buy rations at fixed rates, after the post-office clerks in Richmond had brought matters to a crisis by resigning their clerkships to go into the army, because they could not support life on their salaries of nine thousand dollars a year. For the rest, if people had anything to sell, they got enormous prices for it, and could

live a while on the proceeds. Above all, a kindly, helpful spirit was developed by the common suffering, and this, without doubt, kept many thousands of people from starvation. Those who had anything shared it freely with those who had nothing. There was no selfish looking forward, and no hoarding for the time to come. During those terrible last years, the future had nothing of pleasantness in its face, and people learned not to think of it at all. To get through to-day was the only care. Nobody formed any plans or laid by any money for to-morrow or next week or next year, and indeed to most of us there really seemed to be no future. I remember the start it gave me when a clergyman, visiting camp, asked a number of us whether our long stay in defensive works did not afford us an excellent opportunity to study with a view to our professional life after the war. We were not used to think of ourselves as possible survivors of a struggle which was every day perceptibly thinning our ranks. The coming of ultimate failure we saw clearly enough, but the future beyond was a blank. The subject was naturally not a pleasant one, and by common consent it was always avoided in conversation, until at last we learned to avoid it in thought as well. We waited gloomily for the end, but did not care particularly to speculate upon the question when and how the end was to come. There was a vague longing for rest, which found vent now and then in wild newspaper stories of signs and omens portending the close of the war, but beyond this the matter was hardly ever discussed. We had early forbidden ourselves to think of any end to the struggle except a successful one, and that being now an impossibility, we avoided the subject altogether. The newspaper stories to which reference is made above were of the wildest and absurdest sort. One Richmond paper issued an extra, in which it was gravely stated that there was a spring near Fredericksburg which had ceased to flow thirty days before the surrender of the British at Yorktown, thirty days be-

fore the termination of the war of 1812, and thirty days before the Mexican war ended; and that "this singularly prophetic fountain has now again ceased to pour forth its waters." At another time a hen near Lynchburg laid an egg, the newspapers said, on which were traced, in occult letters, the words, "peace in ninety days."

Will the reader believe that with gold at a hundred and twenty-five for one, or twelve thousand four hundred per cent. premium: when every day made the hopelessness of the struggle more apparent; when our last man was in the field; when the resources of the country were visibly at an end, there were financial theorists who honestly believed that by a mere trick of legislation the currency could be brought back to par? I heard some of these people explain their plan during a two days' stay in Richmond. Gold, they said, is an inconvenient currency always, and nobody wants it, except as a basis. The government has some gold, — several millions in fact, — and if Congress will only be bold enough to declare the treasury notes redeemable at par in coin, we shall have no further difficulty with our finances. So long as notes are redeemable in gold at the option of the holder, nobody wants them redeemed. Let the government say to the people, We will redeem the currency whenever you wish, and nobody except a few timid and unpatriotic people will care to change their convenient for an inconvenient money. The gold which the government holds will suffice to satisfy these timid ones, and there will be an end of high prices and depreciated currency. The government can then issue as much more currency as circumstances may make necessary, and strong in our confidence in ourselves we shall be the richest people on earth; we shall have *created* the untold wealth which our currency represents. I am not jesting. This is, as nearly as I can repeat it, the utterance of a member of the Confederate Congress made in my presence in a private parlor. If the reader thinks the man was insane, I beg him to look over the reports of the de-

bates on financial matters which were held in Washington last winter.

The effects of the extreme depreciation of the currency were sometimes almost ludicrous. One of my friends, a Richmond lady, narrowly escaped very serious trouble in an effort to practice a wise economy. Anything for which the dealers did not ask an outrageously high price seemed wonderfully cheap always, and she, at least, lacked the self-control necessary to abstain from buying largely whenever she found anything the price of which was lower than she had supposed it would be. Going into market one morning with "stimulated ideas of prices," as she phrased it, the consequence of having paid a thousand dollars for a barrel of flour, she was surprised to find nearly everything selling for considerably less than she had expected. Thinking that for some unexplained cause there was a temporary depression in prices, she purchased pretty largely in a good many directions, buying, indeed, several things for which she had almost no use at all, and buying considerably more than she needed of other articles. As she was quitting the market on foot, — for it had become disreputable in Richmond to ride in a carriage, and the ladies would not do it on any account, — she was tapped on the shoulder by an officer who told her she was under arrest, for buying in market to sell again. As the lady was well known to prominent people she was speedily released, but she thereafter curbed her propensity to buy freely of cheap things. Buying to sell again had been forbidden under severe penalties, — an absolutely necessary measure for the protection of the people against the rapacity of the hucksters, who, going early into the markets, would buy literally everything there, and by agreement among themselves double or quadruple the already exorbitant rates. It became necessary also to suppress the gambling-houses in the interest of the half-starved people. At such a time, of course, gambling was a very common vice, and the gamblers made Richmond their head-quarters. It was the custom

of the proprietors of these establishments to set costly suppers in their parlors every night, for the purpose of attracting visitors likely to become victims. For these suppers they must have the best of everything without stint, and their lavish rivalry in the poorly stocked markets had the effect of advancing prices to a dangerous point. To suppress the gambling-houses was the sole remedy, and it was only by uncommonly severe measures that the suppression could be accomplished. It was therefore enacted that any one found guilty of keeping a gambling-house should be publicly whipped upon the bare back, and as the infliction of the penalty in one or two instances effectually and permanently broke up the business of gambling, even in the disorganized and demoralized state in which society then was, it may be said with confidence that whipping is the one certain remedy for this evil. Whether it be not, in ordinary cases, worse than the evil which it cures, it is not our business just now to inquire.

The one thing which we were left almost wholly without, during the war, was literature. Nobody thought of importing books through the blockade, to any adequate extent, and the facilities for publishing them, even if we had had authors to write them, were very poor indeed. A Mobile firm reprinted a few of the more popular books of the time, *Les Misérables*, *Great Expectations*, etc., and I have a pamphlet edition of Owen Meredith's *Tannhäuser*, bound in coarse wall-paper, for which I paid seven dollars, in Charleston. Singularly enough, I bought at the same time a set of Dickens's novels, of English make, well printed and bound in black cloth, for four dollars a volume, a discrepancy which I am wholly unable to explain. In looking through a file of the *Richmond Examiner* extending over most of the year 1864, I find but one book of any sort advertised, and the price of that, a duodecimo volume of only 72 pages, was five dollars, the publishers promising to send it by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

Towards the last, as I have already said, resort was had frequently to first principles, and bartering, or "payment in kind," as it was called, became common, especially in those cases in which it was necessary to announce prices in advance. To fix a price for the future in Confederate money when it was daily becoming more and more exaggeratedly worthless, would have been sheer folly; and so educational institutions, country boarding-houses, etc., advertised for patronage at certain prices, payment to be made in provisions at the rates prevailing in September, 1860. In the advertisement of Hampden Sidney College, in the *Examiner* for October 4, 1864, I find it stated that students may get board in private families at about eight dollars a month, payable in this way. The strong contrast between the prices of 1860 and those of 1864 is shown by a statement, in the same advertisement, that the students who may get board at eight dollars a month in provisions, can buy wood at twenty-five dollars a cord and get their washing done for seven dollars and fifty cents a dozen pieces.

This matter of prices was frequently made a subject for jesting in private, but for the most part it was carefully avoided in the newspapers. It was too ominous of evil to be a fit topic of editorial discussion on ordinary occasions. As with the accounts of battles in which our arms were not successful, necessary references to the condition of the finances were crowded into a corner, as far out of sight as possible. The *Examiner*, being a sort of newspaper *Ishmael*, did now and then bring the subject up, however, and on one occasion it denounced with some fierceness the charges prevailing in the schools; and I quote a passage from Prof. Sidney H. Owens's reply, which is interesting as a summary of the condition of things in the South at that time:—

"The charges made for tuition are about five or six times as high as in 1860. Now, sir, your shoemaker, carpenter, butcher, market man, etc., demand from twenty, to thirty, to forty times as much as in 1860. Will you

show me a civilian who is charging only six times the prices charged in 1860, except the teacher only? As to the amassing of fortunes by teachers, spoken of in your article, make your calculations, sir, and you will find that to be almost an absurdity, since they pay from twenty to forty prices for everything used, and are denounced exorbitant and unreasonable in demanding five or six prices for their own labor and skill."

There were compensations, however.

When gold was at twelve thousand per cent. premium with us, we had the consolation of knowing that it was in the neighborhood of one hundred above par in New York, and a Richmond paper of September 22, 1864, now before me, fairly chuckles over the high prices prevailing at the North, in a two-line paragraph which says, "Tar is selling in New York at two dollars a pound. It used to cost eighty cents a barrel." That paragraph doubtless made many a five-dollar beefsteak palatable.

George Cary Eggleston.

UP THE GRAND CANAL OF CHINA.

PASSAGES FROM A TRAVELER'S LETTER.

May 9, 1873.

SINCE I last wrote, I have been up the Yangtze-kiang as far as Hankow and back, and have seen a little of the canal life which forms such an important part of Chinese inland traffic, the canals doing here what railroads would in other countries. I hired a large boat with a cabin on it, of a Chinaman, having decided to go by this means through a series of canals to Soochow and thence by the Grand Canal to Chingkiang, one of the three open ports on the Yangtze. Just as I was ready to start, some kind friend told me that it was necessary to have a pass from the Tantai (governor) of Shanghai, as my proposed route took me far beyond "treaty limits." It was Saturday afternoon, and the Tantai's office was closed until ten o'clock Monday morning, so that I had the prospect of spending two more days in Shanghai, of which I had begun to get heartily tired, and moreover of missing the east, and consequently fine, wind that was blowing. But hearing that the Mandarins up country would not probably ask for my pass unless I got into trouble, and a friend offering me an old one of his own, I decided to start and sail under the name of J— B—, British

subject. The worst thing after all that could happen to me would be to be brought back under arrest.

After dinner on the evening of Saturday, April 5th, I went on board and we were soon under way, running up the Soochow creek before a strong breeze, with one reef in our sail. On board I found everything very comfortable, my bed on one of the two bunks in the cabin, and four days' provisions in the pantry. Our crew consisted of four men and a captain, and I had my own cook and boy with me. For the boat and crew and their expenses, I paid four dollars per day, which does not seem dear for a boat over forty feet long, with a cabin twelve feet by nine, and six feet high.

Next morning, on coming on deck I found we had made a capital run during the night, the fair wind still blowing, though not so strong. We continued all day gliding through a perfectly flat country, nearly the whole of it under cultivation,—mostly in wheat at this season, the rice crop being planted in the same fields after the wheat crop has been cut,—and looking very green; a few low hills only were to be seen in the distance. Here and there, for miles at

a time, the canal was faced with hewn stone, now all out of repair. At intervals were to be seen elaborately carved gateways in gray stone, or posts in the form of animals standing quite alone in the middle of a wheat field, being all that is now left of what were formerly fine Joss houses (temples) or Yamuns (official residences). We passed through a number of villages, built generally on both sides of the canal, which was spanned by picturesque one-arched bridges of stone, half overgrown with creepers. The houses were nearly all of gray brick, and with their gray tiled roofs, surrounding dirt, and ruins, hardly looked inviting. Many of the bridges had been destroyed, and half of the towns and villages were in ruins; this was the case through all the country as far as Ching-kiang. The devastation had been caused by the Taiping rebels.

To-day for the first time I saw the cormorant fishermen. They had little, narrow boats with outriggers on each side, where perched the cormorants, generally six or eight to a boat, while the fisherman sat in the stern and paddled his craft. There were more than a dozen of these boats, but none of the birds, to my regret, were fishing. Another odd feature of canal life is the duck boy, whom you occasionally meet in a small punt, armed with a long bamboo, on the end of which a piece of rag is tied, and with which he seems able to direct the movements of the large flocks of ducks under his charge. One flock literally filled the canal, and I counted over two hundred and fifty in it.

A little after noon we passed a large walled town built about a mile from the canal on which we were traveling. The walls of all the towns in this part of China are exactly alike, being built of gray stone, with a loop-holed parapet, reminding one of a stage fort. The Chinese seem to have had very little idea of the principles of fortification in shaping the walls round their cities, there being very few places where cannon can be planted, and then with but little effect. The inhabitants seem to depend upon the thickness and height of their

walls, and the ditch about them, rather than upon science, for protection.

At half past five we arrived at Too-chow the Famous, which, before the Taipings destroyed the greater portion of it, was the Paris of China, renowned all over the empire for its luxury and gayety, and the beauty of its women. But now it is merely a ruin of its former self. After stopping a little while and getting some fish, we pushed on through the town of boats that blocked up every canal for miles about the city gates. These are water gates with portcullises over the canals, through which the smaller boats can enter the town, and they are closed at seven, for the night.

I determined to skirt round the edge of the walls to the Grand Canal, which we reached after about two hours' struggling through the narrow streets of boats amidst a perfect bedlam of shouts and shrieks from infuriated boat-women, — infuriated at what I never could make out, but apparently at the world in general, and any unfortunate who happened to look at them, in particular. From time to time we met or passed Mandarin-boats, with gongs sounding and the captain in the bow shouting to every one to get out of his way, which nobody took any notice of, while the occupants' titles were displayed on large red sign-boards on each side, and on many flags; and restaurant boats with prettily carved wood-work about them, and parties of men and women inside, eating, smoking, chatting, and singing. As dusk came on, lights appeared at the windows of the many-storied tea-houses that seemed to overhang the canal, whilst a high-arched bridge far above our heads showed out clearly against the moonlit sky.

We finally got clear of the town and were fairly in the Grand Canal, though I should not have known it if I had not been told, as it looked exactly like those we had been passing through all day. About nine, I heard a great gong-beating and shouting, and on going on deck found these sounds came from a "Squeeze-house," as it is called out here — an institution peculiar to East-

ern countries, especially China. It is a sort of mixture of police station, toll-house, and *octroi*. No boat is allowed to pass without paying something, which goes into the pocket of the Mandarin in charge of the district; and these Squeeze-houses are on all the rivers, canals, and roads throughout the empire. Our friends on shore had a boom stretched across the river, but my boatman quietly pushed it under the boat and paid no attention to the guard's cries and blows on the gong, further than to tell him there was a foreigner on board. This did not satisfy him, but as he did not follow us in the little gun-boat stationed there, we were not disturbed. We had seen a great many gun-boats during the day, — two or three in every village we passed through, besides others cruising up and down the canals. I don't imagine they are of much use except for the moral effect they may have on the wicked. You will be surprised to hear, and it certainly sounds odd, that there are pirates on the Grand Canal; nevertheless it is true. These gun-boats are long, light, flat-bottomed boats with one mast and sail, drawing about twelve or fourteen inches of water, and armed with two cannon, one at the bow and one at the stern. Their crews consist of ten braves as the Chinese call them, but their bravery depends a great deal upon the number and quality of their foes. They dress in blue trimmed with red, and wear blue turbans; and their boats are in all the canals and rivers of China.

The next day was spent gliding along the Grand Canal, which I found a very narrow affair; and on diving overboard for a swim proved it anything but deep, for I ran my arms and face into the mud at the bottom. In fact, it is not more than three or four feet deep all the way from Soochow to Tenyan. Near this latter place we came to a jam of boats in the afternoon, and others closing in behind us we could neither get on nor go back.

It was very amusing, as I was in no particular hurry, and I spent the next day watching the attempts of the excit-

ed boat people to get their craft through the mass of boats that completely blocked up the canal. It was a wild confusion of pushing, pulling, and tugging men, and wildly shrieking and gesticulating women. Many of the smaller boats were pulled along the slippery banks clear of the water, and these were the only ones that managed to get on. If by chance one of them bumped against another boat, and even a bit of straw from the thatched roof was dislodged or broken, such a storm of abuse poured from the mouths of the women of the two colliding boats, as never was heard before. The night before we had unavoidably bumped against another boat and broken a bit of wood off its cabin. The first thing I knew of it was a tremendous altercation between the respective boatmen, and seeing our chain and anchor forcibly taken possession of by the crew of the other boat, who deposited them on board of their craft, and refused to give them up until paid for the damage we had done. If I had yielded to the strong temptation to get on board their boat and give them a good thrashing, they would have complained to the Mandarin of the town we were passing through; and as he was the last person I wished to see in my assumed character of British subject, I compromised with the rascals for twenty-five cents, got back our anchor, and went on.

After passing twenty-four hours in the jam of boats, and not seeing any prospect of getting forward (the boat stayed ten days there before she could get out, as the owner told me when I returned to Shanghai), I determined to walk to Chingkiang, thirty miles off; and a very disagreeable walk it was, over a most uninteresting, flat country, nearly all cultivated, but with very few and mean villages. The path was paved with slabs of stone worn in hollows by the wheelbarrows, and very uneven, and this made the walk hard for the feet. On the road we passed a procession of wheelbarrows in which were convicts chained two and two, going into Tenyan to have their heads cut off; and we saw several Joss houses where the priests

helped the cause of religion along by selling tea to the passers-by.

We arrived in Chingkiang just as they were shutting the gates for the night, and two days later, I took the steamer Hupeh, a splendid river boat, named after one of the provinces of China, for Hankow, the most interior port of China open to trade with foreigners.

In Shanghai people had said, "What do you want to go up the Yangtze for? If you have ever seen the Mississippi you know what the scenery on the Yangtze is." This is more or less true of the part below Chingkiang, but from there up it is much more picturesque than the Mississippi, and the greater part very fine indeed, especially near the entrance to the Payang lake and about the "little orphan," the name given to a sugar-loaf-shaped rock some three hundred feet high, rising perpendicularly out of the river, the top and one side covered with trees, and a monastery perched among them. We passed Nankin at night, stopping the engines to let some Chinese passengers come on board, who had come off in a boat, as we did at several other towns on the way up — Chingkiang, Kiukiang, and Hankow, being the only places open to trade with foreigners.

Hankow has the prettiest "bund," or embankment, I have yet seen, — broad, lined with fine large houses and trees, with a good stone facing down to the river, which during the winter is about fifty feet below the top of the bund, and in summer rises to four or five feet above it, making the lower story of most of the houses untenable, every one going about in boats for three or four weeks. The cause of this annual rising of the Yangtze during the summer is the heavy rains that occur among the mountains far to the west, from which this great river and its tributaries flow, and perhaps also to the melting of the snows. The river reaches its maximum height at Hankow generally in the beginning of August.

Hankow is a great centre of the tea trade, immense quantities being shipped here for Shanghai, and now the steamers take it direct to England *via* Suez

Canal, without breaking cargo. While staying here, I met two gentlemen who were going to visit the tea district of Loongkong, about one hundred miles from Kiukiang. They had a large house boat and asked me to join them. One of the steamers gave us a tow to within thirty miles of Kiukiang, where we cast off and started up a small river which flowed in from the south. From the mouth of this river to Loongkong was said by the Chinese to be sixty miles, but before going twenty, we got into shallow water and had to leave our large, comfortable house boat, the Rose, for two long, narrow, light-draft China boats. They were scrupulously clean, and under the mat roof that covered the centre of them, we spread our beds, converted a gun-case into a table, and with nothing on but our pijamahs, the weather beginning to be quite warm, we were very comfortable.

Our course lay in a southwesterly direction, and as we got farther and farther into the country the mountains approached nearer, growing more precipitous and picturesque, the plain at their foot being all under cultivation. There was only now and then a village to be seen, and we passed but two towns on our way up. The people along the river were very curious, and flocked about the boat whenever we stopped by the side of the bank to buy vegetables, eggs, etc., squatting on their heels and making remarks about us. One day while I was walking on the bank this curiosity was carried so far as to cause a band to follow at my heels, calling out "Foreign devil!" and other complimentary phrases, and finally they took to throwing stones; but when I turned on them they ran as if a real devil were after them. After we had gone some thirty miles up the main river we suddenly branched off to the southward, following up a very narrow and shallow stream full of rapids; the men getting overboard to push and pull us up them. The same afternoon we arrived within a mile of Loongkong, where we left the boats and walked into the town on foot. We had no sooner reached the first

street than a crowd of men and boys formed at our heels, shouting, hallooing, and rushing by us to get a glimpse of our faces. The town seemed to have gone mad, and although it was all good-natured and only curiosity, it was very annoying to be hunted in this way, and we were glad enough to reach the house of a large tea-merchant from Canton, for whom A—— had a letter. But even here we were not safe from our pursuers, who followed us into the house. Finally we got ourselves shut into some small rooms in the interior, while the hooting, screaming, noisy crowd besieged us until ten at night, pummeling at the doors and windows and making themselves generally disagreeable. The master of the house, who was as much annoyed as we were, if not more, had no power whatever to clear his premises, the Chinese not seeming to regard a man's house as his castle, by any means.

We sent to the boat for our luggage, and spent the night with our hospitable Chinaman, who made us some of the most delicious tea I ever tasted, first showing us the green leaves as they had been picked that day. Next morning we were up at daylight, and so avoided a repetition of last night's disturbance in the streets, our noisy friends not having turned out. Our host took us to some tea plantations about five miles off, where we saw the hill-sides covered with the tea bushes, and the young fresh leaves just beginning to be ready for picking. He had a few pounds picked for us as a memento of our trip, and by seven we were back at our boats and soon gliding down the rapid little stream, with the high hills, half rocky and half covered with bushes, on either side of us. Next morning we arrived where we had left the Rose, got on board of her, and after a fine sail down the Yangtze arrived at Kiukiang in time to join a party of young men who were going into the Lushan Hills, about nine miles from Kiukiang, for a couple of days. Here we amused ourselves by walking to some old ruins, dating back to about four hundred and fifty years B. C., climbing the hills, and bathing in

a great pool of cold mountain water. The Lushan Hills are about four thousand feet high.

I stayed a day at Kiukiang and then took the steamer for Shanghai, this time passing Nankin by daylight, but I could not see much of it as it is a mile from the main river. On the beach close to the town, in cages hung from poles, were the heads of two thieves who had robbed the Chinese passengers while waiting for the arrival of one of the steamers. There were two other cages on the ground, but the dogs had broken them open and carried off the heads. After passing three days in Shanghai I started for Tiensin, the port of Peking, in the Chilo, with a Yankee skipper and mate. It is wonderful how many Americans there are out here, nearly all from New England.

We stopped at Cheefoo, the watering-place of Shanghai, where the residents of the latter place come to spend a month or two each summer. It has a good harbor, sheltered by steep, barren hills, a capital beach for bathing in the beautiful, clear waters of this part of the Bay of Pechili, two or three small hotels, a cottage or two, a small native town with lots of junks anchored off it, and that is all; but in the hot weather, after Shanghai, it must seem a small paradise.

We stayed twenty-four hours in Cheefoo, and the next day were off the famous Yaka forts at the mouth of the Peiho River. The same evening, after running into the bank five times in this crookedest of all crooked rivers, we reached Tiensin. We hired boats, and the next evening started for Yungchow, one hundred and seventy miles by river, which we made in three days. From Yungchow it is only fifteen miles to Peking, but as it was hot (eighty-five in the shade) we took carts, and had a tremendous bouncing and banging about before we reached the city; this we did the same evening, begrimed so that one could scarcely recognize his best friend, the whole air being filled with clouds of dust, which was worse when we got inside the walls of Peking.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

VII.

FERRIS stood cleaning his palette, after Don Ippolito was gone, scraping the colors together with his knife and neatly buttering them on the palette's edge, while he wondered what the priest meant by pumping him in that way. Nothing, he supposed, and yet it was odd. Of course she had a bad temper. . . .

He put on his hat and coat and strolled vaguely forth, and in an hour or two came by a roundabout course to the gondola station nearest his own house. There he stopped, and after an absent contemplation of the boats, from which the gondoliers were clamoring for his custom, he stepped into one and ordered the man to row him to a gate on a small canal opposite. The gate opened, at his ringing, into the garden of the Vervains.

Florida was sitting alone on a bench near the fountain. It was no longer a ruined fountain; the broken-nosed naiad held a pipe above her head, and from this rose a willowy spray high enough to catch some colors of the sunset then striking into the garden, and fell again in a mist around her, making her almost modest.

"What does this mean?" asked Ferris, carelessly taking the young girl's hand. "I thought this lady's occupation was gone."

"Don Ippolito repaired the fountain for the landlord, and he agreed to pay for filling the tank that feeds it," said Florida. "He seems to think it a hard bargain, for he only lets it play about half an hour a day. But he says it's very ingeniously mended. He didn't believe it could be done. It is pretty."

"It is, indeed," said the painter, with a singular desire, going through him like a pang, likewise to do something for Miss Vervain. "Did you go

to Don Ippolito's house the other day, to see his traps?"

"Yes; we were very much interested. I was sorry that I knew so little about inventions. Do you think there are many practical ideas amongst his things? I hope there are—he seemed so proud and pleased to show them. Shouldn't you think he had some real inventive talent?"

"Yes, I think he has; but I know as little about the matter as you do." He sat down beside her, and picking up a twig from the gravel, pulled the bark off in silence. Then, "Miss Vervain," he said, knitting his brows, as he always did when he had something on his conscience and meant to ease it at any cost, "I'm the dog that fetches a bone and carries a bone: I talked Don Ippolito over with you, the other day, and now I've been talking you over with him. But I've the grace to say that I'm ashamed of myself."

"Why need you be ashamed?" asked Florida. "You said no harm of him. Did you of us?"

"Not exactly; but I don't think it was quite my business to discuss you at all. I think you can't let people alone too much. For my part, if I try to characterize my friends, I fail to do them perfect justice, of course; and yet the imperfect result remains representative of them in my mind; it limits them and fixes them; and I can't get them back again into the undefined and the ideal where they really belong. One ought never to speak of the faults of one's friends: it mutilates them; they can never be the same afterwards."

"So you have been talking of my faults," said Florida, breathing quickly. "Perhaps you could tell me of them to my face."

"I should have to say that unfairness was one of them. But that is common to the whole sex. I never said I was talking of your faults. I declared

against doing so, and you immediately infer that my motive is remorse. I don't know that you have any faults. They may be virtues in disguise. There is a charm even in unfairness. Well, I did say that I thought you had a quick temper," —

Florida colored violently.

— "but now I see that I was mistaken," said Ferris with a laugh.

"May I ask what else you said?" demanded the young girl haughtily.

"Oh, that would be a betrayal of confidence," said Ferris, unaffected by her hauteur.

"Then why have you mentioned the matter to me at all?"

"I wanted to clear my conscience, I suppose, and sin again. I wanted to talk with you about Don Ippolito."

Florida looked with perplexity at Ferris's face, while her own slowly cooled and paled.

"What did you want to say of him?" she asked calmly.

"I hardly know how to put it: that he puzzles me, to begin with. You know I feel somewhat responsible for him."

"Yes."

"Of course, I never should have thought of him, if it had n't been for your mother's talk that morning coming back from San Lazzaro."

"I know," said Florida, with a faint blush.

"And yet, don't you see, it was as much a fancy of mine, a weakness for the man himself, as the desire to serve your mother, that prompted me to bring him to you."

"Yes, I see," answered the young girl.

"I acted in the teeth of a bitter Venetian prejudice against priests. All my friends here — they're mostly young men with the modern Italian ideas, or old liberals — hate and despise the priests. They believe that priests are full of guile and deceit, that they are spies for the Austrians, and altogether evil."

"Don Ippolito is welcome to report our most secret thoughts to the police,"

said Florida, whose look of rising alarm relaxed into a smile.

"Oh," cried the painter, "how you leap to conclusions! I never intimated that Don Ippolito was a spy. On the contrary, it was his difference from other priests that made me think of him for a moment. He seems to be as much cut off from the church as from the world. And yet he is a priest, with a priest's education. What if I should have been altogether mistaken? He is either one of the openest souls in the world, as you have insisted, or he is one of the closest."

"I should not be afraid of him in any case," said Florida; "but I can't believe any wrong of him."

Ferris frowned in annoyance. "I don't want you to; I don't, myself. I've bungled the matter as I might have known I would. I was trying to put into words an undefined uneasiness of mine, a quite formless desire to have you possessed of the whole case as it had come up in my mind. I've made a mess of it," said Ferris rising, with a rueful air. "Besides, I ought to have spoken to Mrs. Vervain."

"Oh no," cried Florida, eagerly, springing to her feet beside him. "Don't! Little things wear upon my mother, so. I'm glad you did n't speak to her. I don't misunderstand you, I think; I expressed myself badly," she added with an anxious face. "I thank you very much. What do you want me to do?"

By Ferris's impulse they both began to move down the garden path toward the water-gate. The sunset had faded out of the fountain, but it still lit the whole heaven, in whose vast blue depths hung light whiffs of pinkish cloud, as ethereal as the draperies that floated after Miss Vervain as she walked with a splendid grace beside him, no awkwardness, now, or self-constraint in her. As she turned to Ferris, and asked in her deep tones, to which some latent feeling imparted a slight tremor, "What do you want me to do?" the sense of her willingness to be bidden by him gave him a delicious thrill. He looked at the

superb creature, so proud, so helpless; so much a woman, so much a child; and he caught his breath before he answered. Her gauzes blew about his feet in the light breeze that lifted the foliage; she was a little near-sighted, and in her eagerness she drew closer to him, fixing her eyes full upon his with a bold innocence. "Good heavens! Miss Vervain," he cried, with a sudden blush, "it is n't a serious matter. I'm a fool to have spoken to you. Don't do anything. Let things go on as before. It is n't for me to instruct you."

"I should have been very glad of your advice," she said with a disappointed, almost wounded manner, keeping her eyes upon him. "It seems to me we are always going wrong" —

She stopped short, with a flush and then a pallor.

Ferris returned her look with one of comical dismay. This apparent readiness of Miss Vervain's to be taken command of, daunted him, on second thoughts. "I wish you'd dismiss all my stupid talk from your mind," he said. "I feel as if I'd been guiltily trying to set you against a man whom I like very much and have no reason not to trust, and who thinks me so much his friend that he could n't dream of my making any sort of trouble for him. It would break his heart, I'm afraid, if you treated him in a different way from that in which you've treated him till now. It's really touching to listen to his gratitude to you and your mother. It's only conceivable on the ground that he has never had friends before in the world. He seems like another man, or the same man come to life. And it is n't his fault that he's a priest. I suppose," he added, with a sort of final throe, "that a Venetian family would n't use him with the frank hospitality you've shown, not because they distrusted him at all, perhaps, but because they would be afraid of other Venetian tongues."

This ultimate drop of venom, helplessly distilled, did not seem to rankle in Miss Vervain's mind. She walked now with her face turned from his, and

she answered coldly, "We shall not be troubled. We don't care for Venetian tongues."

They were at the gate. "Good-by," said Ferris, abruptly, "I'm going."

"Won't you wait and see my mother?" asked Florida, with her awkward self-constraint again upon her.

"No, thanks," said Ferris, gloomily. "I have n't time. I just dropped in for a moment, to blast an innocent man's reputation, and destroy a young lady's peace of mind."

"Then you need n't go, yet," answered Florida, coldly, "for you have n't succeeded."

"Well, I've done my worst," returned Ferris, drawing the bolt.

He went away, hanging his head in amazement and disgust at himself for his clumsiness and bad taste. It seemed to him a contemptible part, first to embarrass them with Don Ippolito's acquaintance, if it was an embarrassment, and then try to sneak out of his responsibility by these tardy cautions; and if it was not going to be an embarrassment, it was folly to have approached the matter at all.

What had he wanted to do, and with what motive? He hardly knew. As he battled the ground over and over again, nothing comforted him save the thought that, bad as it was to have spoken to Miss Vervain, it must have been infinitely worse to speak to her mother.

VIII.

It was late before Ferris forgot his chagrin in sleep, and when he woke the next morning, the sun was making the solid green blinds at his window odorous of their native pine woods with its heat, and thrusting a golden spear at the heart of Don Ippolito's effigy where he had left it on the easel.

Marina brought a letter with his coffee. The letter was from Mrs. Vervain, and it entreated him to come to lunch at twelve, and then join them on an excursion, of which they had all often talked, up the Canal of the

Brenta. "Don Ippolito has got his permission — think of his not being able to go to the mainland without the Patriarch's leave! — and can go with us to-day. So I try to make this hasty arrangement. You *must* come — it all depends upon you."

"Yes, so it seems," groaned the painter, and went.

In the garden he found Don Ippolito and Florida, at the fountain where he had himself parted with her the evening before; and he observed with a guilty relief that Don Ippolito was talking to her in the happy unconsciousness habitual with him.

Florida cast at the painter a swift glance of latent appeal and intelligence, which he refused, and in the same instant she met him with another look, as if she now saw him for the first time, and gave him her hand in greeting. It was a beautiful hand; he could not help worshipping its lovely forms, and the lily whiteness and softness of the back, the rose of the palm and finger-tips.

She idly resumed the great Venetian fan which hung from her waist by a chain. "Don Ippolito has been talking about the *villeggiatura* on the Brenta in the old days," she explained.

"Oh, yes," said the painter, "they used to have merry times in the villas then, and it was worth while being a priest, or at least an *abbate di casa*. I should think you would sigh for a return of those good old days, Don Ippolito. Just imagine, if you were *abbate di casa* with some patrician family about the close of the last century, you might be the instructor, companion, and spiritual adviser of *Illustrissima* at the theatres, card-parties, and masquerades, all winter; and at this season, instead of going up the Brenta for a day's pleasure with us barbarous Yankees, you might be setting out with *Illustrissima* and all the 'Strissimi and 'Strissime, big and little, for a spring *villeggiatura* there. You would be going in a gilded barge, with songs and fiddles and dancing, instead of a common gondola, and you would stay a month, walking, going to parties and caffès, drinking chocolate

and lemonade, gaming, sonneteering, and butterflying about generally."

"It was doubtless a beautiful life," answered the priest, with simple indifference. "But I never have thought of it with regret, because I have been preoccupied with other ideas than those of social pleasures, though perhaps they were no wiser."

Florida had watched Don Ippolito's face while Ferris was speaking, and she now asked gravely, "But don't you think their life nowadays is more becoming to the clergy?"

"Why, madamigella? What harm was there in those gayeties? I suppose the bad features of the old life are exaggerated to us."

"They could n't have been worse than the amusements of the hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-swearing, fox-hunting English parsons about the same time," said Ferris. "Besides, the *abbate di casa* had a charm of his own, the charm of all *rococo* things, which, whatever you may say of them, are somehow elegant and refined, or at least refer to elegance and refinement. I don't say they're ennobling, but they're fascinating. I don't respect them, but I love them. When I think about the past of Venice, I don't care so much to see any of the heroically historical things; but I should like immensely to have looked in at the Ridotto, when the place was at its gayest, with wigs and masks, hoops and small-clothes, fans and rapiers, bows and courtesies, whispers and glances. I dare say I should have found Don Ippolito there in some becoming disguise."

Florida looked from the painter to the priest and back to the painter, as Ferris spoke, and then she turned a little anxiously toward the terrace, and a shadow slipped from her face as her mother came rustling down the steps, catching at her drapery and shaking it into place. The young girl hurried to meet her, lifted her arms for what promised an embrace, and with firm hands set the elder lady's bonnet straight with her forehead.

"I'm always getting it on askew,"

Mrs. Vervain said for greeting to Ferris. "How do you do, Don Ippolito? But I suppose you think I've kept you long enough to get it on straight for once. So I have. I am a fuss, and I don't deny it. At my time of life, it's much harder to make yourself ship-shape, than it is when you're younger. I tell Florida that anybody would take *her* for the *old* lady, she does seem to give so little care to getting up an appearance."

"And yet she has the effect of a stylish young person in the bloom of youth," observed Ferris, with a touch of caricature.

"We had better lunch with our things on," said Mrs. Vervain, "and then there need n't be any delay in starting. I thought we would have it here," she added, as Nina and the house-servant appeared with trays of dishes and cups. "So that we can start in a real picnic spirit. I knew you'd think it a womanish lunch, Mr. Ferris — Don Ippolito likes what *we* do — and so I've provided you with a chicken salad; and I'm going to ask you for a taste of it; I'm really hungry."

There was salad for all, in fact; and it was quite one o'clock before the lunch was ended, and wraps of just the right thickness and thinness were chosen, and the party were comfortably placed under the striped linen canopy of the gondola, which they had from a public station, the house-gondola being engaged that day. They rowed through the narrow canal skirting the garden out into the expanse before the Giudecca, and then struck across the lagoon towards Fusina, past the island-church of San Giorgio in Alga, whose beautiful tower has flushed and darkened in so many pictures of Venetian sunsets, and past the Austrian lagoon forts with their coronets of guns threatening every point, and the Croatian sentinels pacing to and fro on their walls. They stopped long enough at one of the customs barges to declare to the swarthy, amiable officers the innocence of their freight, and at the mouth of the Canal

of the Brenta they paused before the station while a policeman came out and scanned them. He bowed to Don Ippolito's cloth, and then they began to push up the sluggish canal, shallow and overrun with weeds and mosses, into the heart of the land.

The spring, which in Venice comes in the softening air and the perpetual azure of the heavens, was renewed to their senses in all its miraculous loveliness. The garden of the Vervains had indeed confessed it in opulence of leaf and bloom, but there it seemed somehow only like a novel effect of the artifice which had been able to create a garden in that city of stone and sea. Here a vernal world suddenly opened before them, with wide-stretching fields of green under a dome of perfect blue; against its walls only the soft curves of far-off hills were traced, and near at hand the tender forms of full-foliaged trees. The long garland of vines that festoons all Italy seemed to begin in the neighboring orchards; the meadows waved their tall grasses in the sun, and broke in poppies as the sea-waves break in iridescent spray; the well-grown maize shook its gleaming blades in the light; the poplars marched in stately procession on either side of the straight, white road to Padua, till they vanished in the long perspective. The blossoms had fallen from the trees many weeks before, but the air was full of the vague sweetness of the perfect spring, which here and there gathered and defined itself as the spicy odor of the grass cut on the shore of the canal, and drying in the mellow heat of the sun.

The voyagers spoke from time to time of some peculiarity of the villas that succeeded each other along the canal. Don Ippolito knew a few of them, the gondoliers knew others; but after all, their names were nothing. These haunts of old-time splendor and idleness weary of themselves, and unable to escape, are sadder than anything in Venice, and they belonged, as far as the Americans were concerned, to a world as strange as any to which

they should go in another life, — the world of a faded fashion and an alien history. Some of the villas were kept in a sort of repair; some were even maintained in the state of old; but the most showed marks of greater or less decay, and here and there one was falling to ruin. They had gardens about them, tangled and wild-grown; a population of decrepit statues in the rococo taste strolled in their walks or simpered from their gates. Two or three houses seemed to be occupied; the rest stood empty, each

"Close latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines."

The pleasure-party had no fixed plan for the day farther than to ascend the canal, and by and by take a carriage at some convenient village and drive to the famous Villa Pisani at Strà.

"These houses are very well," said Don Ippolito, who had visited the villa once, and with whom it had remained a memory almost as signal as that night in Padua when he wore civil dress, "but it is at Strà that you see something really worthy of the royal splendor of the patricians of Venice. Royal? The villa is now one of the palaces of the ex-Emperor of Austria, who does not find it less imperial than his other palaces." Don Ippolito had celebrated the villa at Strà in this strain ever since they had spoken of going up the Brenta: now it was the magnificent conservatories and orangeries that he sang, now the vast garden with its statued walks between rows of clipt cedars and firs, now the stables with their stalls for numberless horses, now the palace itself with its frescoed halls and treasures of art and *vertu*. His enthusiasm for the villa at Strà had become an amiable jest with the Americans. Ferris laughed at his fresh outburst; he declared himself tired of the gondola, and he asked Florida to disembark with him and walk under the trees of a pleasant street running on one side between the villas and the canal. "We are going to find something much grander than the Villa Pisani," he boasted, with a look at Don Ippolito.

As they strolled along the path together, they came now, and then to a stately palace like that of the Contarini, where the lions, that give their name to one branch of the family, crouch in stone before the grand portal; but most of the houses were interesting only from their unstoried possibilities to the imagination. They were generally of stucco, and glared with fresh whitewash through the foliage of their gardens. When a peasant's cottage broke their line, it gave, with its barns and straw-stacks and its beds of pot-herbs, a homely relief from the decaying gentility of the villas.

"What a pity, Miss Vervain," said the painter, "that the blessings of this world should be so unequally divided! Why should all this sketchable adversity be lavished upon the neighborhood of a city that is so rich as Venice in picturesque dilapidation? It's pretty hard on us Americans, and forces people of sensibility into exile. What would n't cultivated persons give for a stretch of this street in the suburbs of Boston, or of your own Providence? I suppose the New Yorkers will be setting up something of the kind one of these days, and giving it a French name — they'll call it *Aux bords du Brenta*. There was one of them carried back a gondola the other day to put on a pond in their new park. But the worst of it is, you can't take home the sentiment of these things."

"I thought it was the business of painters to send home the sentiment of them in pictures," said Florida.

Ferris talked to her in this way because it was his way of talking; it always surprised him a little that she entered into the spirit of it; he was not quite sure that she did; he sometimes thought she waited till she could seize upon a point to turn against him, and so give herself the air of having comprehended the whole. He laughed: "Oh yes, a poor little fragmentary, faded-out reproduction of their sentiment — which is 'as moonlight unto sunlight and as water-into wine,' when compared with the real thing. Suppose I

made a picture of just this bit, ourselves in the foreground, looking at the garden over there where that amusing Vandal of an owner has just had his statues painted white: would our friends at home understand it? A whole history must be left unexpressed. I could only hint at an entire situation. Of course, people with a taste for olives would get the flavor; but even they would wonder that I chose such an unsuggestive bit. Why, it is just the most maddeningly suggestive thing to be found here! And if I may put it modestly, for my share in it, I think we two young Americans looking on at this supreme excess of the rococo, are the very essence of the sentiment of the scene; but what would the honored connoisseurs—the good folks who get themselves up on Ruskin and try so honestly hard to have some little ideas about art—make of us? To be sure they might justifiably praise the grace of your pose, if I were so lucky as to catch it, and your way of putting your hand under the elbow of the arm that holds your parasol.” . . . Florida seemed disdainfully to keep her attitude, and the painter smiled. “But they would n’t know what it all meant, and could n’t imagine that we were inspired by this rascally little villa to sigh longingly over the wicked past” —

“Excuse me,” interrupted Florida, with a touch of trouble in her proud manner, “I’m not sighing over it, for one, and I don’t want it back. I’m glad that I’m American and that there is no past for me. I can’t understand how you and Don Ippolito can speak so tolerantly of what no one can respect,” she added, in almost an aggrieved tone.

If Miss Vervain wanted to turn the talk upon Don Ippolito, Ferris by no means did; he had had enough of that subject yesterday; he got as lightly away from it as he could.

“Oh, Don Ippolito’s a pagan, I tell you; and I’m a painter, and the rococo is my weakness. I wish I could paint it, but I can’t; I’m a hundred years too late. I could n’t even paint myself in the act of sentimentalizing it.”

While he talked, he had been making a few lines in a small pocket sketch-book, with a furtive glance or two at Florida. When they returned to the boat, he busied himself again with the book, and presently he handed it to Mrs. Vervain.

“Why, it’s Florida!” cried the lady. “How very nicely you do sketch, Mr. Ferris.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Vervain; you’re always flattering me.”

“No, but seriously. I *wish* that I had paid more attention to my drawing when I was a girl. And now, Florida—she won’t touch a pencil. I wish you’d talk to her, Mr. Ferris.”

“Oh, people who are pictures need n’t trouble themselves to be painters,” said Ferris, with a little burlesque.

Mrs. Vervain began to look at the sketch through her tubed hand; the painter made a grimace. “But you’ve made her too proud, Mr. Ferris. She does n’t look like that.”

“Yes she does—to those unworthy of her kindness. I have taken Miss Vervain in the act of scorning the rococo, and its humble admirer, me, with it.”

“I’m sure I don’t know what you mean, Mr. Ferris; but I can’t think that this proud look is habitual with Florida; and I’ve heard people say—very good judges—that an artist ought n’t to perpetuate a temporary expression. Something like that.”

“It can’t be helped now, Mrs. Vervain: the sketch is irretrievably immortal. I’m sorry, but it’s too late.”

“Oh, stuff! As if you could n’t turn up the corners of the mouth a little. Or something.”

“And give her the appearance of laughing at me? Never!”

“Don Ippolito,” said Mrs. Vervain, turning to the priest, who had been listening intently to all this trivial talk, “what do you think of this sketch?”

He took the book with an eager hand, and perused the sketch as if trying to read some secret there. After a minute he handed it back with a light sigh, apparently of relief, but absently said nothing.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

"Oh! I ask pardon. No, it is n't my idea of madamigella. It seems to me that her likeness must be sketched in color. Those lines are true, but they need color to subdue them; they go too far, they are more than true."

"You're quite right, Don Ippolito," said Ferris.

"Then *you* don't think she always has this proud look?" pursued Mrs. Vervain.

The painter fancied that Florida quelled in herself a movement of impatience; he looked at her with an amused smile.

"Not always, no," answered Don Ippolito. "Sometimes her face expresses the greatest meekness in the world."

"But not at the present moment," thought Ferris, fascinated by the stare of angry pride which the girl bent upon the unconscious priest.

"Though I confess that I should hardly know how to characterize her habitual expression," added Don Ippolito.

"Thanks," said Florida, breathing quickly. "I'm tired of the subject; it is n't an important one."

"Oh yes it is, my dear," said Mrs. Vervain. "At least it's important to me, if it isn't to you; for I'm your mother, and really, if I thought you looked like this, as a general thing, to a casual observer, I should consider it a reflection upon myself." Ferris gave a provoking laugh, as she continued sweetly, "I must insist, Don Ippolito: now did you *ever* see Florida look so?"

The girl leaned back, and began to wave her fan slowly to and fro before her face.

"I never saw her look so with *you*, dear madama," said the priest with an anxious glance at Florida, who let her fan fall folded into her lap, and sat perfectly still. He went on with priestly smoothness, and a touch of something like invoked authority, such as a man might show who could dispense indulgences and inflict penances. "No one could help seeing her devotedness to

you, and I have admired from the first an obedience and tenderness that I have never known equaled. In all her relations to you, madamigella has seemed to me" —

Florida started forward. "You are not asked to comment on my behavior to my mother; you are not invited to speak of my conduct at all!" she burst out with sudden violence, her visage flaming, and her blue eyes burning upon Don Ippolito, who shrank from the astonishing rudeness as from a blow in the face. "What is it to you how I treat my mother?"

She sank back again upon the cushions, and opening the fan with a clash swept it swiftly before her.

"Florida!" said her mother gravely.

Ferris turned away in cold disgust, like one who has witnessed a cruelty done to some helpless thing. Don Ippolito's speech was not fortunate at the best, but it might have come from a foreigner's misapprehension, and at the worst it was good-natured and well-meant. "The girl is a perfect brute, as I thought in the beginning," the painter said to himself. "How could I have ever thought differently? I shall have to tell Don Ippolito that I'm ashamed of her, and disclaim all responsibility. Pah! I wish I was out of this."

The pleasure of the day was dead. It could not rally from that stroke. They went on to Strà, as they had planned, but the glory of the Villa Pisani was eclipsed for Don Ippolito. He plainly did not know what to do. He did not address Florida again, whose savagery he would not probably have known how to resent if he had wished to resent it. Mrs. Vervain prattled away to him with unrelenting kindness; Ferris kept near him, and with affectionate zeal tried to make him talk of the villa; but neither the frescoes, nor the orangeries, nor the green-houses, nor the stables, nor the gardens could rouse him from the listless daze in which he moved, though Ferris found them all as wonderful as he had said. Amidst this heavy embarrassment no one seemed at ease but the author of it.

She did not, to be sure, speak to Don Ippolito, but she followed her mother as usual with her assiduous cares, and she appeared tranquilly unconscious of the sarcastic civility with which Ferris rendered her any necessary service.

It was late in the afternoon when they got back to their boat and began to descend the canal towards Venice, and long before they reached Fusina the day had passed. A sunset of melancholy red, streaked with level lines of murky cloud, stretched across the flats behind them, and faintly tinged with its reflected light the eastern horizon which the towers and domes of Venice had not yet begun to break. The twilight came, and then through the overcast heavens the moon shone dim; a light blossomed here and there in the villas, distant voices called musically; a cow lowed, a dog barked; the rich, sweet breath of the vernal land mingled its odors with the sultry air of the neighboring lagoon. The wayfarers spoke little; the time hung heavy on all, no doubt; to Ferris it was a burden almost intolerable to hear the creak of the oars and the breathing of the gondoliers keeping time together. At last the boat stopped in front of the police-station in Fusina; a soldier with a sword at his side and a lantern in his hand came out and briefly parleyed with the gondoliers; they stepped ashore, and he marched them into the station before him.

"We have nothing left to wish for now," said Ferris, breaking into an ironical laugh.

"What does it all mean?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

"I think I had better go see."

"We will go with you," said Mrs. Vervain.

"Pazienza!" replied Ferris.

The ladies rose; but Don Ippolito remained seated. "Are n't you going too, Don Ippolito?" asked Mrs. Vervain.

"Thanks, madama; but I prefer to stay here."

Lamentable cries and shrieks, as if the prisoners had immediately been put to the torture, came from the station as

Ferris opened the door. A lamp of petroleum lighted the scene, and shone upon the figures of two fishermen, who bewailed themselves unintelligibly in the vibrant accents of Chiozza, and from time to time advanced upon the gondoliers, and shook their heads and beat their breasts at them. A few police-guards reclined upon benches about the room, and surveyed the spectacle with mild impassibility.

Ferris politely asked one of them the cause of the detention.

"Why, you see, signore," answered the guard amiably, "these honest men accuse your gondoliers of having stolen a rope out of their boat at Dolo."

"It was my blood, you know!" howled the elder of the fishermen, tossing his arms wildly abroad, "it was my own heart," he cried, letting the last vowel die away and rise again in mournful ritornello, while he stared tragically into Ferris's face.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Vervain, putting up her glasses, and trying with graceful futility to focus the melodrama.

"Nothing," said Ferris; "our gondoliers have had the heart's blood of this respectable Dervish; that is to say, they have stolen a rope belonging to him."

"Our gondoliers? I don't believe it. They've no right to keep us here all night. Tell them you're the American consul."

"I'd rather not try my dignity on these underlings, Mrs. Vervain; there's no American squadron here that I could order to bombard Fusina, if they did n't mind me. But I'll see what I can do further in quality of courteous foreigner. Can you perhaps tell me how long you will be obliged to detain us here?" he asked of the guard again.

"I am very sorry to detain you at all, signore. But what can I do? The commissary is unhappily absent. He may be here soon."

The guard renewed his apathetic contemplation of the gondoliers, who did not speak a word; the windy lamentation of the fishermen rose and fell fit-

fully. Presently they went out of doors and poured forth their wrongs to the moon.

The room was close, and with some trouble Ferris persuaded Mrs. Vervain to return to the gondola, Florida seconding his arguments with gentle good sense.

It seemed a long time till the commissary came, but his coming instantly simplified the situation. Perhaps because he had never been able to befriend a consul in trouble before, he befriended Ferris to the utmost. He had met him with rather a browbeating air; but after a glance at his card, he gave a kind of roar of deprecation and apology. He had the ladies and Don Ippolito in out of the gondola, and led them to an upper chamber, where he made them all repose their honored persons upon his sofas. He ordered up his housekeeper to make them coffee, which he served with his own hands, excusing its hurried feebleness, and he stood by, rubbing his palms together and smiling, while they refreshed themselves.

"They need never tell me again that the Austrians are tyrants," said Mrs. Vervain in undertone to the consul.

It was not easy for Ferris to remind his host of the malefactors; but he brought himself to this ungraciousness. The commissary begged pardon, and asked him to accompany him below, where he confronted the accused and the accusers. The tragedy was acted over again with blood-curdling effectiveness by the Chiozzotti; the gondoliers maintaining the calm of conscious innocence.

Ferris felt outraged by the trumped-up charge against them.

"Listen, you others the prisoners," said the commissary. "Your padrone is anxious to return to Venice, and I wish to inflict no further displeasures upon him. Restore their rope to these honest men, and go about your business."

The injured gondoliers spoke in low tones together; then one of them shrugged his shoulders and went out. He came

back in a moment and laid a rope before the commissary.

"Is that the rope?" he asked. "We found it floating down the canal, and picked it up that we might give it to the rightful owner. But now I wish to heaven we had let it sink to the bottom of the sea."

"Oh, a beautiful story!" wailed the Chiozzotti. They flung themselves upon the rope, and lugged it off to their boat; and the gondoliers went out, too.

The commissary turned to Ferris with an amiable smile. "I am sorry that those rogues should escape," said the American.

"Oh," said the Italian, "they are poor fellows; it is a little matter; I am glad to have served you."

He took leave of his involuntary guests with effusion, following them with a lantern to the gondola.

Mrs. Vervain, to whom Ferris gave an account of this trial as they set out again on their long-hindered return, had no mind save for the magical effect of his consular quality upon the commissary, and accused him of a vain and culpable modesty.

"Ah," said the diplomatist, "there's nothing like knowing just *when* to produce your dignity. There are some officials who know too little,—like those guards; and there are some who know too much,—like the commissary's superiors. But he is just in that golden mean of ignorance where he supposes a consul is a person of importance."

Mrs. Vervain disputed this, and Ferris submitted in silence. Presently, as they skirted the shore to get their bearings for the route across the lagoon, a fierce voice in Venetian shouted from the darkness, "*Indrio, indrio!*" (Back, back!) and a gleam of the moon through the pale, watery clouds revealed the figure of a gendarme on the nearest point of land. The gondoliers bent to their oars, and sent the boat swiftly out into the lagoon.

"There, for example, is a person who would be quite insensible to my greatness, even if I had the consular seal in my pocket. To him we are possible

smugglers;¹ and I must say," he continued, taking out his watch, and staring hard at it, "that if I were a disinterested person, and heard his suspicion met with the explanation that we were a little party out here for pleasure at half past twelve p. m., I should say he was right. At any rate we won't engage him in controversy. Quick, quick!" he added to the gondoliers, glancing at the receding shore, and then at the first of the lagoon forts which they were approaching. A dim shape moved along the top of the wall, and seemed to linger and scrutinize them. As they drew nearer, the challenge, "*Wer da?*" rang out.

The gondoliers eagerly answered with the one word of German known to their craft, "*Freunde*," and struggled to urge the boat forward; the oar of the gondolier in front slipped from the high rowlock, and fell out of his hand into the water. The gondola lurched, and then suddenly ran aground on the shallow. The sentry halted, dropped his gun from his shoulder, and ordered them to go on, while the gondoliers clamored back in the high key of fear, and one of them screamed out to his passengers to do something, saying that, a few weeks before, a sentinel had fired upon a fisherman and killed him.

"What's that he's talking about?" demanded Mrs. Vervain. "If we don't get on, it will be that man's duty to fire on us; he has no choice," she said, nervd and interested by the presence of this danger.

The gondoliers leaped into the water and tried to push the boat off. It would not move, and without warning, Don Ippolito, who had sat silent since they left Fusina, stepped over the side of the gondola, and thrusting an oar under its bottom lifted it free of the shallow.

"Oh, how very unnecessary!" cried Mrs. Vervain, as the priest and the gondoliers clambered back into the boat. "He will take his death of cold."

"It's ridiculous," said Ferris. "You ought to have told these worthless ras-

cals what to do, Don Ippolito. You've got yourself wet for nothing. It's too bad!"

"It's nothing," said Don Ippolito, taking his seat on the little prow deck, and quietly dripping where the water would not incommode the others.

"Oh, here!" cried Mrs. Vervain, gathering some shawls together, "make him wrap those about him. He'll die, I know he will—with that reeking skirt of his. If you must go into the water, I wish you had worn your abate's dress. How *could* you, Don Ippolito?"

The gondoliers set their oars, but before they had given a stroke, they were arrested by a sharp "Halt!" from the fort. Another figure had joined the sentry, and stood looking at them.

"Well," said Ferris, "*now* what, I wonder? That's an officer. If I had a little German about me, I might state the situation to him."

He felt a light touch on his arm. "I can speak German," said Florida timidly.

"Then you had better speak it now," said Ferris.

She rose to her feet, and in a steady voice briefly explained the whole affair. The figures listened motionless; then the last comer politely replied, begging her to be in no uneasiness, made her shadowy salute, and vanished. The sentry resumed his walk, and took no further notice of them.

"Brava!" said Ferris, while Mrs. Vervain babbled her satisfaction, "I will buy a German Ollendorff to-morrow. The language is indispensable to a pleasure excursion in the lagoon."

Florida made no reply, but devoted herself to restoring her mother to that state of defense against the discomforts of the time and place, which the common agitation had impaired. She seemed to have no sense of the presence of any one else. Don Ippolito did not speak again save to protect himself from the anxieties and reproaches of Mrs. Vervain, renewed and reiterated at intervals. She drowsed after a while, and whenever she woke she thought they

¹ Under the Austrians, Venice was a free port, but everything carried thence to the mainland was liable to duty.

had just touched her own landing. By fits it was cloudy and moonlight; they began to meet peasants' boats going to the Rialto market; at last, they entered the Canal of the Zattere, then they slipped into a narrow way, and presently stopped at Mrs. Vervain's gate; this time she had not expected it. Don Ippolito gave her his hand, and entered the garden with her, while Ferris lingered behind with Florida, helping her put together the wraps strewn about the gondola.

"Wait!" she commanded, as they moved up the garden walk. "I want to speak with you about Don Ippolito. What shall I do to him for my rudeness? You *must* tell me — you *shall*," she said in a fierce whisper, gripping the arm which Ferris had given to help her up the landing-stairs. "You are — older than I am!"

"Thanks. I was afraid you were going to say wiser. I should think your own sense of justice, your own sense of —"

"Decency. Say it, say it!" cried the girl passionately; "it was indecent, indecent — that was it!"

— "would tell you what to do," concluded the painter, dryly.

She flung away the arm to which she had been clinging, and ran to where the priest stood with her mother at the foot of the terrace stairs. "Don Ippolito," she cried, "I want to tell you that I am sorry; I want to ask your pardon — how can you ever forgive me? — for what I said."

She instinctively stretched her hand towards him.

"Oh!" said the priest, with an indescribable, long, trembling sigh. He caught her hand in his, held it tight, and then pressed it for an instant against his breast.

Ferris made a little start forward.

"Now, that's right, Florida," said her mother, as the four stood in the pale, estranging moonlight. "I'm sure Don Ippolito can't cherish any resentment. If he does, he must come in and wash it out with a glass of wine — that's a good old fashion. I want you to have the

wine at any rate, Don Ippolito: it'll keep you from taking cold. You really must."

"Thanks, madama; I cannot lose more time, now; I must go home at once. Good night."

Before Mrs. Vervain could frame a protest, or lay hold of him, he bowed and hurried out of the land-gate.

"How perfectly absurd for him to get into the water in that way," she said, looking mechanically in the direction in which he had vanished.

"Well, Mrs. Vervain, it isn't best to be too grateful to people," said Ferris, "but I think we must allow that if we were in any danger, sticking there in the mud, Don Ippolito got us out of it by putting his shoulder to the oar."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Vervain.

"In fact," continued Ferris, "I suppose we may say that, under Providence, we probably owe our lives to Don Ippolito's self-sacrifice and Miss Vervain's knowledge of German. At any rate, it's what I shall always maintain."

"Mother, don't you think you had better go in?" asked Florida, gently. Her gentleness ignored the presence, the existence of Ferris. "I'm afraid you will be sick after all this fatigue."

"There, Mrs. Vervain, it'll be no use offering me a glass of wine. I'm sent away, you see," said Ferris. "And Miss Vervain is quite right. Good night."

"Oh — *good* night, Mr. Ferris," said Mrs. Vervain, giving her hand. "Thank you *so* much."

Florida did not look toward him. She gathered her mother's shawl about her shoulders for the twentieth time that day, and softly urged her indoors, while Ferris let himself out into the campo.

IX.

Florida began to prepare the bed for her mother's lying down.

"What are you doing that for, my dear?" asked Mrs. Vervain. "I can't go to bed at once."

"But mother" —

"No, Florida. And I mean it. You are too headstrong. I should think you would see yourself how you suffer in the end by giving way to your violent temper. What a day you have made for us!"

"I was very wrong," murmured the proud girl, meekly.

"And then the mortification of an apology; you might have spared yourself that."

"It did n't mortify me; I did n't care for it."

"No, I really believe you are too haughty to mind humbling yourself. And Don Ippolito had been so uniformly kind to us. I begin to believe that Mr. Ferris caught your true character in that sketch. But your pride will be broken some day, Florida."

"Won't you let me help you undress, mother? You can talk to me while you're undressing. You must try to get some rest."

"Yes, I am all unstrung. Why could n't you have let him come in and talk awhile? It would have been the best way to get me quieted down. But no; you must always have your own way. Don't twitch me, my dear; I'd rather undress myself. You pretend to be very careful of me. I wonder if you really care for me."

"Oh, mother, you are all I have in the world!"

Mrs. Vervain began to whimper. "You talk as if I were any better off. Have I anybody besides you? And I have lost so many."

"Don't think of those things now, mother."

Mrs. Vervain tenderly kissed the young girl. "You are good to your mother. Don Ippolito was right; no one ever saw you offer me disrespect or unkindness. There, there! Don't cry, my darling. I think I *had* better lie down, and I'll let you undress me."

She suffered herself to be helped into bed, and Florida went softly about the room, putting it in order, and drawing the curtains closer to keep out the near dawn. Her mother talked a little

while, and presently fell from incoherence to silence, and so to sleep.

Florida looked hesitatingly at her for a moment, and then set her candle on the floor and sank wearily into an arm-chair beside the bed. Her hands fell into her lap; her head drooped sadly forward; the light flung the shadow of her face grotesquely exaggerated and foreshortened upon the ceiling.

By and by a bird piped in the garden; the shriek of a swallow made itself heard from a distance; the vernal day was beginning to stir from the light, brief drowse of the vernal night. A crown of angry red formed upon the candle wick, which toppled over in the socket and guttered out with a sharp hiss.

Florida started from her chair. A streak of sunshine pierced shutter and curtain. Her mother was supporting herself on one elbow in the bed, and looking at her as if she had just called to her.

"Mother, did you speak?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Vervain turned her face away; she sighed deeply, stretched her thin hands on the pillow, and seemed to be sinking, sinking down through the bed. She ceased to breathe and lay in a dead faint.

Florida felt rather than saw it all. She did not cry out nor call for help. She brought water and cologne, and bathed her mother's face, and then chafed her hands. Mrs. Vervain slowly revived; she opened her eyes, then closed them; she did not speak, but after a while she began to fetch her breath with the long and even respirations of sleep.

Florida noiselessly opened the door, and met the servant with a tray of coffee. She put her finger to her lip, and motioned her not to enter, asking in a whisper: "What time is it, Nina? I forgot to wind my watch."

"It's nine o'clock, signorina; and I thought you would be tired this morning, and would like your coffee in bed. Oh, misericordia!" cried the girl, still in whisper, with a glance through the

doorway, "you haven't been in bed at all!"

"My mother doesn't seem well. I sat down beside her, and fell asleep in my chair without knowing it."

"Ah, poor little thing! Then you must drink your coffee at once. It refreshes."

"Yes, yes," said Florida, closing the door, and pointing to a table in the next room, "put it down here. I will serve myself, Nina. Go call the gondola, please. I am going out, at once, and I want you to go with me. Tell Checa to come here and stay with my mother till I come back."

She poured out a cup of coffee with a trembling hand, and hastily drank it; then bathing her eyes, she went to the glass and bestowed a touch or two upon yesterday's toilet, studied the effect a moment, and turned away. She came back for another look, and the next moment she was walking down to the water-gate, where she found Nina waiting for her in the gondola.

A rapid course brought them to Ferris's landing. "Ring," she said to the gondolier, "and say that one of the American ladies wishes to see the consul."

Ferris was standing on the balcony over her, where he had been watching her approach in mute wonder. "Why, Miss Vervain," he called down, "what in the world is the matter?"

"I don't know. I want to see you," said Florida, looking up with a wistful, bewildered face.

"I'll come down."

"Yes, please. Or no, I had better come up. Yes, Nina and I will come up."

Ferris met them at the lower door and led them to his apartment. Nina sat down in the outer room, and Florida followed the painter into his studio. Though her face was so wan, it seemed to him that he had never seen it lovelier, and he had a strange pride in her being there, though the disorder of the place ought to have humbled him. She looked over it with a certain childlike, timid curiosity, and something

of that lofty compassion with which young ladies regard the haunts of men when they come into them by chance; in doing this she had a haughty, slow turn of the head that fascinated him.

"I hope," he said, "you don't mind the smell," which was a mingled one of oil-colors and tobacco-smoke. "The woman's putting my office to rights, and it's all in a cloud of dust. So I have to bring you in here."

Florida sat down on a chair fronting the easel, and found herself looking into the sad eyes of Don Ippolito. Ferris brusquely turned the back of the canvas toward her. "I did n't mean you to see that. It is n't ready to show, yet," he said, and then he stood expectantly before her. He waited for her to speak, for he never knew how to take Miss Vervain; he was willing enough to make light of her grand moods, but now she was too evidently unhappy for mocking; at the same time he did not care to invoke a snub by a prematurely sympathetic demeanor. His mind ran on the events of the day before, and he thought this visit probably related somehow to Don Ippolito. But his visitor did not speak, and at last he said: "I hope there's nothing wrong at home, Miss Vervain. It's rather odd to have yesterday, last night, and next morning all run together as they have been for me in the last twenty-four hours. I trust Mrs. Vervain is turning the whole thing into a good solid oblivion."

"It's about—it's about—I came to see you," said Florida, hoarsely. "I mean," she hurried on to say, "that I want to ask you who is the best doctor here?"

Then it was not about Don Ippolito. "Is your mother sick?" asked Ferris, eagerly. "She must have been fearfully tired by that unlucky expedition of ours. I hope there's nothing serious?"

"No, no! But she is not well. She is very frail, you know. You must have noticed how frail she is," said Florida, tremulously.

Ferris had noticed that all his countrywomen, past their girlhood, seemed to be sick, he did not know how or why; he supposed it was all right, it was so common. In Mrs. Vervain's case, though she talked a great deal about her ill-health, he had noticed it rather less than usual, she had so great spirit. He recalled now that he *had* thought her at times rather a shadowy presence, and that occasionally it had amused him that so slight a structure should hang together as it did—not only successfully, but triumphantly.

He did not say anything, and Florida continued: "It's only advice that I want for her, but I think we had better see some one—or know some one that we could go to in need. We are so far from any one we know, or help of any kind." She seemed to be trying to account to herself, rather than to Ferris, for what she was doing. "We must n't let anything pass unnoticed" . . . She looked at him entreatingly, but a shadow, as of some wounding memory, passed over her face, and she said no more.

"I'll go with you to a doctor's," said Ferris, kindly.

"No, please, I won't trouble you."

"It's no trouble."

"I don't *want* you to go with me, please. I'd rather go alone." Ferris looked at her perplexedly, as she rose. "Just give me the address, and I shall manage best by myself. I'm used to doing it."

"As you like. Wait a moment." Ferris wrote the address. "There," he said, giving it to her; "but is n't there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," answered Florida with awkward hesitation, and a half-defiant, half-imploing look at him. "You must have all sorts of people applying to you, as a consul; and you look after their affairs—and try to forget them"—

"Well?" said Ferris.

"I wish you would n't remember that I've asked this favor of you; that you'd consider it a"—

"Consular service? With all my heart," answered Ferris, thinking for

the third or fourth time how very young Miss Vervain was.

"You are very good; you are kinder than I have any right," said Florida, smiling piteously. "I only mean, don't speak of it to my mother. Not," she added, "but what I want her to know everything I do; but it would worry her if she thought I was anxious about her. Oh! I wish I would n't."

She began a hasty search for her handkerchief; he saw her lips tremble and his soul trembled with them.

In another moment, "Good morning," she said briskly, with a sort of airy sob, "I don't want you to come down, please."

She drifted out of the room and down the stairs, the servant-maid falling into her wake.

Ferris filled his pipe and went out on his balcony again, and stood watching the gondola in its course towards the address he had given, and smoking thoughtfully. It was really the same girl who had given poor Don Ippolito that cruel slap in the face, yesterday. But that seemed no more out of reason than her sudden, generous, exaggerated remorse; both were of a piece with her coming to him for help now, holding him at a distance, flinging herself upon his sympathy, and then trying to snub him, and breaking down in the effort. It was all of a piece, and the piece was bad; yes, she had an ugly temper; and yet she had magnanimous traits too. These contradictions, which in his reverie he felt rather than formulated, made him smile, as he stood on his balcony bathed by the morning air and sunlight, in fresh, strong ignorance of the whole mystery of women's nerves. These caprices even charmed him. He reflected that he had gone on doing the Vervains one favor after another in spite of Florida's childish petulancies; and he resolved that he would not stop now; her whims should be nothing to him, as they had been nothing, hitherto. It is flattering to a man to be indispensable to a woman so long as he is not obliged to it; Miss Vervain's dependent relation to himself in this visit gave her

a grace in Ferris's eyes which she had wanted before.

In the mean time he saw her gondola stop, turn round, and come back to the canal that bordered the Vervain garden.

"Another change of mind," thought Ferris, complacently; and rising superior to the whole fitful sex, he released himself from uneasiness on Mrs. Vervain's account. But in the evening he went to ask after her. He first sent his card to Florida, having written on it, "I hope Mrs. Vervain is better. Don't let me come in if it's any disturbance." He looked for a moment at what he had written, dimly conscious that it was patronizing; and when he entered he saw that Miss Vervain stood on the defensive and from some willfulness meant to make him feel that he was presumptuous in coming. It did not comfort him to consider that she was very young; I have myself been snubbed by young ladies who could not walk. "Mother will be in directly," said Florida in a tone that relegated their morning's interview to the age of fable.

Mrs. Vervain came in smiling and cordial, apparently better and not worse for yesterday's misadventures.

"Oh, I pick up quickly," she explained. "I'm an old campaigner, you know. Perhaps a little *too* old, now. Years *do* make a difference; and you'll find it out as you get on, Mr. Ferris."

"I suppose so," said Ferris, not liking that Mrs. Vervain should treat him so much like a boy. "Even at twenty-six I found it pleasant to take a nap this afternoon. How does one stand it at seventeen, Miss Vervain?" he asked.

"I have n't felt the need of sleep," replied Florida, indifferently, and he felt shelved, as an old fellow.

He had an empty, frivolous visit, to his thinking. Mrs. Vervain asked if he

had seen Don Ippolito, and wondered that the priest had not come about, all day. She told a long story, and at the end tapped herself on the mouth with her fan to punish a yawn.

Ferris rose to go. Mrs. Vervain wondered again in the same words why Don Ippolito had not been near them all day.

"Because he's a wise man," said Ferris with bitterness, "and knows when to time his visits." Mrs. Vervain did not notice the bitterness, but something made Florida follow him to the outer door.

"Why, it's moonlight!" she exclaimed; and she glanced at him as though she had some purpose of atonement in her mind.

But he would not have it. "Yes, there's a moon," he said moodily. "Good night."

"Good night," answered Florida, and she suddenly offered him her hand. He thought that it shook in his, but it was probably the agitation of his own nerves.

A soreness that had been lifted from his heart, came back; he walked home disappointed and defeated, he hardly knew why or in what. He did not laugh now to think how she had asked him that morning to forget her coming to him for help; he was outraged that he should have been repaid in this sort, and the rebuff with which his sympathy had just been met was vulgar; there was no other name for it but vulgarity. Yet he could not relate this quality to the face of the young girl as he constantly beheld it in his homeward walk. It did not defy him or repulse him; it looked up at him wistfully as from the gondola that morning. Nevertheless he hardened his heart. The Vervains should see him next when they had sent for him. After all, one is not so very old at twenty-six.

W. D. Howells.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

In John Worthington's Name, Mr. Benedict has quite made good the promise of his earlier novels. He has always given proof of considerable painstaking in his writings, but only too often they bore traces of an inability to free himself from the conventional framework of incidents which goes to make a plot. In this novel, however, he has struck out for himself, has chosen a very interesting plot, and set before us some real human beings instead of the rather shadowy creatures of his other stories. Indeed, the problem he selected, which in the main is the conduct of a woman who by thoughtlessness has got herself into very perplexing difficulties, is one very well calculated to baffle the ordinary writer of fiction. It would not be fair to tell the story, but a few words to illustrate what we are about to say of the book may not be out of place. The heroine, Mrs. Marchmont, is a spoiled beauty, the widow of a rich man whom she did not marry for love, and now her only interest is in keeping a prominent position in society; she likes her notoriety for beauty and extravagance, and by her carelessness she has got herself into debt. The most disagreeable part of this business is that she has authorized a Wall Street speculator to invest some money for her, which he has lost, and he presumes upon his claim of creditor to insult her with his attentions. She can only rid herself of him by the payment of her just dues, a tolerably large sum, and to raise this she is led to forge the indorsement of a friend of hers to a note which she gives the money-lender, he promising

not to let it go out of his hands. The evil-minded speculator manages to get it into his possession. Here our disclosure ceases; we shall try to be more honest and not let any more of the secret get out of our hands. There is novelty and a great deal of ingenuity in this plot, but there is something much better in the way it is told. Mrs. Marchmont, especially, is really admirably done. It is not every one who can in the first place describe intelligibly a fascinating woman, and there are even fewer who can go further and set one before us with all her hopes and wishes, and arts and ways. This Mr. Benedict has done with commendable success. His heroine is clever and her *bon mots* are given; she is cleverer than all the men, and they accordingly wither before her in turn; she is very beautiful, and her beauty is well described; her wiles, too, are very different from the monotonous, cat-like manners which even Charles Reade manages to see as plainly as he sees flaws in the convict-system or in the management of mad-houses; they are, rather, the far astuter ways of being honest and sincere, and saying what she really means, which, being mingled with a great deal of nonsense, is perfectly successful in confusing every one.

The way in which she was led into her troubles is so well told that we sympathize with her instead of condemning her folly, and her bravery in it all, even in very trying scenes, is what we cannot help admiring. Everywhere she is a lady; in spite of the folly of her fashionable life she is always that. We are interested in her

¹ *John Worthington's Name.* A Novel. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of *My Daughter Elvior*, *Miss Van Kortland*, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Lord of Himself. A Novel. By F. H. UNDERWOOD. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1874.

The Universe and the Coming Transits. By R. A. PROCTOR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

The Expanse of Heaven: A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Responsibility in Mental Disease. By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Recent Art and Society, from the Autobiography and Memoirs of H. F. Chorley, compiled from the edition of Henry G. Hewlett. By C. H. JONES. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Philosophy of English Literature. A Course of

Lectures delivered in the Lowell Institute. By JOHN BASCOM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

Kejser og Gøikar. By HENRIK ISEN. Copenhagen. 1873.

Brief Essays and Brevities. By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Lee and Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard, and Dillingham. 1874.

Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, Author of *California for Health, Pleasure, and Residence*, etc., etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Five-Minute Chats with Young Women and Certain Other Parties. By DIO LEWIS, Author of *Our Girls*, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Sea and Shore: A Collection of Poems. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Reminiscences by Chorley, Planche, and Young. Edited by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

every time she appears; very often she is represented battling against some of the meshes which are entangling her more and more at every step, and the reader cannot lay the book down; and at the culmination of it all,—those who have read the novel will know what we mean, and those who have not would do well to set about finding out at once,—we find no lack of power on the part of the writer. He has all his characters well in hand there as elsewhere. It is a very well drawn scene, and it is well drawn on account of its simplicity, and the absence of any attempt at fine writing. We sympathize with the characters, wherever they appear, because we understand them; and this we do because the author understood them in the first place, and so knew how to put them before us like human beings.

It is not exaggeration to say that there is as much material as goes to making three fourths of ordinary novels in the rest of the story, which concerns itself with the love-making of Kenneth Halford and Milly; the young woman is by no means uninteresting, but her adventures grow very pale by the side of those of Mrs. Marchmont. This part, however, is cleverly woven into the rest, and the growth of this second heroine is well and sympathetically told. By no means the worst part of this clever novel is the ingenious treatment of the distinctly secondary characters. Mrs. Remsen, the astute matron, is well done; so too is Mrs. Marchmont's companion; clever, also, is what little we see of the ill-mannered, sour-tempered Maud. There is occasionally a little exaggeration in the absurdity of some, notably of the frivolous young men, but we would not insist on this; exaggeration here is something nearly impossible.

On the whole, this is a very readable novel, and it deserves especial mention because it shows such marked improvement on the part of the author; there is nothing more welcome than this. A little care would have corrected some obvious misprints, and a few faults of style into which Mr. Benedict has occasionally fallen. Most of them, however, will escape notice, as would much worse ones, in the really absorbing story. We hope Mr. Benedict will not let this novel stand as high-water mark with him; we shall anxiously expect a successor which shall be even better than John Worthington's Name.

—Mr. Underwood's book is rather a pic-

ture of life in Kentucky than a novel, though there is a love story in it too; and a good deal of exciting incident. The scene is altogether in that State, and the time is thirty or forty years ago, so that we have a social condition portrayed which is purely Southern and feudal. It is an incalculable gain to humanity that this condition has ceased, but it is an almost equal loss to fiction; for it is safe to say that we shall never again see a phase of civilization so apt to the novelist's purposes. It all appears in Mr. Underwood's story, sometimes with sketchy and sometimes with elaborate treatment. We have the kidnapped freed-woman and her many-fathered children, whom the unhappy accident of an unusual education render susceptible, in their return to slavery, of an anguish that the common slaves could never know; we have the various house-servants, old and young, whose presence makes every suggestion of a Southern household so picturesque,—affectionate, subtle, simple, dishonest, faithless, devoted; and we have in contrast to these the other basis of society, poor whites, living in a sort of fierce, lawless servility to the rich slaveholders about them, with whom a common propensity to shoot off-ending objects at sight gives them a savage equality. Then amongst the baronial class we have the rival great families, entangled in old *vendettas*, with alternate appeals from the rifle to the law, and from the law to the rifle. This class, with all its faults, has the virtues of magnanimity, courage, open-handedness, and the stately grace which, if its quaintness makes us smile a little in the dapper ease of our modern social life, is undeniably a grace that we lack. The worst of the aristocratic virtues and graces always is that they cost too much; they are cursed by the suffering and shame and degradation of a whole nether world; and Mr. Underwood lets us see very plainly the cruel expensiveness of the obsolete Kentuckian gentility. He paints that by-gone society from thorough familiarity with it, and from a just sympathy with all its good points.

We will not spoil the pleasure of novel-readers who care for plots by unfolding the story; but we will ask them to note, when they come to it, how well-done is the little neighborhood shooting-match between Beauchamp Russell and his Cracker enemies; and we bespeak their appreciation of the rough and vigorous painting of a Cracker house in the Kentucky woods.

These poor whites seem to us the most artistically managed people in the book; their dialect is faithfully caught, and the grotesque squalor of their life is graphically sketched. The most interesting of the gentry is the uncle of the hero, whose queer misanthropy seems proper to the time and place, and whose philosophy of life is amusing; it is observable, too, that he returns to a friendly interest in mankind without becoming silly, as your misanthrope is apt to become in novels. The old villain of the book is also well enough as villains go; and there is no want of life-likeness in any of the people — not, at least, till they take to journalizing to help out their story. Mainly the story is pleasantly told, with an agreeable flavor of the older fashion of novel-writing; but Mr Underwood sacrifices his narrative again and again to his own wish to say certain things and develop certain doctrines of life which might have been better reserved for a separate work. However, you are not obliged to read these passages: you may recur to these after you have finished reading the story, if you like, though they break up more and more a narrative that without them would tend to fall into not strongly sequent scenes and incidents. But taking the book with its faults, it is one that we read with entertainment, and a pleasure all the greater from our sense of the author's own earnest interest in writing it.

—Mr. Proctor's books have ceased to suggest astronomical problems; they are provocative of psychological investigations. Sir Thomas Browne says, "The world I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation." It is the microcosm of our author's frame that we are forced to cast our eye on, and we behold him turning not only the "world" but the whole universe, not for recreation, but to make a book. It is impossible not to take an interest in the operation; it is the good-natured interest which every Anglo-Saxon feels in the highwayman who stops him and jauntily demands his pence; he delivers and rides on, half indignant at the extortion, but wholly curious as to a manner of life, and of getting a living, so novel.

It must be admitted that Mr. Proctor has done the literature of science great services. One of his earliest books (we believe his very first) was *Saturn and his System*, which was admirable in every way. Above all

things it was thorough, as far as its scope allowed it to be; and it was at once attractive to the general reader, and valuable for its well-compiled statistics and for tables and drawings due to Mr. Proctor himself.

This book was a success, as it deserved to be, and it led its author (as too candid biographers have told us) to attempt to earn a large sum of money by writing similar books. The titles of these are well known, and are an index to the rather sensational character of the books themselves: *The Sun, Ruler, Light, Fire, and Life of the Planetary System; Other Suns than Ours; The Orbs around Us; Other Worlds than Ours*, etc.

The contents of these books confirm the evil prognostic of their titles. The same subjects are treated over and over again in quite a wearying way; so that our ears ring with stories and guesses about meteors, comets, colored suns, Mars and Jupiter, and the like.

Amid all this trash appeared one very excellent book, *The Moon*, which like *Saturn* and his *System* is an exhaustive treatise from the author's point of view. It is not too much to say that there are very few men now living, who have the requisite knowledge, and the still rarer tact for stating it, which the making of this book required. It is the best popular exposition of rather hidden truths since Herschel.

Yet this book is succeeded by *The Borderland of Science*, and in rapid succession by the two now before us. We begin to see that Mr. Proctor *will* write, whether well or ill it matters little.

If it were a purely literary venture, it could be left to its fate, and pure justice would be done. But Mr. Proctor's case is not so simple; he represents himself as a teacher of the masses and as having high ideals in science, and he speaks with a certain authority on account of his known work in astronomy itself. He says, "I have invented the only true way of mapping the stars" (he it noticed that Mr. Proctor is not too modest), "I have discovered star-drift and have made some interesting predictions which Huggins subsequently verified. I have enunciated the only true theory of Jupiter; I have invented the true principle of star-gauging; I have the only true theory of the universe; I have overthrown the Astronomer-Royal with regard to the transit of Venus; therefore, O public, buy my authoritative books."

But on the other hand, he says by Lis

books, although he does not mean to say it, "I will *trade* on this reputation and this solid work of mine; I will write up things from the Cyclopædia; I will write about Colored Suns, about the Queen of Night, about the Ringed Planet, about the Prince of Planets, about the Ruddy Planet, about Ghosts and Goblins, about Comets and Visitants from the Star-Depths, about these same depths 'astir with life,' and in general about heaven and earth and all that therein is." For him the time is always come

— "to talk of many things:
Of chalk and cheese and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings;
And *why* the sea is boiling hot,
And *whether* pigs have wings."

"But for fear these things may fall upon you, O public, and because Mitchel's Astronomy of the Bible is out of print, I will write for you a highly moral and a religious book which I will call The Expanse of Heaven, whose chapters shall commence with a text from Holy Scripture, whose paragraphs shall each contain a line (or more) from Milton, in which the consideration of each topic shall be appropriately closed by an (original) exhortation to the Most High, and which shall be of no value whatever to any living soul. This I will procure to be published, and as it is religious I will vend it at two (currency) dollars per volume. I must ask you politely yet firmly to stand and deliver."

This, we say, is amusing, but it is also sad; it sets us to thinking. Why should it not be possible for Mr. Proctor's great talents to be usefully employed on real labor? Why should he feel obliged to join feeble essays and loose description to thorough work?

One of the great European astronomers said of him, "Why do not the English people put him in an observatory and restrain him from writing essays on the Fire, Light, and Ruler of the Earth?"

Some of Mr. Proctor's good work is contained in the latter half of *The Universe* and the *Coming Transits*.

His unfortunate difference with the Astronomer-Royal has given a factitious importance to the discussion of the selection of stations for observing the transit of Venus in 1874, but this difference, out of which Mr. Proctor has made a great deal of capital, was largely in a matter of words. The Astronomer-Royal made it a fundamental principle not to consider stations in such places as were not accessible at all times of the year; and Mr. Proctor's desired stations

were on the Antarctic Continent, where a stay of about a year would be entailed upon the observers, during the major part of which time they could not be reached by vessels.

Hence, setting aside other differences, the Astronomer-Royal and Mr. Proctor could not have agreed; and in fact they did not agree, and the present book is a statement of Mr. Proctor's position. It is composed of reprints from the monthly notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, and comprises much of only transitory importance, as well as some valuable maps and discussions.

Mr. Proctor succeeds in these discussions in making his meaning clear, and in convincing the reader that his points are (from his point of view) extremely well taken. The half geometrical form of his reasoning is well adapted to the subject, and here, as in all cases where Mr. Proctor consents to reason carefully, he appears to very good advantage.

The *Essays on the Universe* in the first half of the same volume are reprints from English magazines, and are usually interesting. Some of them are accompanied by valuable maps which illustrate the distribution of nebulae clusters, etc. But in reading them, one is at once struck with the fact that parts of them sound familiar, as if they had been read before; and an examination shows that whole pages of quotations are given here for the second time at least. It would be interesting to know how many times Mr. Proctor has quoted from Richter a passage descriptive of the flights of a soul through space.

Lovers of Mr. Proctor's recent style of writing have no cause to be dispirited, however, for it is unofficially understood that he is soon to publish his lectures in America, and a book of reminiscences—a kind of "People I have met" book. But all lovers of thorough work in literature or science or life will regret that circumstances keep so talented and industrious a writer from that earnest work which alone is worth doing, and which alone is of any lasting value.

—Dr. Maudsley's work, *Responsibility in Mental Disease*, is, barring a couple of points which we shall note, admirable as a popular account of the diseases the human mind is heir to, and deserving of its polyglot destiny in the International Scientific Series. Our first cavil is that the accomplished author is somewhat tediously querulous with the "theological" and "metaphysical" way of looking at things, which figure throughout, as if the neck of humanity were still under their

foot, and the yearly holocaust of human victims had to be handed in. We can only account for Dr. Maudsley's surliness by supposing it to be based on some harsh personal experiences of his youth. These are known often to leave idiosyncrasies of feeling behind. Our second objection is relative to the main thesis of the book, which we cannot consider the author to have conclusively vindicated. He thinks that American legal decisions, as being more merciful than British ones where possible insanity was involved, have been in advance of the latter; that no act which is a product or offspring of mental disease can be criminal; that a partial "monomania" should shield the wrong-doer from ordinary punishability, even where the crime seems to have no logical connection with the mental disorder; and that "It is truly a strange piece of irony to exact perfect controlling power in a disease the special character of which is to weaken the will and increase the force of passion." We hold that the punishment of the insane is after all a matter of public *policy*, to be decided by many other considerations than the psychological one which Dr. Maudsley has alone considered, namely, whether the subject have flexibility of choice enough to make him properly "accountable" to us for his deeds. This criterion we admit to be ably treated by the doctor; but unable, in this place, to expatiate further on the subject, we may say that Dr. Hammond, in his pamphlet published last year on *Insanity in its Relations to Crime*, seems to us to have taken a truer, if a less merciful view.

The last chapter in Dr. Maudsley's book, on *The Prevention of Insanity*, is the most original and valuable. Much has been written of late on the hygiene of the mind, but for a certain depth of intuition and vigor of expression, we remember nothing comparable to this chapter. It is a pity it should not be reprinted as a tract, and dispersed gratis over the land. The first factor in the production of mental disease is the hereditary factor. Second in causative importance comes, according to the author, intemperance. "If the hereditary causes were cut off, and insanity thus stamped out for a time, it would assuredly soon be created anew by intemperance and other excesses." But as men cannot be expected to abandon their excesses at a stroke, it is to the slow education of the race that we must look for relief. "There can be no doubt that in the capability for self-forma-

tion which each one has in greater or less degree, there lies a power over himself to prevent insanity. Not many persons need go mad, perhaps,—at any rate from moral causes,—if they only knew the resources of their nature, and knew how to develop them systematically." Accordingly the author sketches his ideal of what should be aimed at. We cannot mar it by short extracts, but will merely say that while Dr. Maudsley's professed criterion of excellence in character is the evolutionist one of "harmony" with the world, he lays immense stress in his conclusions upon inward consistency of thought and action, with self-development as an aim, and indifference to outward fortune as a ruling mood. These conclusions are no doubt true, though it may be doubted whether a rigid and adequate logical bridge to them from the premised harmony with the universe has yet been built. A great Roman emperor said: "O universe, whatever harmonizes with thee is harmonious with me!" The "adjustments" and "correspondences" of the Spencerian philosophy were not in his mind, but the indifference to fortune which Dr. Maudsley preaches, and the firm serenity which more than anything else a consciousness of one's consistency will give, were alike features of his moral ideal. Moralists need not be anxious when the most advanced positivism comes to practical conclusions that differ so little from those of the "metaphysically" minded Marcus Aurelius.

—In the memoirs of H. F. Chorley we see a man of inborn artistic sensibility, highly cultivated, widely appreciative, and possessed of some real power of insight into the characters of those people more distinguished in the world's eye than himself, whose fame is to give value to his reminiscences of them. Not the least excellent trait in him is the perfectly unaffected, unembittered humility with respect to himself, that is apt to show itself in a mind of sensitive fibre which has experienced the longing to create—whether successful in creation or not. For Chorley was something of a poet and novelist, as well as critic; and was born with a quick apprehension for music, which would doubtless have gained him renown as a composer, had it been assisted early enough, and which, as it was, made him the chief authority of his day in English musical criticism. On terms of intimacy with Dickens, Browning, Thackeray, Mendels-

sohn, he received from the first two the warmest praise of his novel of *Roccabella*, and his drama, *Duchess Eleanor* (first brought out with Miss Cushman in the part of the heroine). He was also the author of certain ballads (both words and music) which met with approval from musicians. Yet, as an artist, he never achieved a general and lasting support from the public, such as he must have desired. "I cannot call to mind a writer more largely neglected, sneered at, and grudgingly analyzed, than myself," he writes, in reviewing his career; but he accepts the destiny gently, attributing his failures in great measure (and no doubt rightly) to his fearless and strictly discriminating fulfillment of his duties as critic to *The Athenæum*. This discrimination, however, apparently never degenerated into savageness; a quality frequently confused with it, as we have opportunity for observing in the conduct of at least one soured periodical in this country. "Enthusiastic in expressing his admiration of whatever approached the high standard by which he judged," writes one of his friends, "he was especially severe in censuring all that he deemed false."

His power of appreciation seems to have been remarkably various, though always consistent with the most firmly-fixed principles of taste. He was apparently wise and clear in his distinction of feeling from sentiment; placed Beethoven among the men distinguished for the former, as opposed to Mozart,—chief among musicians of sentiment,—who, he thought, "provided for the average sensations and sympathies of mankind, rather than enlarged the number of these;" and on the same principle preferred Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, to Raffaele. These preferences, however, could not deter him from a perfectly patient estimate of the respective worth and proper position of all who have gained distinction or popularity in art. His delicate and skillful analysis of Strauss's waltzes, and his enthusiasm over their beauty, illustrate the genuineness and catholicity of his taste, and are of a piece with his gentleness in recording the insolent conduct toward himself of the surly old banker-poet, Rogers,—with his quick justice to Sydney Smith, for having allowed a good anecdote to be corrected, in which he had unwittingly distorted facts,—and with his chivalrous loyalty to Lady Blessington, in time of false report and covert attack upon her. With all this it is curious to see how at last

he goes wrong in some judgments upon Hawthorne's character; and it would be distressing, were it not more amusing, as showing how, with all his critical charity and long culture, he had yet not been able to get rid of that instinctive sense of superiority to all other nationalities which has long made Englishmen so intolerant toward Americans, and still clouds their understanding of us. Chorley had been the first in England to greet the *Twice Told Tales* and *Mosses*; and on Hawthorne's arrival at Liverpool (where the critic had lived in youth), sent the romancer a letter "referring him," as he says, to certain cultivated people there (it would not have been out of place, except that Chorley's friends were English and therefore superior to any possible American, to have asked Hawthorne's leave to introduce some of them to him, instead of "referring him" to them) "in case he should stand in need of society, . . . totally apart from the tinsel folly of *lionism*." The author, however, made no demonstration in response; and it was only when he got safely away from Liverpool that he wrote to Chorley, in London. They then met, and Chorley's impressions seem to have been agreeable "of a man genial and not over sensitive, even when we could make merry on the subject of national differences." . . . But all this was reversed when *Our Old Home* appeared; and insult added to injury, it would seem, when the *English Notes* were printed. "The tone of these English journals," says Chorley, "is as small and peevish as if their writer had been thwarted and overlooked, instead of waited on with hearty offers of service," etc. This must certainly amaze all American readers; for, unless we are strangely in error, the impression gathered by them from all Hawthorne's writing about England is one in great measure composed of fond retrospect upon that country, and we should never have suspected him of peevishness, since the evidence is so complete of a cordial reception from the English, and of hearty enjoyment of that reception by our romancer. He did not, however, find it necessary to divest himself of his peculiar personality, in token of gratitude, nor conceive of such a thing as being denied the right to publish his individual American impressions. This was fatal, so far as Chorley was concerned. But another generation of the English will probably, before its maturity, grow up to some

glimmering perception of the right which Americans will surely continue to exercise, of visiting England and enjoying hospitality there without abandoning their personal or national character; even as the typical Briton is wont to inspect all quarters of the earth and pronounce judgment thereon in no timid language.

After all, Chorley's strictures upon Hawthorne are more troubled than violent. Not even in this case had his fine critical instinct relaxed its hold upon his mind. He does not treat the New England romancer's delinquency with priggish or pragmatic certitude, but is disappointed at what seems to him an undeniable inconsistency in "a man so great and real." We can still learn from him the value of that thoughtful, trenchant, often brilliant criticism which he studied and practiced as an art: criticism which, while perfectly decided in censure, seeks and dwells on the best traits in any work, rather than its defects; the only criticism which will ever correct bad art or cultivate genuine appreciation in the public mind.

— Professor Bascom's performance comes up to its promise, and in this respect is superior to Taine's ambitious *History of English Literature*, thwarted as that is by futile and often unfitting theory. But the division of the book into lectures will deny it that supremacy of literary composition found in Taine's work, and still more pre-eminent in Emerson's masterly chapter on *Literature*, in the *English Traits*. Nevertheless, Mr. Bascom coöperates with Lowell, Reed, and Whipple, in proving that English literature meets with an appreciation from American critics which is not the least subtle or comprehensive accorded it. The philosophy of its history which he aims to present is summed up thus: "The æsthetical impulse, or the element of form, is predominant in literature, and the more so as long periods are taken into consideration; and a controlling force, giving character to the literary effort of any period, is found in the ethical nature." We have three periods outlined: the initiative, that of Chaucer; the first creative, or Elizabethan; the second creative, embracing Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, as the leading and formative ones. Between the first and second creative periods is the transitional epoch of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson. The fostering forces upon which each of these depended for its development are carefully and clearly

sought for and examined; and the whole presentation is distinguished by criticism at once close and comprehensive. Not the least excellent trait of the author's philosophy, however, is his admission that some things do not admit of complete explanation. The sudden preëminence of a man like Chaucer, in a time like his, and the long retrogression after him which proved to have been leading up to Shakespeare, are processes in national development as mysterious as the unconscious cerebration maturing thought in an individual; and such processes Professor Bascom does not profess to unravel. The great-man question, naturally, brings him into sharp conflict with Taine, and he makes some good points in his argument. In concluding the discussion, "The truth would seem to be," he says, "that, setting aside foreign forces often very influential, a nation's growth . . . is determined by external conditions of soil, . . . by constitutional character and general cultivation, accumulated and transmitted, . . . and by individuals. Which of these three is the more controlling it may not be easy to decide, nor do they always maintain toward each other the same ratios of force." External conditions he thinks, on the whole, are decisive only in incipient stages of growth, and then as to direction rather than as to degree of activity. Men of genius, "in so far as they transcend the national type," remain unexplained. "All that is really additive is due to the individual, while preservation, continuity, the conditions of increase, come from the nation." And the efficiency of a man of genius "is due more to what he brings to the common stock of qualities, than to these stock-qualities as held by him." He points to Johnson as tending to confirm national traits by his vigorous embodiment of them. And we who have the beginnings of a literature under our eyes, seeing how difficult it is for men composing in an atmosphere still reverberating with the utterance of masters, can sympathize with this American critic who feels so strongly the tremendous and almost appalling influence of great imaginative minds on the literatures of their countries. Still, we are not at all sure that he uses the right word when he characterizes the growth and influence of genius as "supernatural." The chapter devoted to the novel and newspaper has a healthy tone; the classification of novels into pictorial and ethical, with various subdivisions and combinations of

class, is exceedingly good,—much better than any which Dunlop, with his two thick volumes on the history of fiction, has been able to devise. A concise account of English philosophy concludes the volume. The volume, as a whole, is eminently clear and sound, and hardly likely to mislead or confuse any one. It is adapted to the wide diffusion of views not merely coldly correct, but intelligent, flexible, and appreciative. Its conciseness will, we imagine, make it very valuable as an initial tractate to students.

— If it be allowed us to draw a rash conclusion, we should say that the great success of Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean* augurs well for the future of Scandinavian literature. There can be nothing more disheartening to an author than the consciousness of having a small public; and the fact that this work has found so large a sale in Sweden, as well as in Norway and Denmark, seems especially significant, as promising a speedy end to that provincialism and narrow separatistic feeling which so long has cramped the activity of Scandinavian authors. In addition to this we are glad to see that the poet has adopted the modified spelling recommended by the Linguistic Congress in Stockholm (1870 or 1871), the object of which is the approximation of the two, or (if any one chooses to call them) three, different languages.

Emperor and Galilean is, according to the title-page, an historical drama, and is divided into two parts, each of which is a five-act play. It is thus neither a trilogy nor an ordinary drama, and in fact defies all attempts at classification. Nevertheless we think we are justified in dealing with it as a drama, although it is evident that the author never intended it for stage representation. The hero is Julian the Apostate, and, as might be expected, the theme, varied through all the ten acts, is the mutual relation of Christianity and Paganism. Whoever is acquainted with Ibsen from *Brand* and *Duke Skule*, and knows what vast forces he has at his command, what hidden recesses of the human heart have opened at his bidding, will be in a way prepared for those swift flashes of thought and that power of characterization which especially distinguish the first part of the present work, while he will be no less disappointed at the lagging action and the lack of dramatic skill which seem to us so apparent in the second.

In the first act we find Julian at the

court of the Emperor Constantius, where every step of his, every word and action are watched by a thousand suspicious eyes. He is a youth of a mobile and impetuous character, at heart still sincerely a Christian, but with a keen consciousness of his own strength and an ardent desire to test it. A meeting with the sage Libanios, whom he has hitherto detested as the arch enemy of Christianity, decides him to go to Athens in order to make himself acquainted with the wisdom of pagan Hellas, and thus be enabled to "beard the lion in his den." The second act finds him in Athens, a wild young sage who under the mask of external gayety hides a soul of fire. The cruel and shameful deeds of the emperor, of his own brother Gallus, and other nominal Christians, fill him with doubt and horror, while the joyousness and splendor of the old faith appeal with ever-increasing fervor to his youth, and the poetic sensibility of his nature.

"Was not Alcibiades beautiful," he exclaims, "when, hot with wine, like a young god, he stormed through the streets of Athens, at the hour of midnight? Was there not beauty in his defiance, when he scoffed at Hermes and hammered at the doors of the citizens? Was not Socrates beautiful in the symposium? And Plato among the happy, reveling brethren? And still they committed things for the sake of which yonder Christian swine would swear themselves away from God, if they should ever be accused of the like. . . . And look at the Holy Scriptures, both the old and the new! Was the sin committed in Sodom and Gomorrah beautiful? . . . Oh, as I live this life of storm and revelry, I often wonder *if truth can be the enemy of beauty*."

In this last sentence, we think, the problem is clearly stated; and again, further on, as his friend Basil bids him search the Holy Writ, it is even more pointedly defined. "The same answer of despair. Books! books! Stones for bread! I cannot use books. It is life I am hungering for, *a life face to face with the spirit*. Was Saul made a seer by a book? Nay, it was a flood of light which poured down upon him."

The guide to this life of the spirit he believes to have found in the mystic Maximos, whose arts remind us rather too forcibly of the spirit manifestations of to-day. Whether the mysticism of fifteen hundred years ago was so nearly akin to the spiritualism of our own age, we do not know;

but in this, as in numerous other instances, we cannot conquer the suspicion that the problems of the nineteenth century are speaking somewhat too plainly through the mouth of the royal apostate.

"I know all that has been written," he passionately exclaims, "but that is not the truth revealed in flesh. Dost thou not feel a qualm and a loathing, like a man on board of a ship in a calm, tumbled about between life, scripture, pagan wisdom, and beauty? There must come a new revelation, or a revelation of something new. There must, I say,—the time is ripe!" That the simile with ship in a calm is very inadequate, we shall not dwell upon, but if the wants of æsthetic Athens in the year 360 were so nearly the same as those of æsthetic London or æsthetic Boston in 1874, and if those Hekebolioses and Libanioses and Bazils were merely Beechers, Conways, and Matthew Arnolds in Greek costume, then we should feel tempted to say that history is repeating itself. On the whole, Ibsen has occasionally allowed his zeal to run away with him, and has then treated his subject as a dogmatist rather than as an artist. But the reader will be ready to forgive him this when, as is frequently the case, his dogmatism rises to the grandness of inspired passion. Thus Julian addresses his orthodox friend Basil: "What ye in thrall-dom hope for behind death, that it is which it is the end and aim of the great mystery to obtain for all, consciously, in this earthly life. . . . Why so doubting, ye brethren? . . . In every passing generation there has been a soul in which the pure Adam has been renewed; he was strong in Moses, the lawgiver, he had the power to lay the world at his feet in the Macedonian Alexander, he was almost perfect in Jesus of Nazareth. But lo, Basil, they all lacked what has been promised unto me—the pure woman."

And again:—

"This flesh-bound race shall perish. That which is to come shall be conceived of the spirit rather than of the body. In the first Adam there was equilibrium as in yonder statue of the god Apollo. Since then there has been no equilibrium. . . . Ye call yourselves believers, and have still so little faith in the revealing power of the miraculous. But wait, and ye shall see. The bride shall surely be given unto me, and then hand in hand we shall wander toward the east, where they say that Helios is being born—into the solitude we shall

wander, hide ourselves, as God hides himself . . . and then—O glory—thence shall a new generation spring, and shall go forth in beauty and harmony over the earth. There, ye scripture-chained doubters, shall the empire of the spirit be founded!"

This lofty confidence in his own destiny has been inspired by the teachings of Maximus. But Julian does not rest satisfied with merely declaiming; no sooner does he feel the imperial crown upon his brow than he sets about remodeling the world, so as to prepare it for this "kingdom of the spirit." And this is the theme of the second part of the drama. He immediately gathers the sages and philosophers of the world about his throne, rebuilds the temples of Jupiter and Apollo, reintroduces the bacchanalia, and sincerely tries to revive all that he regards as good in the old Greek paganism. Christ had preached life through death, Julian was to establish life within life. But he forgets that the thing he is attempting to revive is already a corpse. The first suspicion of this seems to dawn upon him, as he returns from the bacchanalia, where as a vine-wreathed Bacchus he has ridden through the streets of Constantinople.

"Was there beauty in this?" he asks. "Where were the aged men, with the white beards, where were the pure virgins with the fillets about their brows, with the chaste gestures, coy amid the gladness of the dance? Fie, ye harlots! Whither has beauty fled? Cannot the emperor bid her arise, and shall she not then arise? Fie on this stinking lewdness! What countenances! All vices cried out of these distorted features!" He has begun his reign with the declaration that no man should be persecuted for his faith; but as one of his hopes falls after the other, and the Christians in their zeal tear down the temples, he soon comes to regard them as the real cause of all his misfortune. The sages, whom he once revered, show the same jealousy, hypocrisy, and avarice, as those who are unacquainted with the sublime doctrines of the academies, and the ragged gown and uncombed beard which made Diogenes a demigod to succeeding generations have made him the clown and the laughing-stock of his own people. It is disheartening to trace this downward course of the same hero, whom in the first part we could not but love in the midst of all his hallucinations. If we have understood the author aright, it is really the lurking doubt, the lack of faith in his own mission, which makes Julian plunge

deeper and deeper into the magic and mysteries of Oriental nations. It is only the despair fostered by a hidden doubt which can drive an otherwise sane mind into deeds like those that mark the latter part of the reign of the Apostate. One of his first attempts to defy the Galilean is to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem; but an earthquake and fire hinder the undertaking. With admirable psychological insight is the development of the character traced; but the endless discussions are exceedingly undramatic, and unduly retard the action. Sometimes Julian appears too pitiful and ludicrous to command the sympathetic interest of any modern reader. The dramatic poet has a right to represent his hero as wicked, terrible, and even revolting, but to make him ludicrous is (unless it be in a comedy) a very dangerous experiment. "Ye call this beard without reverence a goat's beard," says Julian to his attendants, "but I tell you, ye fools, that it is a sage's beard." And the reader smiles, as no doubt the attendants did.

It is indeed characteristic of this author to pursue his theme to its extremest consequences, to strike fearlessly forward, shrinking not even from paradoxes. The facts of Julian's career, from the time when he assumes the imperial dignity to his death and final failure are, psychologically considered, as true as they are profoundly evolved and strikingly expressed. He sets out with a sincere desire to reform the world, but finding himself baffled at every step, pride and defiance rise within him, his rage against "the Galilean," whom he comes to regard as the secret cause of all his failures, drives him on to ever greater madness, and at last the situation only leaves him two alternatives: either to succumb or to declare himself God. And there is more satisfaction in following the historical truth and having him do the latter. But what we object to is, that this process is psychologically and not dramatically developed. We of course do not assert that the psychological element need be at variance with the dramatic; what we criticise is the undue regard for the one at the expense of the other.

It is a curious fact that there is hardly a woman who plays any prominent part in this drama. Helena, the true sister of the emperor, whom Julian marries on his succession to the throne, appears but in two scenes, in the latter of which she dies. She loves his brother Gallus, and is unfaithful to her husband. The prophecy that Julian

is to possess "the pure woman" is not drawn into prominence as a leading dramatic motive, and seems at last entirely to be lost sight of. It appears hitherto to have been the mission of Henrik Ibsen to tell his countrymen disagreeable truths, which they were not always willing to hear; and we were at first under the impression that this also was the object of the present work. But the title "an historical drama" excludes such a supposition. However, as we have already hinted, there are numerous criticisms upon Christianity as well as upon enlightened Paganism, which are as valid to-day as they were in the days of the Apostate.

— Mr. Calvert's book of essays contains a brief discussion of a number of subjects, such as Work, Art, Materialism, Travel, Aristocracy, Freedom, The Brain, in which we see the refinement of a man of culture rather than the strength of a man who feels a great impulse to tell the world anything new. The best of those we have mentioned is, perhaps, that on travel; those who believe in phrenology will have more respect for the one upon the brain than will those who are conservative in their views. A few of the essays are upon literary subjects: Shelley, Goethe's Faust, Shakespeare, and a few of his plays. Speaking of Hamlet, he finds fault, and in our opinion justly, with Goethe's characterization of that play as showing the effect "of a great deed enjoined on an inferior mind;" and elsewhere we have criticism of various degrees of merit, couched very often in not over-comprehensible language.

Some of the brevities we remember having heard before; some indeed are of the most hoary antiquity; for example: "Love kindles love, hate engenders hate," and "There is no deeper law of nature than that of change;" and more might be found. Not all readers will assent to this statement: "The great recent discoveries of Gall, of Fourier, of Priessnitz, all combine to make apparent the resources, the incalculable vigors, the inborn capabilities of man." Again: "Allopathy is monarchical and ecclesiastical, inasmuch as it looks to something out of the body to cure the body. Under the action of drugs the body is passive, only rousing itself against their disturbing or poisonous action. Hydropathy is democratic; the body must bestir itself for its own salvation. Self-reliant, it must use for its protection and re-installment its native internal resources. Allopathy, acting

from without, and by means of foreign substances, is one-sided, depressing, weakening; hydropathy is all-sided, invigorating, purifying," etc. Others, again, are less marked by whimsicality, and show a pleasanter side of the writer.

—Mr. Nordhoff's *Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands* is a very entertaining book for those who stay at home, and we should fancy it would be found an excellent traveling companion for those who roam in the lands which the author here describes. It is not every traveler who can discriminate between the relative importance to the public of an account of the difficulties he had in getting a satisfactory breakfast, and of definite and exact information of the country in which he is journeying; but Mr. Nordhoff avoids this fault which so often mars books of travel; he gives us the results of his journey without any trivial personal reminiscences. He has collected a very considerable amount of information about the Pacific coast and the Sandwich Islands, both from what he has himself seen and from what he has learned through others. Fully one half of the book is taken up with the Sandwich Islands, giving us a good deal of their history, their geography, and answering just such questions as would naturally suggest themselves to a reader's mind. The author's intention, as he tells us in his preface, was "to give plain and circumstantial details, such as would interest and be of use to travelers for pleasure or information, and enable the reader to judge of the climate, scenery, and natural resources of the regions I visited; to give, in short, such information as I myself would like to have had in my possession before I made the journey." And this is exactly what he has done with most praiseworthy success.

The same can be said of the part of the book treating of the Pacific coast. These pages are full of interesting and valuable remarks on the agriculture of Northern California, the wine-growing, the drainage of the land, sheep-grazing, tobacco culture, the timber, etc., etc.; in fact about everything that goes to distinguish the traveler with eyes from the ordinary roamer without them. There is a chapter on Chinese labor which gives us the opinion of an intelligent and experienced observer that "if we could to-day expel the Chinese from California, more than half the capital now invested there would be idle or leave the State, many of the most important industries

would entirely stop, and the prosperity of California would receive a blow from which it would not recover for twenty years. They are, as a class, patient, ingenious, and industrious. That they deprive any white man of work is absurd, in a State which has scarcely half a million of people, and which can support ten millions, and needs at least three millions to develop fairly its abundant natural wealth; and no matter what he is, or what the effect of his presence might be, it is shameful that he should be meanly maltreated and persecuted among a people who boast themselves Christians and claim to be civilized."

He has too a good deal to say about the Indians; he gives us a good description of an Indian reservation, which he calls "a pauper asylum and prison combined, a nuisance to the respectable farmers, whom it deprives of useful and necessary laborers, an injury to the morals of the community in whose midst it is placed, an injury to the Indian whom it demoralizes, and a benefit only to the members of the Indian ring."

The account he gives of what he saw fully justifies this language; the young Indians are gambling all the time except on Sunday, which is all the enforced observation of that day; there is no compulsion about attendance at school; immorality is not checked; there is no inducement to work offered the Indian; "there are two thousand acres of arable land on the reservation, about five hundred are kept for grazing, and acres are in actual cultivation this year—seven hundred in grain and hay, one hundred and ninety-five in corn, and one hundred and nine in vegetables. A farmer, assistant farmer, and gardener manage this considerable piece of land. When they need laborers, they detail such men and women as they require, and then go out to work. . . . Not one of the cabins has about it a garden spot; all cultivation is in common; and thus the Indian is deprived of the main incentive to industry and thrift." "At present," he says, "an Indian reservation differs from an Indian rancheria or village, only in that it contains more food, more vice, and more lazy people."

On the whole, Mr. Nordhoff's book is as complete and intelligent as one could wish; every man who thinks of visiting the extreme West will find it invaluable, and every one will find it useful and entertaining. It does great credit to the writer. The illustrations, most of which are taken

from photographs, add to the value of the book, of which scattered extracts cannot give a fitting idea; it is too compact for such treatment to be of any great use.

— In his Five-Minute Chats we have Dr. Dio Lewis once more prattling to the public in his own inimitable style about the merits of oatmeal, early hours, riding, and the equal horrors of food after two o'clock in the afternoon, of consulting regular practitioners instead of those gentlemen who only are Latin in such forms as “Bedibus Nino-o'clockibus,” — which is the witty way of telling patients they must be in bed by nine o'clock, — of griddle-cakes, tobacco, air-tight stoves, etc., etc. Dr. Lewis has almost as great a contempt as Molière for the work of the faculty, but his humor is less delightful. His confidence in his own skill is a more noticeable quality; he undertakes to make the thin stout, and the fat thin, without any trouble; he cures all diseases: eat enough oatmeal, and ride horse-back, and you need never die. He does not always limit the flights of his fancy to the ignoble cares of the body; he occasionally sings a bolder strain; and this is the way in which, having cured yourself and family of dyspepsia, and having brought them to the proper medium between corpulence and leanness, you have to act, if “your daughter is a fashionable butterfly.” “I pity you,” Dr. Lewis says. “But you must not despair. Pray for her and pray with her. Ask the clergyman to call upon her and pray with her. Reason with her, expostulate, plead, implore. Impress upon her the dignity and decency of human nature. Explain God’s purpose in her creation. *Hold a butterfly up before her, and elaborate the distinction between her and it.*”

“If all these should fail, then comes a moment when it shall be decided whether you are fit to have the direction of your child, — whether it would not be better you were dead and out of the way, that she might fall into other and wiser hands. You must exercise your authority. You must strip her of those gewgaws and drive her into the kitchen.”

In general, however, the author aims at dyspepsia, and the ordinary ailments of the country-people who may be led to the purchase of this volume, with an occasional rap at hydrophobia, baldness, and so forth. It

is a frivolous book of a bad sort, which undertakes to puff a panacea. The ignorant should be warned from it.

— One who comes to the pretty little book called *Sea and Shore*, with an expectation tempered to its size, cannot help being pleased with it, we think. It is not great enough to hold all the growth of the shore, or all the drift of the sea; and it is very likely that many may miss their favorite pieces in the collection, but we believe that the most will not; and that all will find in it a brave as well as fine taste. We like its free range — from the *Iliad* to the children’s *Nonsense Book* — and we are glad of the sympathy and courage which have enabled its editors to mingle fresh if unfamous poems with those which cannot be left out of any such collection. A very large number of the pieces are of American authorship; but this seems an unpurposed result of sincere liking, and where the editors like a Spanish ballad or a passage from a Greek epic, they give that also, as well as certain untranslated French poems at the end; and they are no more dismayed at putting in a hackneyed piece than at including a wholly unfamiliar one in their charming little volume.

— The first of Mr. Stoddard’s *Bric-a-Brac Series*, — may the line stretch to the crack of doom! — if hardly a book for review, may be justly praised for the aptness and unflinching entertainingness of its selections. No more readable book has tempted the summer public, shy of literature and loath to tamper with the integrity of its own vacant-mindedness. It is as pleasing to the eye, too, as to the mind; it is altogether the most *stylish* American book that the Riverside binders have turned out, — that is to say, that any of our binders have turned out, — and it may be compared with English-bound books without the rage and shame which swell the patriotic heart when the books of our enemies are contrasted with the ordinary bricks and blocks in which our mechanics serve up our literature.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Not the least remarkable thing about Count Gobineau’s novel, *Les Pléiades*, is its resemblance to German models; it has

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller’s, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Les Pléiades. PAR LE COMTE DE GOBINEAU. PARIS: 1874.

David Friedrich Strauss in seinem Leben und seinen Schriften. Geschildert von EDUARD ZELLER. BONN: 1874.

all the faults of construction that a readable novel can have, it is full of episodes, the different threads of the story are taken up and laid down again at the author's convenience, there is really no *dénouement* in it except two marriages, one of which is brought about by a combination of circumstances not unfamiliar to the reader of fiction, and one of the characters remains wholly unprovided for at the last. Such are some of the peculiarities of the outer husk of this book, but in every other respect it will be found less open to objection; indeed, it will serve to show how insignificant is the skeleton of a story in comparison with the more important qualities of resemblance to life, and of wise views of the world. In one point the book differs from most German stories, in that it contains but little preaching; there are, to be sure, frequent and exhaustive reports of serious conversations, but these are all on subjects of direct interest, not on vague generalities, as is often the case in the much-abused German novel.

The story opens entertainingly with the description of two young men, Louis de Laudon, a French count, and Conrad Lanze, a young German artist. They are traveling acquaintances, and in the north of Italy they meet a young Englishman, Wilfred Nore, in whose company they visit Lago Maggiore. That same evening they pass together, each one recounting to the others the story of his life. Nore had lived in East India, and when only eighteen years old had fallen in love with Harriet Cox, the daughter of a distributor of Bibles, a young woman a few years older than himself. He has become privately engaged to her, and when he is called away to England she frees him of all obligation to her, from a notion that he would only find himself fettered by the choice of his inexperience. Laudon has led the life of a regular Frenchman, which is delightfully set before us in an unsympathizing but also uncynical way. Nore comments on the disposition now so frequently noticed among Frenchmen to try in every way to avoid becoming the dupe of any man, woman, or thing. Conrad Lanze tells the story of his life, which consists principally of a most unfortunate love for a Countess Tonska, an admirably described coquette. This heartless woman is set before us with just that accuracy which careless observation would call exaggeration. The different confessions are for the pur-

pose of setting the characters before us; the narrators are the principal men of the novel; each one carries with him a great deal more weight than is generally the case with heroes of fiction; they are not merely put together for the performance of certain mechanical evolutions; and we feel towards them very much as we do towards living people, whom we are accustomed to value much more for what they are than for the occasional dramatic situations of their lives. Throughout the novel the action is very languid; we see alternately the confusion wrought by the coquettish Madame Tonska, the way in which Lanze wastes his whole life under her baneful fascination; the emptiness of Laudon's cool and restrained love for the wife of his friend Gennevilliers; while Nore again meets his Harriet and marries her. A good part of the book is taken up with an account of the love-affairs of Prince Jean-Théodore, a long episode with the least possible connection with all the rest of the story.

This does not make a promising programme, but, as we have said, it is not for its construction that the novel deserves reading; it is for its drawing of character and for the admirable way in which different kinds of love work upon human beings. In both of these important matters the author is singularly clear-sighted. He manages to make this outweigh even his own technical clumsiness. He has written a thoughtful novel, rather than one which directly appeals to our enjoyment of the picturesque. That he is incapable, however, of delighting that part of our nature, is disproved by the most amusing episode of the scenes in the inn when Madame Tonska hears of her husband's death, and prepares to join him, first winning the hearts of Monsieur and Madame de Gennevilliers. That is one of the lightest and most entertaining chapters in the story.

We hope this book will be read; it deserves more popularity than it will be likely to get. For ourselves we can only say that we have found it very fascinating. The reader must not forget, however, that he will have a novel which will make certain demands on his patience. He will not be carried through in spite of himself, he will have to read it as patiently as he would a volume of essays, but he will be well repaid. He will wonder, when he lays it down, what was the author's intention in writing it; it may have been to give us

pictures of life, but the artist should have remembered that there is no picture which is not improved by having a frame, and that is lacking here.

—In a small volume, Eduard Zeller has collected certain facts about David Friedrich Strauss, the author of the *Life of Jesus* and of *The Old Faith* and the *New*, two books which are far from being repetitions of conventional theological literature. The biography is by no means an exhaustive one; the author felt his hands bound by the fact that many of the circumstances of Strauss's life could not be explained during the life-time of other persons; but partly to make up for that the writer was for a long time the intimate friend of the subject of the biography, and naturally has full knowledge of many facts which might escape the bookmaker. His style is very ragged; he plays all the freaks possible in the construction of a sentence — those, at least, at which German grammar smiles.

Strauss was born at Ludwigsburg, the birthplace of Mörike, the poet, and of Fr. Vischer, January 27, 1808. He was a delicate boy, prevented by his tender health from entering into the ruder sports of his age, and so driven, not unwillingly, to his books. His father was a shop-keeper in the town, who had descended from some higher estate, bringing with him a love of literature. His mother it was, however, for whom Strauss had the warmer affection; she seems to have been, perhaps not so much a remarkable woman, as it is customary to call the mothers of distinguished men, as an excellent wife and a kindly, admiring mother of her only child who survived its infancy. He repaid her by a strong and lasting affection. From an early age he had been destined for the church, and it was in pursuance of this project that he studied at the University of Tübingen, following the lectures of Kern and Bauer, among others. The last-named, the founder of what was called the Tübingen school of theology, that, namely, of sharp criticism of theological books and matters, had an immense influence on his young pupil, whom he had already taught for four years previous to their almost simultaneous departure for Tübingen. In 1830 he finished his studies and became assistant pastor, the curate, so to speak, in a village close by his home. In 1831 he went to Berlin with the intention of continuing his studies under Hegel and Schleier-

macher, but the first-named, in whom he was particularly interested, soon afterwards died of cholera, and he found no particular pleasure or profit in what he got from Schleiermacher. The next year he returned to Tübingen and began to give instruction in philosophy there with great success; in 1833, however, he felt obliged to give up an occupation too distracting for the persistent work he had proposed to himself, and he devoted himself with great energy to his *Life of Jesus*. This was the great work of his life, that for which he had been preparing all through his previous years of study and experience. He had been through different states of mind; at one time he had shown a tendency to interest himself in supernatural matters, approaching much more as an already half-believing inquirer than as the cool critic he later showed himself to be; again he was for a time an admirer of Schleiermacher, who, with considerable eloquence, expounded an emotional view of Christianity. This book was of a very different sort; it examined the sacred writings of the New Testament after the keenest fashion, and expounded the author's belief in the mythical origin of much that they contain. The effect of the book was very great, and its fame, as is well known, spread far beyond the boundaries of Germany. It ran quickly to four editions, containing various modifications of the author's opinions. These consisted for the most part of emendations, defense of himself against hostile criticism, criticising others, etc.

The nature of the book was considered so dangerous that the author was obliged to give up the position he had held at Tübingen, and he devoted himself to teaching young boys at Ludwigsburg. Later, the fact that he had been invited to the Zurich University created so much uproar that the offer had to be revoked. Thus deprived of a rare position, he felt himself at a disadvantage in whatever he undertook. He lived restlessly in different parts of Germany, giving his attention principally to literary work which has much less fame, though it is admirable of its kind. He also prepared another, much larger edition of the *Life of Jesus*, which differed materially from his earlier work. His last book was *The Old Faith* and the *New*, which has already been noticed in these pages,¹ and which was in fact a sort

¹ See *Atlantic* for March, 1873.

of postscript to his *Life of Jesus*, attempting some constructive work in place of what he had overthrown.

Brief mention is made of the correspondence between him and Renan, which made considerable stir at the time; it is needless to say that the biographer has no respect for the frivolity of the Frenchman.

In private life Strauss seems to have been an agreeable man, and very capable

of enjoying the humorous side of what he saw. His married life was unhappy; but he seems to have taken pleasure in his children. What he really suffered from was the way in which the writing of his book threw him out of the lists. It was only natural that this should have been the result, but it forever hampered Strauss. While awaiting any completer biography, this of Zeller will be found of use.

ART.

MR. THOMAS MORAN, who two years ago painted a remarkable picture of the Cañon of the Yellowstone, — now the property of the nation, — has just completed another large work representing the Chasm of the Colorado, and lately on exhibition in New York, at the gallery of Goupil & Co., Fifth Avenue.

The subject of this important work is the chasm or pit worked by the Colorado River in the sandstone rock over which it flows at this point, as the subject of the other picture was the chasm worked in the limestone rock by the Yellowstone River. The landscape of Mr. Moran's first picture was equally awful and desolate with that shown us in the present work, but its terror was lessened by the beauty and variety of the color with which nature veiled her work of change and destruction. Here, we have no such charm. We are led into a region where the eye has hardly a resting-place, no resting-place, in fact, unless it be turned upward to the sky. For this serene heaven — serene except where in one portion it darkens with the wrath of thunder clouds and the stream of deluging rain — looks down upon the very pit of hell. Only Dante's words seem fit to describe this scene: "There is a place in hell called Malebolge, all of stone, and of an iron color, like the barrier which winds round it. Right in the middle yawns a well exceeding wide and deep, whose structure its due place shall tell. The border therefore that remains, between the well and the foot of the high rocky bank, is round; . . . as is the form that ground presents, where to defend the walls successive ditches begird a castle; such images these made here."¹ It is remarka-

ble how in a few words this passage gives us a good description of the Chasm of the Colorado. The color of the rock is there, the yawning well at the bottom of which the unseen river ploughs its way deeper still, and most strange of all, the mighty rock that rises in the middle-distance, a gigantic castle of stone to which all these yawning cracks are the horrible moats! Did Dante in his wanderings ever see such a country? Perhaps Vesuvius or Etna might show something as full of fear if one climbed down into their craters. But, even there, the limited area of the desolation would not allow the mind to forget utterly the supreme loveliness of the nature that lies so near. Here, there is no loveliness for hundreds of miles, nor anything on which the healthy human eye can bear to look (the scientific eye excepted), and this scene is only the concentrated ghastliness of a ghastly region. Some years ago Mr. John Henry Hill went to Nevada and made a number of sketches of the scenery. Among them were several of the region about Virginia City. We had been getting our notions of this country from the conventionalists, and were a little shocked at the naked truth as we saw it on Mr. Hill's canvas. We remember that when the artist was asked what the country looked like, he, who never wasted words, said quietly, "Like hell." Mr. Moran, who is also a truth-teller, brings the same report of a land which is of the same character, only four hundred miles to the southeast.

The spectator stands on a sort of bluff or ledge, and looks across the upheaved land from what may be called the gallery of a huge amphitheatre. The cliffs at his left rise more than a thousand feet from the level on which he stands, but Mr. Moran

¹ "Luogo è in Inferno —" Inferno, canto xviii. 1-13. Carlyle's Translation.

has not succeeded in impressing us with the fact of such an altitude. The ledge from which we look is all strewn with broken rocks, and at the right there is seen the base of cliffs that answer to those at the left, but their abruptness is replaced by the sloping bank of *débris* left by the action of the water. The river in working its way down to the lower level (where it is seen in one or two places shining in its bed like a harmless silver snake) has acted with the caprice of water, and eating into and around the rock has left the most fantastically shaped hills, hillocks, crags, and islands, so that the aspect of things is as if a raging ocean had suddenly turned to stone, and the billows stood fixed, with icebergs and leviathans caught in their huge swing and play. Only a minute description could give its topography. As for the imaginative impression, it needs a poet to translate that into words. Only a word will complete what little picture we may have been able to convey to the reader's mental eye by these hints. Beyond the edge of the chasm we look along the great plain in which it is hollowed, and see the air-drawn tops of the far-sailing mountains shining in soft splendor under a sky streaked with cirrus cloud. This vision of a fairer world is all there is to relieve the impression of turbulent uproar and desolation that oppresses us in the main subject; and the delight expressed in the beauty of this portion, and in the beauty with which it is painted, seems to teach that human beings do not care to look out from the real gloom and sadness of life and experience, upon a landscape that only repeats these shadows. They long for something that speaks of peace and rest.

Although the places depicted in the two paintings are several hundred miles apart, and though the geological structures of the two are widely different, there is yet a superficial resemblance between the two subjects, owing chiefly, no doubt, to the fact that in both we are shown the tremendous action of water, first, in denuding a vast tract of country, and then in boring and cutting its way down to a lower level through immensely thick layers of stratified rock; but another element that undoubtedly adds to the resemblance is a certain mannerism which the artist has contracted, and which shows itself most conspicuously in the treatment of foreground rocks and trees. It would be unfair, however, to give the impression, or, what is the same in

effect, to allow the impression to be gathered, from what we have just said, that this mannerism is sufficient to affect the essential truth of Mr. Moran's work. It is perhaps not enough to make it even superficially untrue, but it is felt as mannerism, and this may mean, we suppose, either a way of doing things, or a way of seeing things. Of course, the two do not, as a rule, long remain distinct. Who gets a habit of seeing things a certain way — and how few do not! — in the end gets a habit of doing them a certain way. Mr. Moran has not yet become a mannerist in his observation, but he may easily become so; the only way to escape the danger is to insist on seeing many things, and as different things as possible.

As we study these pictures we feel that the artist has set himself the task (and it is a very difficult one) of representing the scenes as they look to him; he has not merely taken what nature has done here as a theme, on which to show off his skill in flourishes and variations. Mr. Bierstadt painted the Rocky Mountains and the Yo-Semite in such a way that people of culture who had lived long in those regions could never be brought to tolerate the pictures that for a time drove us all wild with enthusiasm. As there is no clap-trap about Mr. Moran, so there is none about his pictures, and the faults we discover in this latest work are the result of trying to do too much — at least, this is our way of explaining the difficulty. The picture not only crowds too much incident into its comparatively narrow frame, but the subject it deals with is one that never should have been attempted — partly because it is impossible to do justice to it, and again because art is not concerned with it, if it were possible. Mr. Moran showed wiser in his first picture. He chose a simpler subject, or at any rate one with more unity. Perhaps we may go so far as to say that the first picture had a subject, and that this one has none. It was said by one who looked at it, "There is no use in trying to paint all out-of-doors." But all out-of-doors might be painted. Turner did it several times in "Chateau Gaillard" (Rivers of France) for instance. But, to be painted, all out-of-doors must be behaving itself. And the country round about the great Chasm of the Colorado is, not to speak it profanely, on a bender. It is a demoralized land, and the lover of nature will turn his head away from the spectacle until the tantrum is over. Of

course, if Mr. Moran set out to give us an accurate survey of this dreary, uninhabitable land—to let us know exactly how it looks—there is no doubt that, apart from the necessary exaggeration that comes of grouping the horrors together that in nature are more widely separated, he has done us all a scientific service, and we admit that the work on this score was well worth doing. But no artist we have is better aware than Mr. Moran that, to do this alone, is not to make a picture, it is to make a map; and he meant to make not a map, but a picture. The Cañon of the Yellowstone was a picture, and Mr. Moran showed how much he is an artist by the successful way in which, while he satisfied all the demands of the scientific, and produced a portrait of the spot that satisfied the literal, and that geologists stood ready to swear by, he gave to the eerie scene

—“the light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.”

The Cañon of the Yellowstone, albeit it did not please those critics who insist on applying laws they have codified from the practice of contemporary French artists to the whole art of landscape-painting, no matter where produced, was a singularly beautiful and original work. The composition was very skillfully managed, and the harmony of color had its instinctive centre—as unconsciously and happily felt, not reasoned, as the key word of a true poet's verse—in the glint of the sapphire river that swept with all its garnered sunshine down to the bottom of the monstrous world.

Mr. Moran's new picture is wanting almost entirely in the beauty that distinguished his earlier work, and, to many, when that has been said, all has been said. We, too, feel that, great as is the praise of truth when it can as in this case be justly given to a picture, it would be greater praise to be able to say that the truth has been told, not of a land that makes real the darkest picture Dante has drawn of hell, but of the common world. We confess to being weary of sensation landscapes, and we feel that the delight many of our countrymen take in them is an indication of a somewhat childish apprehension of the true end of art, a condition of mind however in which we are of course by no means solitary. The only aim of art is to feed the sense of beauty; it has no right to meddle with horrors and desolations.

But we must not leave Mr. Moran's scholarly and earnest work without giving it, for our own sake, the praise we feel to be its due. Though the composition is muddled and confused, and the color monotonous, and the sense of height absent, yet there is distance wonderfully expressed, most exquisite painting of sky and cloud over the plateau at the right, and lovely lightness and motion in the mist that forms in the clefts of the rocks, and rises to be dispersed in the palpitating heat of the upper air. All that is most difficult to be expressed by paint is expressed here with a skill that approaches perfection, and if, as we think, Mr. Moran has failed to cope with the difficulties of his subject, he has yet in this picture given new evidence, if any were needed, of his ability to deal with the beauty and the serenity of the nature we all know and love.

—Mr. John La Farge has lately exhibited in Boston some pictures which could not fail of giving delight and satisfaction to those who recognize with pleasure a poetic reflection of nature in the art of the painter. We did not find concise or consecutive design in them; but that we hardly cared to look for in productions of a genius so refreshingly unique as this. There were two figure-subjects, three flower-pieces, three landscapes, in the group. Of the landscapes, we liked best that representing the clearing-off of fog on the sea-shore. A rich, rusty, orange passage of weed and lichen rock, on the left, draws the eye to the white mist, thick and warm, ascending beyond it. This mist passes into a very faintly tinted mauve-colored mass, in the right background, which moves slowly off, under a pale green sky, from the level face of the sea. The mist seems actually to move. The sea is slowly revealed from under it, so that we hardly determine at what point the eye pauses in its glimpse, feeling in advance the sight of that expanse not yet visible. At the higher edge of the sea a breadth of yellow sand is drawn distinctly across the picture. Nearer to us is a rock, from which grows a low, dark-green cedar, with a deep shadow of resinous red beneath it,—a true effect we do not remember to have seen noticed by our landscape painters heretofore. The foreground is a luxurious, expansive outspreading of rich, soft, sea-side green, with a dull, pale streak of still water near by. The painter's sympathy with color in every part is intense and

exquisite; but one feels also, that while yielding himself to its delicious influence, he has somehow wooed from it a secret of interior truth and significance only partially surmised by the spectator. This is hardly a clear statement, but comes as near as anything will, to conveying a sense of the mystical character of Mr. La Farge's coloring.

Another of the landscapes, a small winter-scene, is in some respects one of the most remarkable we have ever seen. It gradually unfolds a nearly endless variety where one would expect, if not monotony, at least closely limited resources. The horizon is placed at about half-way up the picture: all below is a sloping field covered with snow; all above, snowy sky. There is no impossible, conventional multiplication of white specks, to indicate the falling flakes, but the air is nevertheless full of snowiness. It is the spirit of winter which has been seized and depicted, along with all sufficient sensible and visible elements of such a scene. The materials of the picture, however, are almost ludicrously scanty, for description. The only distinct *incident* in the whole piece is a little tree (a scrub-oak?) in the foreground, with a half-dozen or more clusters of brown leaves hanging to it. At some distance behind, is the slightly curving outline of the hill, along which grows a dim, bare wood, blinded with filmy white. The gradations of the blue-gray snowy sky above, and of the field below, are extraordinary. There is discoverable in the snow on the ground an ethereal tinge of pink; so ethereal, that it only appears at instants, in an evanescent way. Between the tree and the wood, there is a tint of green in it. On the left, the snow has been trampled, or else scattered a little by winds, and has become blue. Also a little brook-bed, or other depression in the ground, is faintly marked by blue and violet. It will be seen at once that such a picture as this is not a composition; and yet these little fluctuations in the color of the snow become as important, if we once drop into the mood of the painter, as more striking events in works where the scale of interests is less delicately graduated. Glanced at casually, among other pictures, this small canvas would not attract a moment's attention from the average amateur. Yet, as we let our eyes fall into it, the impression becomes increasingly stronger that there is invention in it, somewhere. That is, we

are not altogether sure that Mr. La Farge saw just this, and no more, no less, out of his window, and then sat down to match the different parts, with carefully mixed colors; on the contrary, we get a feeling that he has developed this little reverie of faint tones as a tender fantasy, improvising, as he went on, turns and inflections of hue, as they became necessary to the general harmony.

Of the flower-pieces the most successful was that in which three June-roses appear among thick-clustering leaves. The blossoms mark the points of a triangle, one being at the bottom, and two above. The pervading tone is rich, subdued, and sweet; and the skill with which one of the rose-leaves, lighted with very bright yellow, is worked into harmony with the rest, is admirable. The other two flower-pieces are more unique, and in some ways more attractive, but not so completely wrought out. Both are experiments in the same direction, that of placing a small tray or saucer of various flowers in close juxtaposition with white hangings; in one case window-curtains, with a vague vista out of the window. The window-curtains, however, are too heavy an accompaniment, and degenerate into a disproportionate mass of whiteness. In the other piece, the flowers—a yellow rose, with some pink ones, and pausies, and a few small crimson blossoms—lie on a Japanese tray, and are delicately reflected in the lacquered surface; while the white draperies behind are sustained by a soft seeking-out of blue and purplish shadow and yellow light, as characteristic as the color-blendings already noticed in the little winter-piece. The flowers, considered apart, are painted with exquisite grace. A primrose is clearly much more than a primrose to Mr. La Farge: at a little distance, these blossoms are deliciously fair and fragile and evanescent, yet, when scrutinized closely, they prove to be drawn with greatest care and nicety.

Of the figure-pieces, one portrayed a reclining woman, and was distinguished by a certain dreamy languor of coloring and sentiment; as a picture, it savored somewhat of influence from Japanese decorative art. The other presented a crimson-gowned, green-turbaned man, sitting in a field under trees, and strumming upon a long-handled guitar. A slight, pervasive mist causes the spectator to feel his way slowly into the background of green in-

closure and castle-walls. The theme, as usual, is very slight; the treatment suggestive, and at the same time far from hasty or sketchy. Mr. La Farge's genius evidently prefers a strict moderation in materials, and spends its reserve of sweet, brooding feeling in the distillation from these slender substances of all their most subtle pictorial virtue. He displays, we think, a kind of Oriental contentment with a few beautiful, sensuous impressions, delighting to accumulate appreciation of their simple satisfactoriness, to the utmost of his own and the spectator's capacity. It is a result of his intense sensitiveness to visual beauty. Physical nature is to him an inexhaustible provider of dainty and delicate color-modulations; and his acute detection of them makes him a true discoverer. A noticeable fact in his work is his devotion to smooth, deep green; showing as it does his vital delight in pure color, which should by no means be confounded with a pampered or fastidious seeking of unusual inflections. His special insight has its dangers, entailing sometimes a too entirely physical devotion to color, expressed in the rich, creamy heaping on of his pigments, — a too great confidence in the efficacy of simply spreading color on to the canvas in decorative combinations. But the tendency which he illustrates is, on the whole, extremely valuable, and we should be fortunate could we count among American painters many of such genuine feeling and poetic sympathy, united with so much technical ability, as Mr. La Farge possesses.

If anything in regard to these pictures of Mr. La Farge could be more surprising than their singular goodness, it must be the fact that they were rejected by the hanging-committee at the last exhibition of the New York National Academy of

Design, although Mr. La Farge is himself an Academician, and (as the Academy has since declared in some published resolutions) holds a position in virtue of his membership "behind which the Academy cannot go, either by itself or any committee." The Academy in this declaration of course disclaims the action of the hanging-committee, but an indignity has nevertheless been offered to a painter of refined genius and high repute, which no one can see these pictures and not resent. The office of a hanging-committee is one of such difficulty and thanklessness that few artists are willing to accept places on it, and the gentlemen who did so in this case distinguished their unfitness for it not only by rejecting Mr. La Farge's pictures, but by hanging the picture of one exhibitor side-wise, by putting a contribution of Mr. Whistler's out of sight, and by giving the best position to *five* pictures by one of their own number. Their action obliged Mr. La Farge to appeal to the council of the Academy, the members of which recognized the case as their own, and passed the resolutions of disapproval referred to. In taking this course with the hanging-committee, to whose unintentional errors every artist of right feeling would be lenient, Mr. La Farge has acted in the interest of the public and of all the painters. In New York, at least, the Academy is the last refuge from the dealer and from inadequate criticism. After long neglect of the Academy exhibitions the artists had generally begun to recognize this fact, and the contribution of pictures to the exhibition of this year was unusually large and full. It was therefore the moment in which such an eccentricity — to call it by the mildest possible name — could be most injurious, and every one must be glad that it was promptly disowned and rebuked.

EDUCATION.

THE political changes wrought in the Southern States of the Union by the late war affect not only the condition of the colored population and the system of labor on plantations, but the occupation, habits, and economical interests of all classes. They reach to the very foundations of

society, and remodel its whole structure. They introduce a kind of civilization totally incompatible with a state of servitude. The respectability of labor, the union of intelligence with industry, the application of the results of modern science to all the arts of life, and the conversion of men of

leisure into men of business, serve to create a large and influential middle class which has never before existed in these States. This new class of citizens will form the key-stone of the arch in the social fabric, resting on the two extremes of the rich and the poor. Stretching its strong arm towards both, and mediating between them in all cases of collision or conflict, this rising power will have a molding influence upon society, and give a new direction to legislation and a new form to public institutions. Nowhere will it be sooner or more widely felt than in the provisions made for public instruction. If any proof of so obvious a truth were necessary, it would be found by the most casual observer in what would meet his eye on every side. Within a period of about seven years, a new system of free schools has sprung up in every one of these States. The history of this grand movement is both interesting and instructive. At first, only one political party adopted public schools as a part of its platform. In a short time, the other party did the same, and thus the subject of education was taken out of the sphere of politics. At present, it makes no material difference in this respect what party has the control of a State; public schools are secure in either case. There was in the beginning quite generally, and there is now to a considerable extent, a natural prejudice against so great an innovation upon the traditions and usages of a whole people. But the obvious necessity of educating in some way all those who enjoy the right of suffrage, and the vast superiority of public over private schools, and other similar considerations of utility, have already done much in the way of modifying these hereditary opinions.

The greatest obstacle now to be overcome in maintaining free schools is the deep-seated aversion to taxation prevalent among the people. They have been educated to look with jealousy upon all improvements made at their expense for the public good. The domain of individual rights has been made as wide, and that of public interests as narrow, as possible. Taxes for promoting the general good, which are borne cheerfully in some parts of the country, would be regarded as oppressive here. In addition to this, the people of the South are in an extremely impoverished condition, with a crushing weight of State debts hanging over them; and the very idea of an increase of taxes is

almost enough to drive them to madness. Now it is very well known by men of intelligence that the present rate of expenditure is not sufficient to carry out the design of the school law; that the system of instruction is to grow from year to year, and with it the funds for their support.

Notwithstanding all these hindrances and embarrassments, the advocates and friends of free schools have been able to make progress. They have been steadily gaining ground every year. In their arduous work they have been aided somewhat in various ways from abroad. That the Trustees of the Peabody Education Fund have had a share in this noble enterprise, and have done their part in effecting a favorable change in the public sentiment, is generally acknowledged. Their policy has been to aid cities and large towns in the support of model schools, partly in order that the experiment might be tried under advantageous circumstances, and partly that the impulse first given to the public mind might proceed from these centres of influence. With the support of the cities and of the press at their command, added to that of the State Teachers' Associations, which has always been given them, the trustees believed they could go before State legislatures and ask for the establishment and support of a system of public schools with reasonable hopes of success. Nor were they disappointed in their expectations. A plan of coöperation was devised and proposed, which was adopted in every State but one; and there a substitute has been provided. The trustees aid the State by contributing liberally to the support of graded schools, in important localities, throughout the year; and the State in turn gives the services of all its school officers to aid in the economical and safe distribution of the fund. In this way much is gained by securing harmony of action and effective mutual assistance. The result is all that was anticipated.

To those who have seen what were called the "Old-field Schools," which were anything but what schools should be, there can scarcely be a more pleasing spectacle than the admirable school organizations and splendid houses which have sprung up, as if by magic, in the large cities of the South. It is no exaggeration to say that a single visit to these schools by intelligent men, both in public and in private life, has produced an impression which no amount of argument could have done. This has

been especially the case in those cities where legislative bodies assemble.

While we contemplate with great satisfaction these encouraging facts, we must not forget that only a beginning has been made in the great work to be performed. In some of the States, Virginia, West Virginia, and Tennessee, for example, considerable progress has been made. In others, especially in Georgia and Texas, little has been actually accomplished beyond the passage of a school law, and a preparation for carrying it into execution. In Georgia, however, the large cities have maintained good schools without much aid from the State. The other States hold, with various degrees of success, an intermediate place between the two classes just named. In the rural districts, even of those most advanced, what has been done is little, compared with what remains to be done.

To form a correct general estimate of the state of education in the South, it will be necessary to keep steadily in view the fact that, while popular sentiment is, on the whole, favorable to public schools, the preponderance is so slight that it would require but a little change to turn the scale. Only about one third of the population are decidedly friendly to free schools; about one third are, at heart, as decidedly opposed to them. The remaining third are indifferent or passive, and will be influenced and governed by the dominant party. The first class are now in the ascendancy. They owe their success not so much to their numbers as to their enterprising character. They are the more hopeful, energetic, and progressive portion of the community. The consciousness that they have the civilized world with its philosophy and literature on their side, increases their natural courage and enables them to inspire hope in others.

The second class is made up of those who take pride in the past, who look with disdain upon the present and with distrust into the future; the men of heavy mold and of phlegmatic temperament; the village philosophers and politicians; the grumblers, the penurious, and the selfish. The influence of these men of various types is not to be despised. United by some common bond of sympathy, stung by wounded pride, and aroused to a high pitch of excitement by an appeal to their prejudices and passions, they would constitute a formidable party. They only wait for an opportunity to combine their

strength. They would not, indeed, undertake to resist the Federal government; but they would find it quite practicable to get possession of the State government; and that is all they would need to crush out the school system. Such undoubtedly would be the immediate result in at least half the States; and in the others nothing would remain but a sickly system struggling for existence. Without warm public sympathy, and the cordial encouragement and support of the community, there can be no good system of public schools. Some of the Gulf States furnish a sad illustration of this truth.

The character of the third class mentioned above is just what would be desired for such an occasion. Accustomed to follow, rather than to lead, they could easily be made to swell the ranks of opposition to an alarming extent. The result of a popular uprising under such circumstances is easily foreseen. At no time since the war has the party of progress been in so critical a condition as it has been since the agitation of the question of "mixed schools" in Congress. Even the shadow of coming events has had a disastrous influence. In two or three States contracts with mechanics for school-houses, and with teachers for opening schools, were immediately suspended; and the highest and best school officers of the State, seeing that their fondest expectations were likely to be blasted, were looking around for other more hopeful spheres of labor. Already an amount of mischief has been done which it will take years to repair. Confidence has been shaken; and men who stood firm before have become despondent, and are retiring from the field.

Upon no part of the community would the threatened calamity fall so heavily as upon the colored people. Others can without any personal sacrifice return to the old system of private schools. Having none but their own children to provide for, they would be relieved of the great expense of maintaining schools for the blacks. These, on the other hand, would in most places be left completely destitute of schools. Southern charity will be dried up if the negro is made the instrument of breaking up the existing systems of public instruction. Northern contributions have nearly ceased long ago. Religious societies which have founded theological schools will have enough to do to educate ministers, without undertaking to educate the immense body

of the colored people. The latter have neither the funds nor the intelligence necessary to carry on the work successfully. Nothing but public schools maintained, organized, and controlled by the State can meet their wants.

Let us look at this question in the light of their interest simply. What advantages of education have they now in fact, or in law? The same that the white people have. If there is, in certain localities, any difference, it is purely accidental and temporary; and is quite as often to the prejudice of the white children as of the colored. The laws in all the States require the same provision to be made for both. Nor can any distinction be safely made in administering them. The colored people are of sufficient importance in every State to make it unsafe for men in authority to abuse their power. From the very nature of the case, the State governments must, in the end, adopt and carry out the same rule for both races. This grand provision for the education of the whole colored population, chiefly at the expense of others, is secure as long as the present school systems shall be preserved. But let them be disturbed by any unhappy excitement, and the disaffected will seize upon the opportunity to abolish the public schools and to return to their favorite plan of private schools, each man paying what he pleases for the education of his children. The colored children will, of course, be left to grow up as ignorant as the brutes. We will not speak of the political bearings of the subject, except to say that any measure, no matter how plausible in theory, which shall in fact take the light of knowledge from the negroes of the South, will come with an ill grace from those who have given them the boon of liberty.

The most remarkable feature in the agitation of this question of "mixed schools" is the total difference of principle between many of the white and of the colored advocates of the measure. With the one, the co-education of the two races is fundamental; with the other, equal means of education is the only important point. If the right to the former is necessary to secure the latter, it is desired by the colored people as a means, but has no particular value as an end. It was precisely on this ground that a large petition was got up in a Southern city, and sent to Congress. The writer of this article attended a meeting of colored citizens at that place, on the oc-

casional of the dedication of a magnificent school-house erected for their use. In a free conversation with their leaders he asked them what was the precise object of that petition. "Do you wish to send your children to the schools of the white people?" They replied, "No." "What then," he continued, "is your object?" "To have the right to send to those schools, and to use that right as the means of exacting as good schools for ourselves," was the reply. "But what if the public schools should, by such a procedure, be broken up; what then would be the value of this right?" They answered the question by saying: "We had not thought of that. It was probably a mistake; but we followed the advice of our member of Congress, who said to us, 'That is the way to get equal schools.'" This same member of Congress afterwards admitted his mistake, and said that he would vote against mixed schools, and would induce his many friends to do the same. A colored member from South Carolina said to the writer about the same time: "All we desire is to have equality in the schools. We do not wish to enter the white schools. We have now by our State laws the right to do so, but do not choose to exercise it." Other colored members made statements to the same effect. When some Northern Congressmen, who favored the mixture of the races in schools, were told of this, they were both surprised and disgusted, one of them saying that, if this were so, he would drop from the Civil Rights Bill the clause relating to schools, and another declaring that he would not, under any circumstances.

These negro petitions are of doubtful paternity, and by no means represent the sentiments of the great body of the thinking and sober-minded colored people of the South. On some public occasion a crowd of people are told that they can have their choice between colored and white schools; but they are not told that in attempting to secure this right they will hazard all the means of education which they now enjoy, and will probably have neither a choice of schools, nor any schools at all. Wherever they have had their attention directed to this point, they have regretted having taken any action on the subject, and would recall it if they could. They see the danger the moment it is named. Others, more discreet, have seen it from the beginning, and have refused to sign petitions, well

knowing that all they desire can be best secured under the present State laws.

— The results of the Harvard Examinations for Women, held at the close of the academic year in June, have just been made public. The number of candidates who finally presented themselves was seven, a smaller number than was hoped for, though not smaller than some strong advocates of the experiment had expected. The examinations covered in all six days, occupying on the average three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, and were conducted for the most part by means of printed papers of questions, answered by the candidates in writing. Some member of the college Faculty superintended the work, with the assistance of the ladies representing the Female Education Association, and the answers were then taken to Cambridge to be examined, and to have their marks assigned by the real examiners, who were for the most part the gentlemen who had prepared the questions. The reports of the several examiners when collected were finally referred to a committee of the Faculty, who ascertained and declared the results in each case.

Of the seven candidates, all of whom offered themselves for the preliminary examination alone, four receive the certificate of the Faculty stating that they have passed and are entitled to proceed to the advanced examination; one failed to pass, and two cases are reserved until the candidates at some future examination pass satisfactorily in certain branches in which they were found deficient.

The number of candidates who came forward this year was so small that it is dangerous to enter upon any general statements; but with a caution as to drawing any conclusions from a first trial made on so small a scale, it may be noted, that having their choice between elementary Botany and elementary Physics, the candidates all chose the latter, in direct contradiction of what most people would have predicted; that in electing between Greek, Latin, and German, one elected Greek, three elected Latin, and three German; and that the examiners generally remarked on the neatness and regularity of the written work, and its freedom from errors in spelling and grammar, as compared with the average of such work in college.

We understand that there is already such evidence of interest excited by this

first trial as promises a largely increased number of candidates for the next year's examinations. The preparation for the preliminary examination involves a long course of study, and but few of those who are known to have undertaken the work were ready to present themselves the first year after the announcement that the college Faculty would hold the examinations. There was also in some cases a natural reluctance to be the first to enter this new path. At all events the friends of the undertaking look forward with confidence to the coming year, as likely to show that in establishing these examinations the university has responded to a real and serious want on the part of the public. Here again, bearing in mind the limited extent of this year's trial, it is to be remarked that some of the candidates sought for the certificate as a help in obtaining situations as teachers, while others were influenced simply by the love of study, or by ambition for academic honors.

It is proposed, we believe, as the result of this year's experience, that the examinations shall in future cover more days, with fewer hours of work on each day, five hours being found to be too severe a strain upon the candidates. In this respect the Faculty appear to be in a dilemma, the convenience of the candidates, especially of those from a distance, requiring concentration of the work. It may be doubted, too, whether the tax upon a young woman's endurance is greater when a continuous effort for six days is required, than it would be if the excitement and suspense were kept up for ten days or a fortnight, though with a less demand for actual work on each day. The examinations will be held next year in the latter half of May, which will be a much more favorable season than that at which they were held this year.

— We are indebted to Mrs. Clara B. Martin, Secretary of the Women's Educational Association of Boston, for documents relating to the education of women at University College, London. This university obtained from Parliament, in 1869, a modification of its charter which removed restrictions in favor of the education of male students alone. The Ladies' Educational Association of London began its work the same year, with lectures on English literature and experimental physics, which were given by professors of the university, but not in the lecture-rooms of the institution. Rooms were provided by the association

outside the college precincts. In the second session, extending from October, 1869, to April, 1870, the association doubled the number of the lectures in each course, and increased the number of subjects of study from two to six. A course in practical chemistry was opened, and courses of twenty-four lectures were given in geometry, Latin, English literature, French literature, and experimental physics. Each course was delivered by the professor of its subject in the university. In its third session, the classes in physics and chemistry met in class-rooms of the college. In the fourth session, all the work of the association was done within the college walls by the professors of the university. The number of the subjects of instruction was increased from six to twenty-one, and after a winter session of eighteen weeks, fresh courses were given in a summer term of eight weeks. Evening courses of lectures were also provided for ladies who were engaged in teaching. In the session of 1871-72, two hundred and seventy-seven ladies attended the lectures; in 1872-73 the number was two hundred and seventy-eight. The lecture hours for those in attendance on the ladies' courses of instruction are not the same as those for the regular students. It is stated, however, that the presence of ladies in and about the college is taken as a matter of course, and no act of discourtesy has occurred. In the Fine Art Department ladies attend as regular students, and also in one or two of the ordinary college classes. In several instances they have distinguished themselves in competition with men.

The most popular subjects, judging from the number of students enrolled in the several courses, are English literature and history, French and German literature, physiology and hygiene. The number attending the science courses bears but a small proportion to those in the literary courses. The committee regret the absence of a demand for mathematics, but believe that the small number in the science courses is due partly to the fact that instruction in science is given at South Kensington Museum, which is in a more central position for the West End of London. We notice that a Laboratory of Experimental Physics was

opened during the session of 1872-73. Preference was given to those ladies who had attended the lectures in physics of the previous term. The fees for the literary courses vary from £1 1s. to £1 11s. 6d. In the scientific courses they are placed at £4 4s., and include the cost of apparatus and materials. The division of the college year is noteworthy; the winter session of eighteen weeks begins on Monday, the 21st of October, and ends on Saturday, the 29th of March; it is divided into two terms: Michaelmas term, of eight weeks, from Monday, the 21st of October, to Saturday, the 14th of December; Lent term, of ten weeks, from Monday, the 20th of January, to Saturday, the 29th of March. The summer session of seven weeks begins on Monday, the 23d of April, and ends on Wednesday, the 11th of June. Our American schools and colleges are destined, we believe, to undergo a reform in the matter of vacation. From the 1st of June, to the 1st of October, the work done in our higher schools and colleges is of not much value to the student, and is prejudicial to the health of the teachers. We do not believe that summer courses of instruction extending from July to October are destined to be successful, on account of climatic considerations. The summer session of the London university appears to be the best arrangement for American colleges also. It is true that the professors in our colleges are especially overburdened with work during the months of May and June, and could not attend under present arrangements to extra courses of instruction at that period of the year.

The list of professors at the London University College embraces among others the well-known names of Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature, G. C. Forster, Professor of Physics, A. W. Williamson, Professor of Chemistry. The movement which has been so quietly and steadily in progress at University College is not complicated with any of the vexed questions of woman's rights. "The governing body of the college has committed itself to no theoretical action. It has simply given its assent to a fair practical testing of the nature and extent of what is claimed to be one of the great educational needs of the times."